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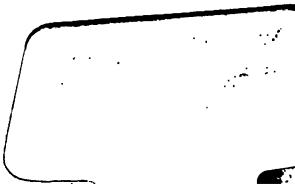
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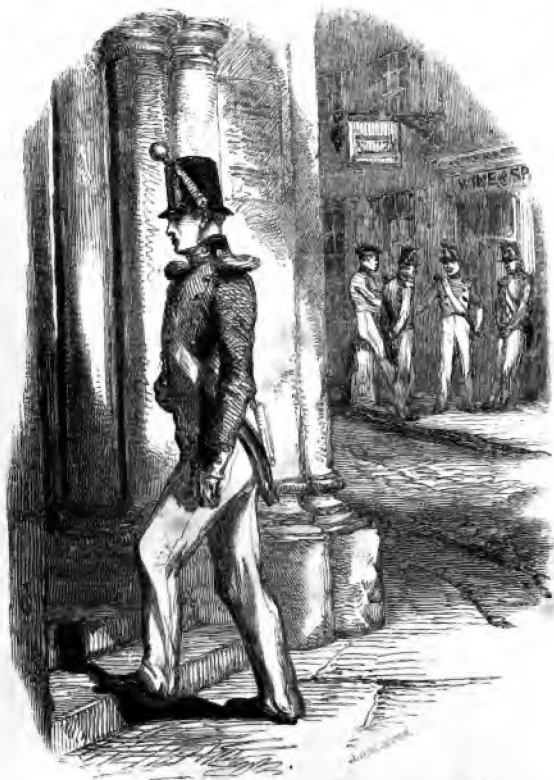
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SCENE OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART I.
THE TWO COMPANIES
THE ALPHASQUAD.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE SANCTION OF
THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING
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SALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART I.

THE TWO RECRUITS. THE LANCE-CORPORAL.

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TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

No. I.—THE TWO RECRUITS.

It was on a fine morning in the month of May, 184—, that a party of recruits, under the charge of an old staff-sergeant, landed on the North Wall at Dublin from the Liverpool steamer. They might have been between thirty and forty in number, all young men, many indeed almost boys; and their variety of costume and expression plainly showed that, though now entering upon the same career, there had been a great diversity in their previous occupations and mode of life. The smock-frock and ruddy complexion of a knot of young lads, who stood gazing with astonishment on the busy and novel scene around them, showed them to be from some agricultural *district*, while their broad accent *and peculiar dialect* marked them *to be from the West of England*. The

greater number, however, wore the fustian jacket and trowsers of the mechanic, while their sallow complexions bore witness to the close confinement and unwholesome atmosphere of our overgrown manufacturing towns, aggravated probably by the privations which they had undergone in times of commercial distress. Besides these two distinct classes, a few individuals pointed out other sources from which our army is recruited: here, a worn-out livery-coat or stable-jacket marked the servant or groom, whom want of employment, or perhaps his own misconduct, had driven to enlist; there, a threadbare suit, which had evidently seen better days, and whose wearer seemed to shrink from the companionship into which he found himself thrown, betrayed either sad reverses of fortune, or still sadder youthful indiscretions. It was easy to see that very few, if any, of the party had enlisted from a hearty wish to become a soldier: there might, perchance, have been among them some old pensioner's son, whom his father's example and instruction had taught to believe that there is no life like that of a soldier; but, generally speaking, it was either impatience of restraint, or the pressure of want, which had tempted them to enlist. A Frenchman, or a German, *accustomed to the more military spirit of his own countrymen*, would undoubtedly have *been surprised to see the unpromising mate-*

rials of an army which has carried the conquests of Britain and the fame of the British soldier to the remotest regions of the earth: equally incredible would it have appeared to those who are unacquainted with the magic effects of discipline, that the motley group which now threaded its way through the streets of Dublin, with no more order than a flock of sheep, would, in a few short months, march with as martial and imposing an array as that splendid company of the 6th, which they met near the gate of the Beggar's Bush Barrack on its way to mount the Castle guard.

Many of my military readers are doubtless well acquainted with the Beggar's Bush Barrack, and to some of them the name will bring back the recollection of their earliest days of soldiering. To those who have never served in Ireland it may be necessary to mention, that this is the recruiting dépôt of Dublin, through which several thousand recruits annually pass on their way to join their regiments. It is here that they remain for a few days, until a sufficient number are collected; when they are either embarked for England, or marched to their several stations in the interior. At certain periods of the year the Beggar's Bush Barrack presents a striking picture of *soldier-life*. In one portion of *the barrack* are the recruits, as yet *unclothed in military attire*, and ignorant of

even the first rudiments of drill ; in another is stationed a detachment of some regiment whose head-quarters are in the Royal Barrack, — men thoroughly drilled and disciplined, and in the prime of life ; while in the same range of building invalids and worn-out soldiers are collected, from every part of Ireland, to pass a final examination before receiving their discharge as unfit for service.

But it is time that I should come to the subject of my story, and therefore leaving the remainder of the party, who will soon be dispersed throughout Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, we will follow the fortunes of the two recruits whom I have singled out from their comrades, and of whose previous history I must give a hasty sketch.

William Reynolds and Thomas Hunter were both natives of the small village of Earlsford, in Somersetshire ; and, having been playmates and schoolfellows from their childhood, they agreed, when they had made up their minds to become soldiers, to enlist in the same regiment. Reynolds was rather the elder of the two, but even he was only nineteen. Their fathers were both labourers in the employment of a gentleman whose house lay on the outskirts of the village ; and their cottages stood in the same row fronting the east end of the fine old parish church. *The two boys had for several years regularly attended the village school, and had made*

considerable progress in their learning ; but from the time that they were old enough to assist their fathers in their work, they had discontinued their attendance, and had unfortunately forgotten much of what it had cost them years to learn. In this respect the advantages of the two lads had been pretty equal : but Reynolds had enjoyed the inestimable blessing of a truly religious mother, while Hunter had lost his when yet a child ; and although his father had endeavoured to bring up his family creditably, a mother's place can never be supplied ; and all thoughts of religion with him had been confined to the Sunday and the church, instead of forming the guiding principle in the every-day duties and occupations of life. The natural disposition of the two lads was good ; but Hunter was somewhat thoughtless, and easily led by those into whose company he was thrown ; nor were his religious principles sufficiently well-grounded to preserve him from the fatal influence of bad example.

As long as the young men remained at Earlsford, under the eye of their parents, there was comparatively little temptation to vice ; but shortly before the time when our tale begins, a desire to see the world, added, perhaps, to a disinclination to a life of settled labour, suggested to Hunter's mind that the life of a soldier *must be one of great enjoyment,—a belief that was much strengthened by the*

visit of a neighbour's son on furlough, whose handsome uniform, and stories of foreign lands, excited the admiration and envy of his former companions. Now Hunter was an only son; and therefore it was clearly his duty to remain with his father and sisters, and assist them; but he had not been taught to give up his own inclinations from a sense of duty, and he thought his father harsh and unkind for opposing his wishes. Reynolds, on the other hand, was the youngest of three sons, and both his elder brothers were at home; so that, far from being an assistance to his parents, he was rather a burthen to them, as he was not able to obtain employment. It was this consideration which first led him to think of enlisting; and the circumstance of his companion Hunter having decided upon taking the same step encouraged him in his resolution; for the feeling that he would have one friend, at least, with whom he could talk about his family and his native place, lessened the pain of parting. His parents at first were very unwilling that he should leave them; but their motives were very different from those of Hunter's father, who thought chiefly of the loss of his son's assistance, while their chief regret at their son's determination arose from the fear of the numberless temptations to which the career of a soldier must expose him.

However, after a while, they took a more

hopeful view of the matter, and having, from William's conduct hitherto, good ground to trust that he would continue steady to his principles even when removed from their control and exposed to new temptations, they felt that it was, perhaps, the wisest step that he could take ; for Squire Vernon, the gentleman for whom old Reynolds worked, had been himself in the army, and assured them that good conduct and attention to his duties could not fail to advance their son to situations of trust and respectability.

Hunter's father, also, at length withdrew his opposition, seeing that Thomas was bent upon enlisting, and would do so whether he gave his consent or not. Accordingly, in a few days, the two young men left Earlsford on their way to the town of Taunton, where a recruiting party of the 1—th was at that time stationed, and their fathers accompanied them so far. At the moment of quitting their home, which it was doubtful whether they might ever see again, both the young men felt some natural regret ; and Hunter, who, with all his wilfulness, was a kind-hearted young fellow, would, I am sure, not have been sorry to remain, had he not felt ashamed to confess his change of mind. Reynolds's poor old mother was most to be pitied, for William was her *youngest* and favourite son, and her *age and weakly* health made it very *doubtful whether she would live to welcome*

him home again. She gave him a small Bible which she had had for many years; and, after earnestly entreating him never to neglect his duty to his Maker, she gave him her solemn blessing, and hurried into her own room to pray for his future welfare, not trusting herself to witness his final departure.

The recruiting sergeant of the 1—th gladly welcomed two such promising recruits, for they were both fine well-grown lads; and having, on the next day but one, taken the oath of fidelity to their Queen, they took leave of their fathers, and commenced their march to Liverpool, on their way to the north of Ireland, where the 1—th was then stationed.

We must now return to the Beggar's Bush Barrack, where we left our two recruits. Their stay in Dublin was unusually short, as a party of the same regiment was about to march on the following morning to Newry, where the 1—th was stationed; so they had no time to look about them in the capital. Nothing particular occurred during the march; nor was there anything striking in the country through which they passed, except the absence of that look of comfort which almost every cottage in England, however humble, can boast of, but of which the Irish peasant, and even farmer, seems to have no notion. Nor was this to be attributed to poverty, for *this part of Ireland* was happily in a great measure exempt from the awful destitution

at that time prevailing throughout so large a portion of the country. A little exertion and neatness was all that was required without-doors, and cleanliness within. At length, on the evening of the fourth day, they reached Newry, somewhat tired after their long and dusty march, and were handed over to the regiment which was henceforward to be their "home." It must have appeared strange and comfortless to them after the quiet of their father's cottage, to have to sleep in a large room with fifteen or twenty other men; and it was painful to them to witness scenes, and to hear language, repugnant to all their better feelings; but there was no help for it. Happily this evil is on the decrease, and we may venture to hope that each succeeding year will witness a further improvement. Much, very much, depends on the non-commissioned officer in charge of the room, who, by his authority, and, perhaps, still more by his example, may control the coarsest characters.

At first it seemed impossible, in such a scene, to offer up morning and evening prayer; and for the first few nights even Reynolds, who from his earliest childhood had been taught to begin and end the day with prayer, neglected this all-important duty; but soon the thought of his home, and of his mother, awakened feelings of self-reproach, and by degrees *he learnt*, even in scenes apparently *the most unfitted for devotion*, to breathe at

least an earnest petition for protection from temptation, and for strength to become a faithful soldier, not only to his Queen, but also to the great "Captain of his salvation," under whose banner he had been enlisted at his Baptism.

With Hunter, I fear, the case was very different. In his father's cottage, prayer, alas! had been sadly neglected; and it was but too easy for him to sink into that deplorable forgetfulness of God which prevailed around him. At times, indeed, his conscience would awaken bitter compunction, for he *knew* that the course he was pursuing was not the right one; but soon the occupations and amusements of his busy life, and the society of thoughtless companions, silenced this warning voice, whose visits became more and more rare, until at length they almost ceased.

Reynolds and Hunter having joined together, applied to be posted to the same company; to this no objection was made, and they became comrades. It is an admirable arrangement in our service, that every man is allowed to select his own comrade; and with the good soldier this tie becomes almost as strong as that of a brother. There are numberless small offices of kindness which devolve upon the comrade: when on guard, *it is the comrade* who brings a man his meals; *it is he* who performs for him any little duties

which he may have thoughtlessly left undone, and by this means frequently saves him from the deserved reprimand of his officer; it is also his advice, if he performs well the duties of comradeship, which may at times deter his comrade from evil courses and evil company. Reynolds was, as I have already said, somewhat older than Hunter, and he was sincerely desirous to use all his influence to make the latter a good soldier. With what success his efforts were attended we shall see in the course of this tale.

The pay-sergeant of the company to which our two recruits were posted was as fine a specimen of a British soldier as the army could produce. He had been nearly five-and-twenty years in the service, during the greater part of which he had been a non-commissioned officer, and had lately received the medal for long service and good conduct, which it is the ambition of every good soldier to earn. Sergeant Lovell was, indeed, as good a model as any young soldier could have had before his eyes. Not only had he never been brought before a court-martial, but his name did not once appear in the defaulter-book. From the first moment of joining his regiment he had set himself in earnest to learn all the duties of a soldier, and had soon acquired the good opinion and esteem of the officers and non-commissioned officers under whom he served. *He had regularly attended the regi-*

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mental school, for education was not in those days so common as it now is, and being the son of a poor labouring man, he was but a very indifferent scholar when he enlisted. His proficiency in learning, united to his steadiness of conduct and his strict attention to his duty, soon raised him to the rank of a non-commissioned officer, through all the grades of which he had passed with credit; and at the period of our story he had been for seven years colour and pay-sergeant of Captain Seymour's company. In appearance Sergeant Lovell was peculiarly soldierlike; his figure was tall and erect, and his complexion, though bronzed by a long service in tropical climates, still wore, thanks to his habitual temperance, the hue of vigorous health. His countenance gave a promise of intelligence and decision, which his whole career had amply redeemed; and had a stranger been called upon to select a man for some service of trust and danger, he would have singled out Sergeant Lovell from the whole regiment.

It would have been difficult to find in the army—or out of it either—a happier man than Sergeant Lovell. He had been prudent enough not to think of marrying until he had obtained the colours and payment of a company, which would enable him to support *a wife and family* in comfort and respectability. The consequence was, that he had

obtained the hand of a respectable farmer's daughter, a well-educated woman, who would naturally have shrunk from encountering the privations and discomforts to which, under other circumstances, soldiers' wives are necessarily exposed. It is, indeed, very much to be desired that the young non-commissioned officers in our service would more frequently imitate the self-restraint of Sergeant Lovell, instead of being taken by a pretty face, and either marrying without the sanction of their commanding officer, or at least subjecting their wives to be placed in situations utterly repugnant to, and often destructive of, female modesty. In such cases, what chance is there of their wives proving desirable or creditable companions to them when they rise in their profession, or when, after completing their service, they retire from the army, and obtain, as a good non-commissioned officer should always hope to do, some situation of trust and respectability? Sergeant Lovell had three children, two boys and a girl, the eldest of which was only five, and it was as much for the sake of their education as for his own well-earned repose, that he was now thinking of quitting the life he had so long and so honourably followed, and settling on a small farm in Cheshire, which his father-in-law had obtained for him *from his own landlord*, and which *his wife was well qualified to assist him in managing*.

Sergeant Lovell received the two recruits with kindness; he was pleased with their appearance and manner; but his sense of his duty as a non-commissioned officer, together with his natural kindness of heart, would not have allowed him to act otherwise towards any recruit, however unprepossessing or ungainly. For this reason Captain Seymour's was the favourite company in the regiment; for every soldier knows how much of his comfort depends upon the manner in which the pay-sergeant exercises the great authority which his situation gives him. It was also the company in which there was the least crime, and in which the best spirit prevailed, owing mainly to the same cause. Sergeant Lovell, by the Captain's orders, posted the two young men to Sergeant Porter's squad, in which there happened to be two vacancies; and soon their hair was cropped, and their smock-frock exchanged for the smart shell jacket; and but for a certain awkwardness and a slight stoop in the shoulders, you would scarcely have distinguished them from their new companions.

On the following morning at an early hour a bugle awoke them from their slumbers, in which perhaps their thoughts had reverted with some regret to their homes; and, hastily dressing, they followed the example of others, *and descended to the parade ground, where the Sergeant-major placed them, together with*

several others, under the charge of Corporal Peters, the instructor of the last squad of recruits.

I need hardly remind my military readers of the irksomeness of the first lessons of drill, of the painful stiffness of the hard leather stock, of the difficulty of keeping the hands, which had been accustomed to rest in the breeches pockets, straight by the side; of the still greater difficulty of keeping the eyes from wandering, and the thoughts too. Then it was not so easy as people may imagine always to remember which was the left leg and which the right. Moreover, Corporal Peters had not the meekest of tempers. Who could, indeed, expect it from a man, who, with a choleric Welsh disposition, had to endure all the trials of drill corporal of the awkward squad? At last the drill was over, and with aching arms and shoulders our recruits returned to their room, where the more pleasant occupation of breakfast awaited them. At ten they were brought to the orderly room before the commanding officer to be finally approved, having before this been examined by the surgeon, and pronounced fit for the service.

Colonel Raymond was an old and distinguished officer, who had seen some service in the Peninsula, *had* been present at the closing campaign of Waterloo, and since then *had shared the honours* and fatigues of hi

regiment in India. He had never been in any other, and it is needless to say that he was devotedly attached to it, and considered it the best in the British army. And, indeed, he did his best to make it so ; and I have no doubt that if any of my readers have themselves belonged to the 1—th, they will think that he was not far wrong in his opinion. Colonel Raymond made some inquiries into the former history of our two recruits, told them, with a good-humoured smile, that they must make haste to get over the goose-step and finish their drill, and recommended them strongly to attend the regimental school, so as to qualify themselves for promotion. Then pointing to a thick red book with brass clasps which lay near him, he added : “ Above all, my lads, do your utmost to keep your names out of this. It is not at all difficult,” he continued ; “ only pay attention to your duties ; and, above all, obey without a moment’s hesitation any order you receive from your officers or non-commissioned officers. If you are ever in doubt as to what you ought to do, go in a proper way to your Captain, and he will gladly tell you how to act.”

The recruits left the orderly room much pleased with their commanding officer’s kindness, and really desirous to follow his advice and merit his good opinion. They continued *their drill* with spirit, and before long had *the pleasure* to find themselves transferred

by the Adjutant, over the heads of several who had enlisted before them, into a more advanced squad. So far matters had gone smoothly with both our recruits; but, unhappily, this was not long to continue. Hunter had contracted an intimacy with a soldier of several years' standing who was in the same squad. This man, whose name was Stephen Fuller, was a thoroughly worthless soldier, and was in the habit of seeking the society of any young recruit whose inexperience and easy temper led him to hope that he might entrap him into lending him money. In vain had Reynolds, who at once detected the disposition and objects of the man, endeavoured to wean his young comrade from a companionship which could not but lead him into mischief. Fuller's manner was plausible, and he easily persuaded Hunter, who was very much afraid of being laughed at, that Reynolds was a poor-spirited fellow, and wanted to make him as great a milksop as himself. He also stung his vanity by saying, that he supposed that Hunter's parents had placed him under Reynolds's care like a child. By such insinuations Fuller succeeded in detaching his victim from the society of Reynolds, and by degrees the evil influence of his companionship began to show itself. At first he became careless in *his drill*, then slovenly in *his appearance*; next, he was a few moments *late at tattoo*, and his flushed appearance

showed that he had been drinking. A few evenings later he was reported absent, and the picket being sent out in search of him, he and Stephen Fuller were found in a public house in a state of intoxication, and carried back to the barrack. The following morning when he awoke he found himself a prisoner in the black-hole; his head ached as if it would split from the effects of the last night's intemperance,—an excess to which as yet, happily, he was unaccustomed; but still harder to bear was his regret and remorse at having at so very early a stage of his career incurred the disgrace of the black-hole,—a place to which he had always looked with disgust. He also reflected with shame that he must soon appear before his Colonel in the orderly room,—not, as before, to receive words of kindness and encouragement, but to hear the voice of well-merited reproof.

These painful thoughts were interrupted by the unlocking of his cell door, when the sergeant of the guard admitted his comrade with his breakfast. He felt ashamed to meet Reynolds's eye, when he reflected upon the disregard he had shown to his friendly warning, and for a moment the fear crossed his mind lest his father should hear through him of the irregularity of his conduct; but when he heard the kind tone of his voice, he felt that *he had done him injustice*. After the morning *parade* was dismissed, he was marched to the

promise of ending so creditably as that
pay-sergeant.

Colonel Raymond spoke to him with much
sorrow, and expressed his regret to see so
young a soldier in such company. He pointed
out to him the inevitable consequences of such
conduct if persisted in, and the necessity of
resisting the first temptations to intemperance,
and not set any value upon his happiness and
stability as a soldier. It was evident
from Colonel Raymond's manner, and Hunter
felt it, that while he found fault with
military offence, he was grieved for the
young man's own sake to see him so soon
run into vicious habits. In the course of
his service he had had opportunities of
seeing the career of hundreds of soldiers
from the first day of their joining the regi-

a blank page in the defaulter-book. If this was the case in Colonel Raymond's earlier days of command, when every soldier invalided after twenty-one years' service was entitled to a pension of a shilling a day, however bad his character, how much more important is it now, when the amount of pension depends upon the number of good conduct stripes which the soldier is in possession of at the time of his discharge!

But it is time that we should return to our tale. Hunter rejoined his company, and the lesson that he had received appeared not to have been thrown away upon him. He avoided the society of Stephen Fuller, and strove by regularity of conduct to efface all recollection of the past. This continued for some months, and Reynolds began to hope that his comrade would prove a credit to the regiment, when unexpectedly the route arrived for Dublin. The head-quarters were to commence their march on the next day but one, and the barrack-yard became a scene of bustle and confusion. Large corded boxes stood before every door, and the very dogs, with which every barrack abounds, showed by their restlessness that they were conscious of the approaching move. With few exceptions, all, officers and men, hailed with joy the arrival of the route. The capital with *its varied enjoyments* held out allurements *suited to every taste*, and the regiment had

been long enough at Newry to grow tired of the monotony of a country town. Some few sad hearts there were, perhaps, among the younger soldiers at the thought of parting from their sweethearts ; some too, perhaps, had imprudently married without their commanding officer's sanction, and saw themselves now forced to leave their wives behind, from their inability to pay the expenses of their journey. The greater part, however, as I said before, were delighted at the prospect of a move.

The eve of a march is always a trial to the best disciplined regiment ; the parting cup with their friends often leads to an infringement of the strict rules of temperance ; and, as the last post sounded that night at tattoo, the scene at the barrack gate was less orderly, and the step of many a soldier less steady than usual. In the room where our two recruits slept there was an unwonted uproar ; Sergeant Porter happened to be on duty, and the charge of the room had devolved upon a young corporal but little experienced in his duties. Several of the men had evidently been drinking, and were not disposed to go quietly to bed ; and Corporal Saunders did not know how to enforce obedience to his orders, which were given in vain. At the moment when the sergeant of the picket, attracted by the noise, opened the room door, a heavy boot, thrown from the opposite side

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of the room, struck him violently on the forehead, and he fell backwards on the ground, extinguishing the lantern in his fall, and leaving the room in utter darkness. It was some minutes before another light was procured; the sergeant was lifted up, and the boot with which he had been knocked down was examined and found to belong to Reynolds. Everything tended to confirm the belief that it must have been he who had thrown it; Hunter, whose bed was next to his on the one side, was fast asleep, and when roused, the stupor of his manner showed plainly that it was the effects of excess which had made him sleep through all the uproar of which the room had been the scene. His other neighbour, Stephen Fuller, was not to be found, and it was not till some minutes later that he entered the room. Reynolds was therefore sent as a prisoner to the guard-room, although he assured Sergeant Lovell, who had in the meantime arrived, that he was perfectly innocent of the offence with which he was charged.

On the following morning he was brought to the orderly room before Major Stevens,—the Colonel having marched at day-light with the head-quarter division,—and the very serious charge of striking a non-commissioned officer in the execution of his duty was preferred *against him*. The case was carefully investigated, and the circumstances seemed to leave

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little doubt, if any, of his having been the offender. Reynolds was only able to assert his innocence, unsupported by any witnesses. The imperfect light, and the confusion which prevailed at the time, in the barrack room, had prevented his seeing who had thrown the boot; he only recollected that he had taken it off a few minutes before, and that it lay on the floor between his bed and Stephen Fuller's. Fuller was questioned on the subject, and asserted that, seeing that there was likely to be a row in the room, he had hurried out to apprise the sergeant of the guard before the picket had arrived. Those who knew the man best placed but little faith in this statement, and Reynolds felt sure that it was he who had thrown his boot: but the statement was plausible, and no one remembered having seen him in the room at the time the outrage was committed.

Captain Seymour, Sergeant Lovell, and Sergeant Porter, all bore testimony to Reynolds's unexceptionable conduct ever since he had joined; but the matter was too serious to be overlooked without punishment, although it was the first time that he had been brought before his commanding officer, and Major Stevens ordered him a week's marching order drill.

My readers will readily suppose that this was a severe trial of Reynolds's subordination, for I need scarcely say that he was alto-

gether innocent of the charge. It is hard to bear a punishment which we feel to be undeserved, and it is especially so to a young soldier whose habits of obedience have not become confirmed by long practice. It was also a bitter disappointment to Reynolds that he should have been unable, with all his endeavours to do his duty well, to keep his name out of the defaulter-book. His own spirit, which was naturally high, rebelled against such treatment, and he was not without bad advisers to urge him to remonstrate against his commanding officer's decision. However, he was too good a soldier not to feel that his first duty was obedience; and, mastering his feelings, he went through his drill not only with patience, but with alacrity. At the end of three days the last division was to march, and the remainder of his punishment was remitted.

The rain had fallen heavily during the night, and it was still drizzling when the division fell in at day-light in the barrack square. The recruits had for the last week been practised with arms, that they might be able to carry their firelocks on the march; and they now took post on the reverse flank of their respective companies. The order was given to move, the band of the regiment which had relieved them struck up a lively *march*, a noisy troop of ragged children accompanied them through the town, and they

had soon cleared the straggling suburb of Ballybot. Here the band left them, and slowly they wound their way up the long and steep ascent which leads towards Dundalk. The unusual weight of a firelock and knapsack was somewhat trying to many of the recruits, some of whom had lately joined from the West of Ireland, and showed evident signs of the awful famine which had visited their homes. Reynolds and Hunter were both stout able-bodied young men, and, so far from feeling their unaccustomed load, they good-naturedly assisted at times some of these poor lads, who with pain and difficulty limped along by their sides. They could not but be struck with the patient endurance which usually characterises the Irish peasantry; while the ready humour and natural love of fun of some of their young comrades afforded them much amusement.

The weather cleared up before they reached the little inn at Ravensdale, where Major Stevens, who commanded the division, had made arrangements for their breakfast; and the remainder of the march being down-hill was accomplished with ease, cheered occasionally by the drum and fife, or by some well-known song, in the chorus of which they all joined with more heartiness than harmony. It was about noon when they reached *Dundalk*, at the entrance of which town they were met by a sergeant who had

been sent on before to obtain their billets. These were distributed to them by comrades; and the market-place having been appointed as their rendezvous, the men were dismissed, and dispersed in small groups in search of their appointed quarters. Dundalk is a long, straggling town, and many of the billets were necessarily at a considerable distance from the market-place; among these was that which fell to the lot of our two recruits along with two more men of the same company, one of whom was our acquaintance Stephen Fuller.

To an Englishman, accustomed to the cleanliness and comfort of even the humblest cottages in his own country, the sight of an Irish billet is usually far from inviting; but he must be, indeed, a fair-weather soldier, or an inveterate grumbler, who cannot for one night cheerfully put up with such accommodation as his host and his family are fain to content themselves with for their whole lives. It is but justice to our soldiers to state, that rarely is a complaint made by them on this subject, and not unfrequently have they been known, in these times of distress, to share their own meal with the poor inmates of their billets.

The officer had gone his rounds, and Reynolds had long been asleep, when he was *awakened by a noise outside the door of his room. He looked up, and saw the door open*

and two figures stagger into the room. It was too dark for him to distinguish their features, but from their height he felt sure that it was his young comrade and Stephen Fuller, who must have slipped quietly out of the room while he was asleep. He made no remark to either, but he felt truly sorry that the latter should have regained his influence over Hunter in spite of the troubles into which his example had already led him. He soon fell asleep again, and did not awake until the sound of a bugle at the end of the street warned him to prepare for the march. Reynolds had much difficulty in rousing Hunter and equipping him with his pack and fire-lock. However, by dint of great exertion he succeeded in dragging him to the parade before their company had been inspected, and, thanks to the imperfect light! his flushed and unsteady appearance escaped his Captain's observation.

After a while the sun broke out from a mass of purple clouds, and gave promise of one of those fine autumnal days which are, perhaps, the most enjoyable of the whole year; every one seemed to feel the genial influence of the weather; a refreshing breeze from the sea, which lay to their left, tempered the heat of the sun's rays, and made it the day of all others for a march. The merry laugh was more frequent, the choruses were more noisy, and the pace, was brisker than ever.

When, however, I said that all seemed to feel the influence of the morning air, I should have excepted Hunter, who, with aching head and weary limbs, could with difficulty keep up with the column, and bitterly regretted his last night's folly and sin. Reynolds, who felt sorry for his comrade, did not allude to the cause of his discomfort, but good-naturedly assisted him to the utmost of his power; and, as the march was not a long one, Hunter was able to reach their halting-place without being obliged to give in.

Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of the march: another day brought them to Drogheda, where a special train was in readiness to convey them to Dublin; and the evening was closing in when they reached the Dublin Terminus, and were forthwith marched to the Royal Barrack, where the head-quarters were already established. As they passed along the North Wall, where my readers may remember that we were first introduced to our recruits, Reynolds could not but recal the very different feelings which had animated him when last he stood upon that quay. A few short months had dispossessed him of the youthful idea that the life of a soldier was to be one continued round of amusement and pleasure, and experience had taught him that there were many *duties for a soldier to perform*; but, on the *other hand*, he had learnt that, by steadiness

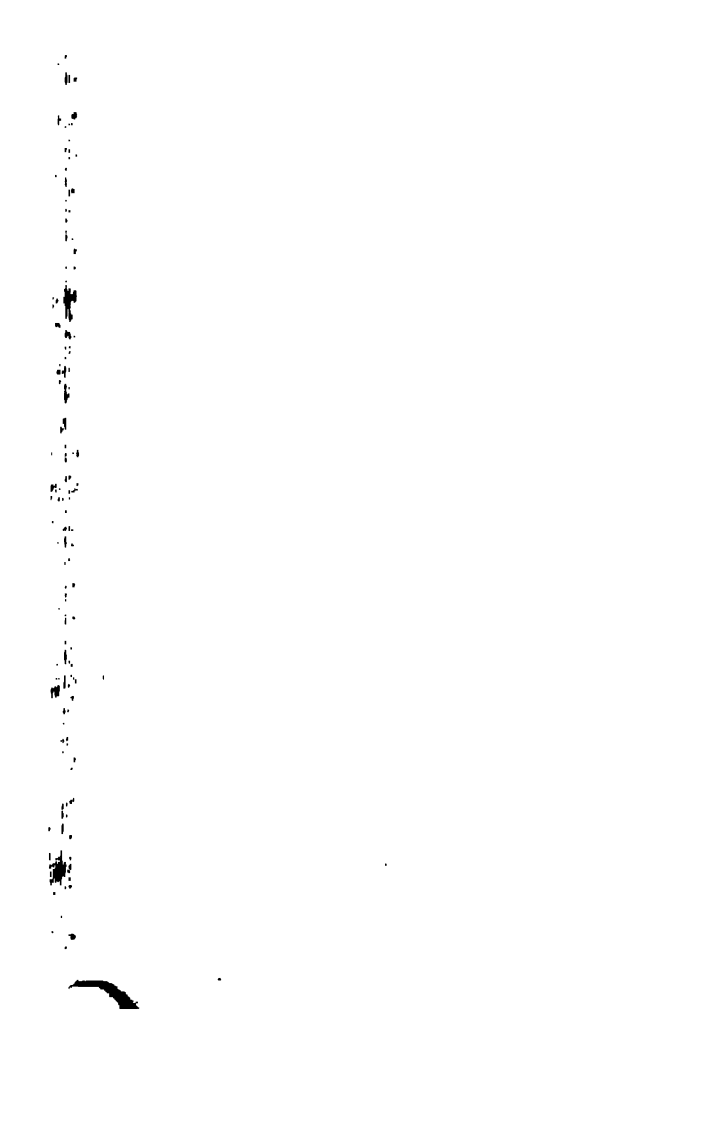
the proud and enviable position which
eant Lovell now filled.

ie following morning being Sunday, the
s paraded for Divine service, and were
hed to the Garrison chapel, which had
recently been completed. It is a solid
ling of stone, situated in the rear of the
cks, and adjoining the new Provost
n, with which it communicates by a
ed passage opening into a gallery set
: for the use of the prisoners. The long
of benches occupied by soldiers in every
ty of uniform, and the crash of a military
, made a strange contrast to the old oak
and the solemn organ of the parish
h at Earlsford; and Reynolds found it
difficult to prevent his eyes and thoughts
wandering: but our beautiful Service
impressively read and by following in

went out to walk. Excepting the hasty glance which they had had on their march from the railway station on the preceding evening, they had as yet seen little or nothing of Dublin; and they now wandered through the principal streets, and along the broad quays, admiring the handsome public buildings for which the capital of the sister island has so long been famed. The bells were ringing for Evening Service from many a steeple, and groups of respectably dressed persons met them on their way to church. Reynolds felt himself urged to join them; the sight of an elderly woman in his own rank of life, leaning on the arm of a young man, evidently her son, reminded him of his mother, whom he had so often accompanied on a similar errand, and confirmed him in his wish. He proposed to Hunter to turn back and follow them, but Hunter was not disposed to spend his evening in this manner. "The weather," he said, "was too fine to be shut up in a church; he wanted to see the Phoenix Park, of which he had heard so much." Reynolds tried to persuade him to give up his intention: "He would," he said, "have a hundred opportunities of seeing the Phoenix Park, without neglecting what was surely a duty." Hunter, who was in the main well disposed, and easily led for good as well as for evil, hesitated, and was about to give way, when unhappily he *saw some of his comrades approaching, among*

whom he recognised Stephen Fuller. The fear of ridicule overcame his better feelings—that fear which we *must* conquer before we can do our duty in any walk of life, and more especially in the army. He knew that he would be laughed at by some if he were seen to go into church; and though he knew that those who would laugh at him were the worst soldiers in the company, yet he shrank even from *their* ridicule, and, stifling his better convictions, walked hastily away, leaving Reynolds at the church door.

Our two recruits had now been several months in the service, and Reynolds began to look forward to being dismissed from drill, and admitted into the ranks. Already, on more than one occasion of a grand field-day in the Park, he with his squad had mounted the regimental guard, in order to allow his regiment to muster as strong as possible in the field, and he looked forward with pleasure to taking a part in the reviews before the drill season came to an end; Hunter, by neglecting the only means of arming himself against temptation, had unfortunately fallen into bad society, and had been led into those haunts of vice and disease, with which every large garrison town abounds. The consequence was, that when Reynolds, on the favourable report of his drill-sergeant, was finally dismissed from drill, *Hunter had by his misconduct become an inmate of the regimental hospital.*











No. II.—THE LANCE-CORPORAL

The winter had passed over quietly in the al routine of garrison life, and Captain Seymour, having long remarked the steadiness Reynolds's character, and his unremitting attention to his duties, had recommended him to Colonel Raymond for promotion. By the commanding officers Reynolds's youth might have been considered an objection to advancement; but Colonel Raymond was convinced from his own experience, that the non-commissioned officers are those who, at the moment of their joining, have shown their conduct that they are earnestly devoted to the strict discharge of their duty; and such young men as Reynolds cannot too early be entrusted with authority, when once they have themselves thoroughly learnt the duties of a soldier. He accordingly complied with Captain Seymour's recommendation, and sent for Reynolds to the orderly room to give him some advice with regard to conduct in the performance of his new duties. The chief points which he endeavored to impress upon his mind were, in the first place, to act under every circumstance, in every situation, precisely as he would have done were he under the eye of his officers;

and in the second place, to unite firmness with kindness in his manner towards the men. "I shall soon find out," he added, "by the way in which you perform your duty as Lance-corporal, whether you are likely to make a good non-commissioned officer: and in your further advancement I shall be guided by that consideration alone. Were I," he continued, "to see at the very bottom of the list a man whose conduct and talents promised to make him an ornament to the service, I should not hesitate a moment to promote him over the heads of those above him."

It was a proud day to Reynolds when he first put on his stripe as Lance-corporal, and by a curious coincidence it was the very day twelve-month on which he had enlisted at Taunton. He did not fail at once to write to his father, to whom he knew that the intelligence would be very gratifying; for he felt that to give him and his mother pleasure by his conduct was the most acceptable return that he could make to them for their unwearied care and affection, to which he was conscious that he owed those qualities which had opened to him so fair a prospect of advancement.

It is a pity that young soldiers are not taught to set a higher value on this first step of the ladder of promotion. It is true, that *it brings with it many duties, and much responsibility, without any increase of pay;*

but, on the other hand, when once that first step is taken, and the young soldier is brought under the notice of his superiors, it is *his own fault* if, in the course of a few years, he does not attain the rank of sergeant. There never yet, I should say, has been in any regiment in the service a supply of *good* non-commissioned officers equal to the demand; so that a well-conducted man, and a good scholar—and it is in almost every young soldier's power to become both—cannot fail to *command* early promotion.

Sergeant Lovell, who had from the first felt much interest in the young soldier, now kindly took the trouble to put him in the way of learning his new duties, and offered to instruct him in his leisure hours in the way of keeping the accounts of a company. Reynolds had been from the first a regular attendant at the regimental school, so that the pen and ink work, which is often so irksome to a young lance-corporal, came quite easy to him; and he was now advised by Sergeant Lovell to offer himself as an assistant at the recruit-drill, in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with that branch of his duty also.

It was shortly after Reynolds had been appointed lance-corporal that a grand review was ordered in the Phoenix Park, in honour of *some distinguished* foreigner, who *happened at that time* to be on a visit to the

Lord Lieutenant. There had already been two or three field-days since Reynolds had been dismissed drill; but it had so happened that on each of these occasions he had been on duty, so that he had never yet borne a part in them; and he now looked forward with pleasure and interest to seeing the movements of troops on a larger scale than he had as yet witnessed. His favourite reading since he had become a soldier had been the military history of his own country; and he was already as well acquainted with the Duke of Wellington's campaigns in the Peninsula as a careful perusal of the military works in the garrison library could make him. Still it is very difficult for those who have seen only parade movements on a level barrack-square, to realize to themselves the descriptions of battles and skirmishes; and Reynolds hoped that the sham fight which was to take place that day under the Commander-in-Chief's personal direction, would enable him to picture to himself more clearly the way in which fields are fought and won.

It had been ordered that the field-day should commence at the farthest extremity of the Phoenix Park, and commanding officers had been instructed beforehand what position it was intended that their respective regiments should take up. I do not think that I have *yet mentioned* that the 1—th was a light-*infantry* regiment. For this reason the post

ine in extended order, supported by
thers posted on the skirt of the wood,
the remainder of the regiment was
up as a reserve, in quarter-distance
, in a glade some hundred yards in the
Here they waited for upwards of half-
r for the signal which was to announce
inning of the fight; and, in the mean-
having piled their arms, they stretched
lves on the grassy banks, enjoying the
ul spring morning, and the lovely
r which surrounded them. Whoever
en the Phoenix Park in the month of
will not soon forget the luxuriance of
orn trees covered with their white blos-
as if a fall of snow had rested on them,
e fragrance with which they perfume
ole atmosphere. The gorse, too, and
and the hark



on an eminence in rear of their position, which commanded the opposite bank of the ravine, roused them from their inactivity, and they stood quickly to their arms. In a few moments a dropping fire was heard from the advanced line of skirmishers, which became gradually more sustained as it extended along the whole course of the ravine. The thickly-wooded banks prevented anything from being seen for awhile except the wreaths of blue smoke which rose above the trees ; but shortly the firing sounded nearer, and before long the skirmishers could be seen retiring towards the verge of the wood as if closely pressed by an advancing enemy. The supports were now silently extended behind a low fence at a little distance from the bank of the ravine, and the men lay down entirely concealed from view. As soon as the skirmishers emerged from the wood, and saw the open space behind them which afforded no cover, they ran quickly across it, and, jumping over the fence behind which their comrades lay hidden, proceeded to the rear, and in their turn formed into supports, while the new line of skirmishers suddenly rising to the knee, opened a brisk fire on the pursuers.

It is needless to enter into all the details of a field-day in the Phoenix Park, which many of my readers probably know full *well from their own observation*. After *taking an active part* in the early movements,

it now fell to the lot of the 1—th to form a part of the reserve, standing idly in column while the long line before them kept up a heavy rolling fire, or the cavalry, brought forward through the intervals, swept in the charge across the more open portion of the Park. It was a stirring sight to watch the rapid movements of the cavalry brigade, which consisted of three regiments of the most varied appearance; the first, of heavy dragoons, with their scarlet coats and glittering helmets; the second, of hussars, with their fur caps and slung pelisses; and the third, of lancers, with the taper pennon streaming from their long weapons. It was wonderful, too, to see the rapidity of the horse artillery, who, notwithstanding the weight of their guns, appeared without effort to keep pace with every movement of the cavalry.

Altogether it was a scene which no one with any feelings of a soldier could look upon with indifference; and Reynolds, to whom it had the additional charm of novelty, felt his pulse beat quicker as he watched with eager eye the mimic warfare. Suddenly the firing ceased, and when the smoke rolled away the foremost brigade of infantry was seen to advance at the charge up the steep slope of a hill which lay before them, while the air resounded with their cheers.

“That must be like the charge of the

fusileer brigade at Albuera," said Reynolds to the man who stood next him in the ranks.

"Ah! my lad," said a voice behind him, "where did you learn all about Albuera?"

Reynolds turned round, and saw to his astonishment that the speaker was no less a person than the Commander-in-Chief himself, who was passing in rear of the column with his staff. "I have read it, sir," he answered, "in Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War."

"Very well," said the General; "I like to see young soldiers well acquainted with the campaigns of their own countrymen, and I wish that more of your comrades would read such works. That is an intelligent young man," continued he, addressing himself to Colonel Raymond; "if he is as steady as he is quick, he'll get on well."

Colonel Raymond made some remark which Reynolds did not overhear, but the General's approving observation gave him pleasure.

The fight was over, and points were placed in the "Fifteen Acres," for the troops to march past on their way home to barracks. A large concourse of carriages were grouped around the saluting point, in front of which on horseback stood the Commander-in-Chief and the General of the District, with their *numerous staff*. The Lord Lieutenant and *his guests* were in an open carriage near

and the fineness of the day had brought
er all the idlers of Dublin in carriages,
s, or on foot. The long column now
ed past in quick time, headed by the
7, each band striking up in succession
regiment to which it belonged ap-
ed the General, and playing some
al or regimental march. At the close
column came a battalion, strong in
r, but small in stature, which had just
forth from the adjoining Hibernian
, an interesting sight, being composed
y of soldiers' children, many of them
ten years of age. Their strong and
ent corps of drums and fifes played the
riate tune of the British *Grenadiers*.
er passing the General, each regiment
ie shortest line across the Park to the
which led to its barrack; and it was
y sight to see the long files of cavalry
fantry winding among the thickets, or
the steep grassy slopes, near the Maga-
Fort, while the ear caught a confused
of marches rising at the same moment
at least half-a-dozen different bands.

than the necessary, but somewhat tedious routine of parade in the barrack-square; and, besides this, he felt that he could now better comprehend the description of battles that he might for the future read. He had watched with interest the animated look of the Commander-in-Chief as he surveyed the progress of the field-day, and could perceive that he was carried back in thought to some of those glorious fields in which he had played his part so well.

In the course of the summer the state of Ireland became much disturbed, especially in some of the southern counties, and additional regiments came pouring over from England. The garrison of Dublin was strongly reinforced; the guards over the principal public buildings were doubled; and every precaution was taken to prevent the possibility of a serious outbreak occurring. Slight attempts were made at first by the disaffected to tamper with the fidelity of the troops; but they soon found this to be not only a hopeless, but a dangerous task, and consequently desisted from it. Towards the close of July, rumours of insurrection in the South became more threatening; and while the 1—th were on parade one morning, they received the order for one wing to hold itself in readiness to embark that same evening, leaving all the heavy baggage in Dublin. Two man-of-war steamers lying in Kingstown Harbour were to receive

them on board, but their destination had not transpired. The head-quarters were to follow as soon as vessels could be procured to transport them.

Reynolds's company belonged to the left wing, and after having completed the few arrangements he had to make, he walked up to the hospital to see his comrade, and wish him good-bye. It was several weeks since he had seen him, and he was much shocked at the change which so short a time had made in his appearance. He was, indeed, no longer the good-looking young fellow who some fifteen months before had joined the regiment with him, the very picture of health and happiness. His step was feeble, and his figure wasted; but, worse than this, his face was seamed by the loathsome disease to which he had been a victim, and which leaves its stamp upon the features, and its poison in the blood, as the penalty of vicious indulgence. Poor Hunter was quite conscious of his unsightly appearance, and told Reynolds that the surgeon had offered to recommend him for two months sick furlough, in hopes that his native air might be of benefit in restoring him to health; but that he could not make up his mind to return to his father in such a state. His hope now was, he said, that the regiment would shortly be ordered abroad; and he trusted *that time and change of climate would*

remove, or at least soften, the fearful effects of disease. He congratulated Reynolds heartily on his promotion, and regretted that he was unable to accompany the regiment now that there appeared a prospect of their services being needed. He told Reynolds that the Garrison Chaplain had spoken most kindly to him in his frequent visits. "And," said he, "I often think, that if ever I get out of hospital, I shall have had a lesson that will last me for life; but," he added, "I feel that it is a thousand times easier to make good resolutions when suffering, than to remember them when in health."

Reynolds tried to cheer him by kind words and by telling him the latest news from Earlsford; but he was not able to remain long with him, as the parade was ordered at an early hour in the afternoon to enable the steamers to leave Kingstown before dark.

When the assembly sounded there was not a single man absent, and all appeared in high spirits at the prospect of active service. This did not in any degree arise from an angry feeling towards the poor misguided creatures against whom they were about to act, still less from a wish to shed the blood of any fellow-creature; but, in the somewhat monotonous routine of garrison life, any change which holds out a promise of excitement and *active employment*, is hailed with pleasure. *The Kingstown Railway* quickly conducted

them to the place of embarkation, where they found two powerful vessels, the *Birkenhead* and *Driver*, with their steam up, lying alongside the pier. The embarkation was the work of but a few minutes, for all the heavy baggage, as I said before, was left behind, and there was nothing to do but to walk on board. In less than half-an-hour they were under way, and soon the beautiful shores of the Bay of Dublin were hidden from sight by a projecting headland. The sun was sinking behind the Wicklow mountains as they passed Bray Head, and gradually night closed in; but before long the moon rose in unclouded splendour from the sea, casting a broad pillar of light across the waters. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring: but a long swell from the westward, which showed that a heavy gale from that quarter had hardly yet subsided, caused the steamer to roll heavily, and was very trying to a landsman.

Reynolds had never been on board a man-of-war before, and was filled with admiration at the order and cleanliness which prevailed in every part of the large ship. He was also struck with wonder at the enormous size of the two sixty-eight pounders, which stood, one at the bow, and one at the stern, surrounded by rows of huge hollow shot, each of which *seemed capable of sinking any vessel they might strike in the hull*. There was

only room below for one-half of the men, and they were therefore told off into two watches. Reynolds belonged to the first, which was to remain on deck from eight till twelve. Excepting the few on sentry, the men were allowed to lie down and sleep; and before long the greater number were to be seen stretched on deck in their great-coats, under shelter of the long-boat, or round the funnel of the engine, which threw out a grateful warmth. Reynolds himself paced the deck for an hour or two with Sergeant Lovell, and another non-commissioned officer; and many a tale they told of former voyages across the stormy Bay of Biscay, or through the smooth sea of the tropics, where for weeks the vessel would track her steady course without shifting a sail. They spoke, too, of the wonderful changes which had taken place in navigation within their own memory: how, when first they joined the service, steam-vessels were almost unknown, or were at least confined to rivers and lakes, and how the notion of their ever being able to stand the heavy sea of the Irish Channel was laughed at by the hardiest sailors. Then the transport of troops from England to Ireland was frequently as tedious as a passage across the Atlantic now is, and many a time the sailing vessels in which they were embarked lay weather-bound in harbour for weeks together. They agreed that *if these improvements had contributed greatly*

as might be required.

conversation of this kind the hours of
at watch soon slipped away. Since sun-
e wind had been gradually rising, and
midnight it blew a strong breeze from
athward, directly in their teeth. The
ic steamer, however, ploughed her way
tly through the heavy sea, which by
me had risen in large and broken waves.
lds found, to his great satisfaction, that
lling and pitching of the vessel did
fect him, though his only experience
to as a sailor had been the smooth pas-
sage from Liverpool to Dublin on the occasion
he was first introduced to the notice of
aders. Spending so much of his time
as an English soldier usually does, it
small advantage to him to be entirely
from the discomfort of sea-sickness, and

lower deck would allow of. He at once perceived that the steamer must have left the open sea, for instead of pitching and tossing as she did when he had turned in, she was now gliding along with a scarcely perceptible motion. Curious to see what was their destination, which as yet they had only guessed at, he hurried on deck, and found that they were steaming up the river Suir, and passing at that moment under the guns of Duncannon fort, which completely commands its entrance. It was a glorious morning; and the sun, which had just risen behind them, cast a broad blaze of light along the course of the river, and lit up the cheerful, well-cultivated shores of Waterford and Wexford. The rampart of the fort was crowded with soldiers, watching the unusual sight of a war-steamer, and an artilleryman was hastily hauling up the Union Jack on the flagstaff which crowned the bastion nearest the river. Three cheers were given by the little garrison of the fort, which were heartily responded to from the steamer as she flew past the old walls as fast as steam and a favouring tide could carry her.

After passing by a succession of country-houses bordering both sides of the river, and catching an occasional glimpse of a ruined castle or abbey, they suddenly swept round *a low wooded headland*, and the city of *Waterford lay before them*. Every soul now

hastened on deck, and they fell into groups admiring the beautiful situation of the city, and wondering what was awaiting them on their arrival at the end of their voyage; for rumour had, as usual, done its work, and they half expected to find the streets of Waterford cut off by barricades, and the small garrison in a state of siege. Their suspense did not last long, for in a few minutes more the *Birkenhead's* paddles stopped, and her anchor was dropped in the middle of the river.

It was with a feeling of surprise, almost amounting to disappointment, that they saw the people on the quay moving up and down about their ordinary avocations, without any signs of unusual excitement. A few soldiers were to be seen too, walking singly, or by twos and threes through the crowd; and there was nothing unusual to be marked, except that a French tricolor flag, out of a silly bravado, was displayed from the roof of one of the repeal clubs, and the office of the repeal paper, with equal absurdity, was painted from roof to base with the national green. The *Driver*, which had followed them closely, now passed higher up the river, and took up her station near the long wooden bridge which forms the chief communication with the counties of Tipperary and Kilkenny, while the *Birkenhead*, shifting her position slightly, judiciously selected a berth which

enfiladed the mall, and swept the whole extent of the long quay. Immediately abreast of the ship stood a curious old circular tower of solid masonry, forming the angle of the mall and the quay, and offering a strong defensive post in case of disturbance. An inscription over the entrance stated the tower to have been built so far back as the twelfth century; and with the aid of a telescope a cannon-shot could be seen fixed in the masonry, said to have been there since the city was bombarded by Oliver Cromwell. It is needless to remark that this impudent display of the tricolor aroused the hearty indignation of the sailors, and that nothing would have given "Jack" more pleasure than an order to land and haul it down.

Scarcely had the anchor been dropped when Major Stevens landed, and waited upon the senior officer to report his arrival. Colonel Maitland directed him to disembark his men as soon as ever they had dined, and to march them at once to Pilltown, a small village about twelve miles distant from Waterford, and four from Carrick-on-Suir, justly considered one of the most disaffected places in Ireland. He informed him that the site for a camp had already been selected in the Earl of Besborough's park, and that he would find an officer of the Quartermaster-general's *department* on the spot with the necessary *camp equipment*. Major Stevens lost no

time in carrying his orders into execution; a small steamer, employed to carry the mails from Waterford to Milford Haven, was brought alongside the *Birkenhead*, and landed the detachment at once upon the quay, without the delay of getting into and out of boats; and in less than half-an-hour the men commenced their march in the highest spirits, preceded by the band of the regiment stationed at Waterford, which accompanied them as far as the outskirts of the town.

The sun was sinking behind the Tipperary mountains when the detachment reached Pilltown; and though all were in good heart, there was many a weary and footsore man among them; for they were mostly young soldiers, not yet inured to the weight of pack and ammunition; besides which, a night's tossing on board a steamer, and a fit of sea-sickness, are not the best preparatives for a day's march. The sight of the neat English-looking little village was therefore hailed with pleasure by all; but they were mistaken when they fancied that the day's work was over: for Colonel Morton, the Assistant Quartermaster-general, who had been despatched from Dublin to make the necessary arrangements for their camp, hastened to inform Major Stevens that an orderly dragoon had just arrived from the officer commanding at Carrick, *requesting an immediate reinforcement, if possible, as an attack upon the*

barrack was confidently expected that very night.

There could not be a moment's hesitation as to what was to be done; the knapsacks were left at the police station, under the guard of a few young soldiers, who, however willing to go on, were evidently unequal to it; the men swallowed some hasty refreshment, and the march was again resumed. Tired and footsore as were many among them, it was with anything but a laggard pace that they got over the ground. The very idea that the little garrison of Carrick might at that moment be looking anxiously for their arrival, if not actually in need of their assistance, gave them fresh spirit, and, as they stepped out, they sang snatches of old songs, or joined in one familiar chorus. In this way they were not long in reaching the outskirts of the straggling town of Carrick, and, as they marched down the street in which the barrack lay, they struck up, with one accord, our glorious national anthem, as if in defiance of the scowling mob that lined the footpath on either side of them.

It was with a hearty welcome that the detachment of the 8—d received the new comers, and, much to their credit, they at once gave up to them their own beds, of which they felt that they stood in greater need. A soldier only can know how friendly a feeling such trifling acts of kindness, shown

. Indeed, every individual soldier ought
to be in mind, that he, in some degree,
represents the corps to which he belongs, and
by his appearance and conduct when on
detached duty the efficiency and disci-
pline of his regiment is often judged of.

The wing of the 1—th was detained at
Pilltown for a day or two, when the resident
magistrate, feeling assured either that his
previous information had been unfounded, or
that the rebels had on second thoughts con-
sidered the undertaking too hazardous, gave
his opinion that their presence might be
dispensed with. They accordingly marched
to Pilltown, and prepared to pitch their
camp. The site selected was in Lord Bes-
sborough's park within a few hundred yards
of the main road from Waterford to Carrick,
and was partly sheltered by the surround-

make themselves pretty comfortable in spite of the rain, which descended in torrents. The weather continued to be unusually boisterous and severe for the season, otherwise the change from the heavy duties of Dublin, and the confinement of a barrack, to the easy life of the camp, and the pretty scenery around Pilltown, would have been very pleasant for a few weeks. As it was, the men contrived, in spite of these drawbacks, to amuse themselves well; and, notwithstanding their constant exposure to the wet, there never had been so small a proportion of sick. To the same causes which produced this decrease of sickness was owing the almost total absence of crime.

Not long after the return of the left wing from Carrick, they were joined by the headquarters from Dublin, and were further reinforced by a troop of cavalry, and a demi-battery of artillery from Waterford. With this compact and efficient force every man felt that they were more than a match for any number that the rebels could bring together; but this was not to be brought to the test, for, notwithstanding all the boasts and threats of the repeal papers, and the repeal leaders, these latter were far too careful of their own safety to venture to attack anything beyond a weak station of police, and even in *these attempts* they were invariably defeated. *A demonstration* of force to support the

time to time information was brought
e magistrates that the "rebel army"
mustered in force on the side of "Sliev-
on," a high bleak mountain not many
from the camp, and that they intended
arch upon Carrick, and *destroy* the gar-
; but, like the "will-o'-the-wisp," it
rs disappeared when approached; and
t was for the poor misguided creatures
were goaded into rebellion by a few
or interested men, that the troops did
all in with them when annoyed by
sing and fruitless marches over the
mountains, through storms of heavy
or driving mist.

one of these nocturnal expeditions an
ing adventure occurred to one of the
ling parties. A policeman, who had



not himself a rebel; that, on creeping nearer to the house, he had just been able to make out that there were five or six horses standing ready saddled in the farm-yard, and that he had heard the voices of several men apparently in earnest discussion within doors. I need not say that this piece of intelligence created the greatest excitement among the party; all looked to their arms, and anxiously awaited the signal to advance; while Captain Seymour, whose company formed the patrol, made his arrangements, by stationing parties on the different roads leading from the farm, to ensure the capture of its inmates. When these precautions had been taken, he and the resident magistrate, supported by about twenty or thirty men, quietly advanced to the house and knocked at the door for admittance. For some time no answer was returned, but they could distinctly hear the hum of voices from within, which confirmed their suspicion that at last there was "no mistake." They then proceeded to hammer away at the door, threatening to burst it open if not instantly admitted. At length the door was opened, and a tall figure in a cloak, with some weapon in his hand, was indistinctly seen by the faint glimmer of an expiring lamp.

"Who are you, assembled here, contrary to law?" cried the magistrate, prepared to *enforce his warrant*, if necessary, by a most *summary process*.

It was spoken, somewhat staggered the
strate, who began to wonder whom he
to deal with, when Captain Seymour,
ing a glimpse of his uniform, discovered
their expected rebel chiefs were only a
patrol of the —th Light Dragoons on a
errand with themselves, who, expect-
o visitors on the bleak sides of "Sliev-
on," and thoroughly despising, or per-
disbelieving the existence of the rebel
, had neglected the precaution of posting
try while they refreshed themselves and
horses.

is alarm, and a few others, equally un-
ed, caused sometimes by a row of peat-
s, drawn up in imposing array on the
of a bog, at others by a flock of mountain
, barely discerned in the first uncertain
of morning were the only adventures

victed; their followers had buried their pikes under the dunghill, or concealed them in the thatched roof, and had returned with looks of the most fearless innocence to their usual peaceful avocations of guiding the plough, or driving the pig; the police returned to the detached and exposed stations which it had been thought prudent to evacuate; and country gentlemen began to dismantle their fortifications, and to remove the feather beds from their drawing-room windows, where they had been doing the duty of sandbags. In a word, the country once more assumed the appearance of the profoundest tranquillity. One by one, the camps were broken up, and the movable columns which had been formed at several places in the disturbed districts were dissolved. The camp at Pilltown was continued somewhat longer than the rest on account of the notorious disaffection of the neighbourhood; but after a while, and when the season was so far advanced as to render it unadvisable to keep troops under canvass, it too was broken up, and the 1—th, who were now the first regiment for foreign service, were ordered into garrison at Cork preparatory to embarkation for the Mediterranean.

We have for some time lost sight of our hero, in this short account of the part which *his regiment* took in the suppression of the *Irish disturbances*. It is needless, I hope,

by his readiness at any time to assist, while, at the same time, he did his strictly as a non-commissioned officer, never condescended to seek for popularity by screening offenders. At first, some messmates had felt disposed to laugh at him for reading his Bible, which he never failed to do,—not as a task, but as a privilege; when they saw the consistency of his conduct, and that no fear of ridicule deterred him from doing what he felt to be right, they desisted; and, though but few ever dared to follow his example, even the thoughtless among them could not help respecting him.

As soon as the regiment arrived at Cork, the usual indulgence of furloughs, which the threatening aspect of affairs had greatly

the unusually regular life he had led while in camp, had indeed greatly restored his health, and he was gradually recovering a portion of his former good looks; but even had he not still shrunk from the idea of meeting his father and sisters, he well knew that his conduct had not been such as to entitle him to the indulgence of a furlough, for which there were so many candidates with better claims. He was therefore forced to content himself with sending many messages to his family and to his friends at Earlsford; and when he had taken leave of his comrade on board the Bristol steamer, it was with a heavy heart that he retraced his steps to the barrack.

During the voyage Reynolds had plenty of companions. Not only were many others of his own regiment on board, but from far and wide, throughout the province of Munster, every English soldier, who had been fortunate enough to obtain a furlough, had hastened to Cork to embark for "merry England." The steamer was a fine vessel, the weather was fair, and remarkably mild for the season, and a happy party they were seated round the funnel, talking over all the pleasures that awaited them. Reynolds's feelings were peculiarly to be envied; for not only was he about to revisit a home of more than ordinary happiness, but he felt an honest *pride in returning there with the well-earned character of a good soldier, which he knew*

Exaggerated reports circulated in the village naturally been very anxious for his

He had indeed never failed to write to her, or to his father, at least once a week, but still a letter was a very different thing from seeing her son with her own eyes, and more safe and sound in the cottage where he had been born and reared.

Very early in the day when the steamer was at Bristol, and Reynolds, after wishing his companions a pleasant journey, took the first train on the Great Western Railway, which would bring him in ten miles of Earlsford. His road from London was along some of those beautiful downs which the South of England is so famous for, and at times Reynolds, who from childhood was well acquainted with that

honeysuckles, so different from the wretched hovels to which he had latterly been accustomed; nor was he less struck by the careful culture of the little gardens, and the air of cleanliness and comfort which marked every person and every object that met his eye.

There was but another little hill to mount, and then he would look down once more upon the home of his youth. Already he could see the steeple of the old church rising above the summits of the trees; one minute more, and his father's cottage stood before him; he bounded quickly down the steep descent, vaulted over the wooden paling which separated the little garden from the road, and in another moment he was in his mother's arms.

I will not attempt to describe the joyful meeting; but I may say, without fear of contradiction, that there was not in all England a happier family that night than the group assembled round the cheerful blazing fire of old Reynolds's cottage. Unlike most earthly scenes of happiness, there was here no alloy; of the large family circle that had gathered together some eighteen months before to bid him farewell, not one was missing now that they again assembled to welcome him home. The hand of Time had passed lightly over his father and mother; and the latter, if *changed at all*, seemed to him to be stronger *than when he last saw her*. Perhaps it was the

soldier. The little curly headed child-
is brother's young ones, gazed at first
onder and childish fear upon the unac-
ed splendour of the stranger's dress,
air shyness soon wore off, and be-
ing they were scrambling upon Uncle
n's knees, and examining with eager
y his shining breastplate, which seemed
1 to be of gold. I need hardly say,
fore this happy party broke up for
ht, the old family Bible was brought
d heartfelt thanks were offered to their
ly Father for the wanderer's safe

ould lead me too far away from my
were I to linger with Reynolds during
weeks furlough. Suffice it to say, the
assed but too quickly. To Reynolds

His mother, who, of course, knew nothing of the rules of the service, and only thought of the sad blank his absence would make in the family circle at that season of universal gladness, urged him strongly to remain. It was but ten days longer. His father said nothing, but Reynolds could see the struggle between his wishes and his sense of duty; it cost him an effort, but he resisted the temptation, for he knew that he would be acting unfairly, both by his commanding officer and by his comrades, many of whom were anxiously awaiting their turn for furlough, and he felt happier when he had come to this decision. The day of his departure came, but the parting was less bitter than it had been on the former occasion, for his parents had the satisfaction of feeling that he was now in the fair way of advancement, and they committed him with confident trust to the care of that gracious Providence which had already shielded him from so many dangers of soul and body.

Reynolds, during the time that he had been in camp, had, by great self-denial, laid by a small sum of money, with which he was desirous of contributing in some degree to his parents' comfort. He knew that they would neither of them consent to accept money from him, believing that he himself *could ill spare it*; so before leaving Earlsford *he purchased some little luxuries, such as he*

once or some disagreement with their

l. He was glad to find that they were quite ignorant both of his misconduct his illness, and his father only expressed some little displeasure that he had thought it worth the trouble to come and see them. Reynolds assured them that circumstances had made it impossible for his son to get away at that time, and was very careful to say nothing that would give him useless pain.

It was late in December when Reynolds landed at Bristol on his return to Cork. The wind, which at that season is usually strong, was blowing half a gale, and the ship could make but little way against it, and every plunge the spray dashed full against the deck. The sky was one of dark lowering clouds: but great as

he would gladly submit to any privations to be allowed to live among his own family, and share their pleasures and their toils. But a little reflection sufficed to show him, that to indulge in such feelings, would be not only useless, but wrong. His choice had been deliberately made, and the wisest thing he could do was to make the best of it. He knew that his father and brothers would do their utmost to purchase his discharge if they saw that he had set his heart upon it; but he knew also that they could ill afford to do so, and that it would be very selfish in him to allow it; he therefore checked these rising feelings of discontent, and, as the vessel neared the shores of Ireland, and new scenes met his eye, his home-sickness gradually passed away; and by the time he saw the barrack-yard again, and heard the kindly greeting of his comrades, he had become quite reconciled to his career, and thought how long it would be before he might reasonably hope to see a second stripe added to that already on his arm.

Reynolds had much to learn of what had happened in the regiment during his absence. The first piece of intelligence that greeted him caused him sincere regret. Sergeant Lovell, now that the regiment was about to proceed once more on foreign service, had *made up his mind* to take his discharge at *the approaching inspection*, and Reynolds

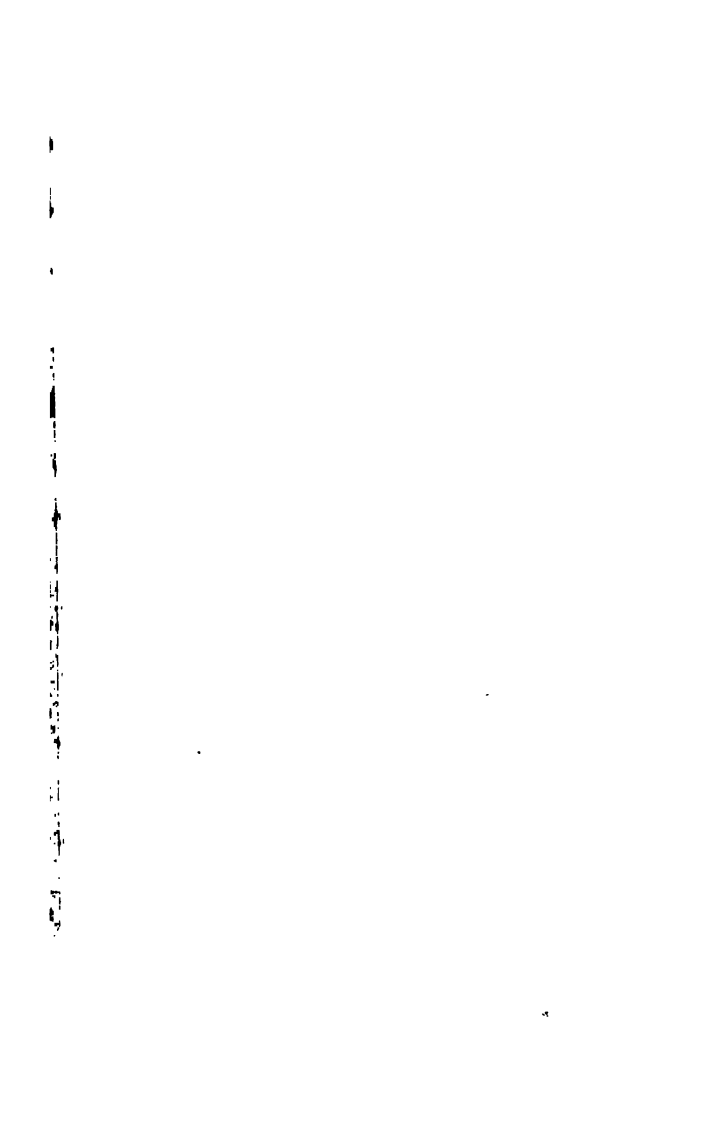
felt that in him he would lose a real and valuable friend. The whole of the company appeared to share this feeling; and Sergeant Lovell himself, though he had the sure prospect of comfort and independence before him, had been so long and so thoroughly a soldier, that the approaching separation from all his old friends and accustomed duties affected him deeply. A second piece of news, which Reynolds soon learnt, also gave him much pain: Hunter had been behaving very ill during his absence, and a few days before his return, he and Stephen Fuller had broken out of barrack, and neither of them had since been heard of. A great part of their necessities had disappeared with them, and also a watch and some money belonging to a sergeant who slept in the same room; so that there was every reason to believe that they must have deserted. Reynolds felt sure that, reckless as his young comrade had unhappily become, *he* had had nothing to do with this disgraceful theft; but even without this aggravation, his crime was a grave one, and, if retaken, of which there could be little doubt, his punishment would be severe. Even were he to avoid being taken, what prospect was there before him? He could never venture to return to his family, for a notification of his desertion would already have been made to his *parish*; and his only alternative would be to enlist in some other regiment at the

imminent risk of detection, or to escape to some distant country, where he would find himself without money, or friends, or character. In any way, this was a sad end to a career which had begun under such different auspices; and Reynolds could not prevent the painful thought crossing his mind that, had he warned him more earnestly of the sinfulness of the course of life he was leading, he might perhaps have been the means of turning him to better ways. Had he not been too soon discouraged, because his counsels had been disregarded? And had he made sufficient allowance for the disadvantages of Hunter's early education? But it was now too late to ask himself these questions. And it was with a sad heart that Reynolds thought of the fate of his comrade and early playmate.

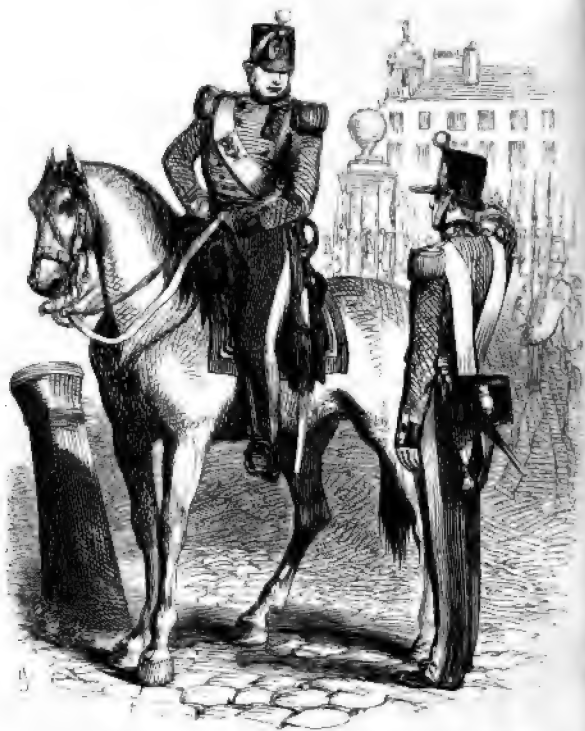
During the last few months a large number of recruits had joined the 1—th, the establishment of the regiment having been raised; and Colonel Raymond was desirous to get them on as quickly as possible with their drill, that the regiment might land at Gibraltar as effective as possible. For this purpose every non-commissioned officer, who was considered equal to the duty, was appointed to the drill, and among the rest Reynolds, though so young a soldier, was *entrusted* with the charge of a squad. *Setting himself* to this new task with his usual

gress was remarked by Colonel May-
a very gratifying terms. Previous to
markation of the regiment several old
omissioned officers were about to be
red, and Reynolds, though still far
ie top of the list, remembered the
which the Colonel had made on first
ing him Lance-corporal, and ventured
, that in the promotion which would
ke place, he might possibly find his
ne included. Whether this hope was
l to be gratified or disappointed, we
urn in the sequel to this story.

THE END.







LES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART II. PROMOTION. THE DEPÔT.

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TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART II.

No. I.—PROMOTION.

CHRISTMAS, as some of my readers may perhaps remember, was very near at hand when Reynolds rejoined his regiment from furlough, and he found most of his comrades making preparations to keep it as a day of jollity. His sense of religion did not make him in any degree unsociable, or unwilling to join his companions in such of their amusements as he felt to be harmless; on the contrary, there were few better cricketers in the 1—th than Reynolds; and he excelled in most manly games where strength and activity were required. But it saddened him to think that a day which should indeed be to *all Christians* a season of rejoicing, *was looked upon by those around him merely*

as an occasion of festivity, accompanied, as there could be no doubt it would be, by much intemperance and sinful indulgence.

Another subject too occupied much of his thoughts ; shortly before his enlistment he had been confirmed, together with most of the young men of his own age in Earlsford, and the impressive charge made to them on that occasion by the venerable Bishop of G——, had often since recurred to his memory. The bishop had warned the candidates for confirmation of the great dangers to which at their age they were liable, and had earnestly exhorted them to seek, in a regular and devout attendance at the Holy Communion, for that strength, which could alone enable them to resist the temptations to which they would find themselves exposed. This had taken place only a few weeks before Reynolds's enlistment, but he had on the Sunday immediately following the confirmation partaken of the Lord's Supper in company with his whole family, who were constant communicants. Since he had been with his regiment the opportunity of attending this holy ordinance of the Church had rarely offered itself, and the utter indifference of those around him on the subject had not been without its natural effect upon his mind ; still his conscience at times reproached *him with this neglect of a positive command of his Lord*, and when he came to question

and his brethren, he should certainly have omitted this duty ; and had he not a hundredfold greater need of strength in a situation which exposed him to so much temptation to thoughtlessness and sin as that of a soldier? There could be no doubt of this, and his own experience warned him that the daily sight of scenes of vice and profligacy was gradually familiarizing his mind to evil, and lessening the feeling of disgust which he had at first shrunk from all contact with it. Yet it cost him a severe struggle to make up his mind to a step, which he knew, would excite the ridicule of many of his comrades, and in which he feared that he could not find any one to support him. Many a time, he thought of those awful words of our Lord : " Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me and of my

weeks before, partly to try whether her native air would do her good, and partly to make the necessary preparations for entering upon their little farm as soon as her husband should receive his discharge. She had gone to her father's, and had taken all the children with her, so that Reynolds found himself at the present time much more thrown into Sergeant Lovell's company than he would otherwise have been. Christmas day had now arrived, and Sergeant Lovell had obtained leave for himself and Reynolds to be absent from the dinners. As usual on these occasions, most of the barrack-rooms had been decorated with holly and other evergreens, and much pains had been taken to prepare the Christmas dinner. In place of the usual daily fare of ration-beef and potatoes, geese and turkeys had been provided by every mess, together with huge plum puddings, such as might have smoked upon the hospitable table of an old English baron in the days of our forefathers. Nor was wine wanting, for it had become a custom in the 1—th for the captains to make their companies a present of a dozen of bottles on this festive occasion, and to go round their rooms at the dinner hour, pledging their men in a bumper, and giving and receiving the kindly wish of a "merry Christmas." Reynolds had gladly contributed *his share* of the expenses of the feast, and *had worked hard* to decorate his room with

wreaths and mottoes of evergreens, though he knew that he would not be able to take a part in the dinner. Many of his comrades thought him, to use their own expression, "a great fool" for absenting himself on such an occasion, but he had made himself so much liked, as well as respected by them, on account of his invariable kindness and readiness to help them, that most of them kept these remarks to themselves, nor would he have heeded them, had he heard them, for by this time he had learnt to overcome that fear of ridicule to which he had at first been so much alive.

There was no garrison chapel at Cork, but a special service was performed for the troops in a district church not far from the barracks, which was set apart for their use at an early hour, in order not to interfere with the services of the regular congregation, which, as usual in Ireland, were at noon and at six in the evening. Notice, however, had been given on the preceding Sunday, that the Holy Communion would be administered after the noon service, so that when the troops had been marched off from church at the conclusion of their own service, Sergeant Lovell and his young companion had to wait half an hour, while another congregation was assembling.

It was a lovely morning, but there was nothing about it to remind one of the season

for in the south of Ireland the climate is so mild, that a "green yule," or Christmas, is more commonly to be seen than a snowy one. There had, indeed, been a slight hoar frost on the the grass at sun rise, but it had soon disappeared, and on the sheltered terrace where our friends were standing, the sun shone so warmly that it felt more like a September or October day. The fine evergreens, which grow so luxuriantly about Cork, also helped to deceive the eye, which looked around in vain for any of those wintry signs which Christmas generally wears in our severer climate. It is not, indeed, without reason, that the "Corkagians" are so proud of the beauty of their city, for its situation is one of almost unequalled loveliness.

The scene which Sergeant Lovell and Reynolds were looking down upon was very striking. The whole city seemed alive with groups of people of all classes, in their holiday attire, thronging to or from church and chapel, while the bells of St. Mary's Shandon, and numerous other churches, rang their most joyful peals. To Sergeant Lovell the scene was familiar, and it brought back to his mind the recollection of many similar ones in various quarters of the world, but to Reynolds it had all the charm of novelty.

With the exception of the last Christmas, *on which it had* fallen to his turn to mount *the hospital guard* at Dublin, every Christmas

is life had been spent in the quiet village Earlsford amid scenes of a very different description from those he now witnessed. The thought of his happy home recurred idly to his mind, and he felt that, next to being among those whom he loved, the greatest happiness was to know that they were employed in the same solemn duty with himself, and that he would be present at their thoughts and prayers. In his last letter to his mother, he had informed her of his intention of receiving the Holy Communion on Christmas day, and he had that very morning received an answer from her, in which she expressed her joy and thankfulness that all her children, whether at home or far away, would at the same moment be guests at the Lord's table. "This thought," she added, "makes me look forward with a humble, but sure hope that we may, by God's grace and in his own good time, all meet together to partake of that blessed inheritance which he has prepared for those that love him."

The bell suddenly ceased, and Sergeant Lovell and Reynolds entered the church; an old man who sat near the door, seeing that they were strangers, opened his pew and beckoned to them to come in. The service was very reverently performed, most of the congregation kneeling and joining in the responses, and the sermon was an earnest

invitation to all to come to the Lord's table. The preacher warned them against the common error of being kept away by a fear of unworthiness, not considering that here was to be found the most powerful means of becoming less unworthy. He concluded his sermon with that simple and impressive exhortation of Bishop Taylor's, which I cannot resist the temptation of inserting, as few of my readers, perhaps, are acquainted with it, or have the opportunity of becoming so.

“*All* Christian people must come. They, indeed, that are in the state of sin must not come *so*, but yet they must come. First, they must quit their state of death, and then partake of the bread of life. They that are at enmity with their neighbours must come; that is no excuse for their not coming; only they must not bring their enmity along with them, but leave it and then come. They that have variety of worldly employments must come; only they must leave their worldly thoughts and affections behind them, and then come and converse with God. If any man be well grown in grace, he must needs come, because he is excellently disposed to so holy a feast: but he that is but in the infancy of piety had need to come, that so he may grow in grace. The strong must come, lest they become weak; and the *weak that they may become strong*. The sick *must come to be cured*, the healthful to be

erved. They that have leisure must come, because they have no excuse: they that have leisure must come hither, that by so excellent religion they may sanctify their leisure. The penitent sinners must come, that they may be justified: and they that are justified, that they may be justified II."

The number of communicants was large; two of the congregation left the church exempting such as were too young to remain. Among those who partook of the Holy Sacrament, Reynolds observed the General commanding the district, and several officers of his own and other regiments. There were also a few soldiers of other corps, and civilians of every rank of life, from the richest to the poorest. How could it, indeed, have been otherwise? For, whatever may be our calling in this world, we have, as Christians, the same duties, the same wants, the same privileges, and the same blessed hope. It is but too common among soldiers to think that a careful attendance upon the ordinances of religion is all very well for other classes of society, but that their peculiar situation exempts them from the like obligation: but a very slight attention to their Bibles would show them that no station in life exempts us from making the care of our souls "the one thing needful," still less that of soldiers, of whose faith and devotion more than

one striking instance has been recorded for our example and encouragement.

When leaving the church Reynolds observed before them a very sickly-looking woman, poorly but neatly dressed. He thought that he had never before seen a countenance so expressive of care and sorrow, yet so meek and patient, and he pointed her out to Sergeant Lovell, who proposed that they should follow her to her home, where, from his long acquaintance with the misery so prevalent in all large towns, and especially during the last few years in Ireland, he feared that they would find a sad picture of destitution. His anticipations were not deceived, for after following her down a dirty narrow lane, and through a low arch into a small and filthy court, they saw her enter a wretched hovel, such as nothing but the most abject poverty could have driven any human being to inhabit.

They paused for a moment at the door, fearing lest their intrusion might be unwelcome, for the whole appearance and manner of the woman showed that she was not one whom long habit had rendered callous to her misery, and that she evidently strove rather to hide than to display it. But the sight which met their eyes through the small *curtainless* window showed them that they *had been* led where their help was indeed *needed*, and Sergeant Lovell knocked gently

door. It was opened by the poor herself, around whom were clustered hungry-looking children, eagerly clasp for food, which, alas! she had not

On a straw pallet in one corner of the room, with very scanty covering, lay a middle-aged man, reduced by sickness to a state of helplessness, and beside him on a low stool a young girl of about twelve, the eldest child of the family, with a broken jug in her hand offering some fever drink, and anxiously watching every motion of the poor sufferer. A small tin kettle standing on a few smotherers, and an iron pot, together with a few cracked plates and cups, formed the furniture of the little room, for everywhere by degrees had found its way to the neighbouring pawnbroker's, to furnish a loaf of bread for the children, or a bottle of medicine for their poor father. Those who have visited the hovels of the poor in the north of Ireland, since it has pleased the Almighty to visit that unhappy country with famine and sickness, will know that this is not overdrawn.

It was an awful contrast to the many happy peasant homes, almost within hearing of the children's hungry cry! And what a lesson of thankfulness and moderation to those whose thresholds sickness and starvation have never yet crossed!

The poor woman's story was soon told:

unhappily it was by no means an uncommon one. Her husband had been a soldier for many years, but in a thoughtless moment he had taken a free discharge, to which his long service entitled him. Unaccustomed to the hard toil and meagre fare of a labouring man, whose daily bread for himself and his family had to be earned by daily labour, often not to be procured, and with a constitution somewhat enfeebled by long service in a tropical climate, he had soon sunk beneath the effort, and upon his poor wife's scanty earnings with her needle their subsistence had now for some weeks depended.

Margaret O'Neill, for that was her name, had seen better days. Her father, a small farmer in the north of Ireland, though poor, and little raised above the position of a cottager in England, had been out of the reach of want, and she herself, after leaving school, had lived for several years in the service of the rector of their parish, until she gave her heart and hand to a good-looking young soldier, whose company chanced to be detached in her native village. Margaret had always been a well-conducted girl, and, after her marriage, during all her wanderings with the 2——th she had borne an excellent character. When her husband determined *upon leaving* the service, she had done her *utmost* to persuade him to remain; but when *she found* that all her entreaties were in vain,

and that, (as many a good soldier has done before him, and many a one will, I fear, do after him) he had fully persuaded himself that he should "better himself" by the change, she submitted without a murmur to her altered lot, and strove earnestly, in a faithful reliance upon God's providence, to make her husband and children comfortable.

The causes of their present state of destitution I have already told. Nothing but a strong sense of religion could have enabled poor Margaret to bear up, as she had hitherto done, against such severe trials which every day seemed to increase. That morning, her poor husband being a little easier, and her eldest girl, though so young, being fit to be trusted for an hour or two with the care of him and of the little ones, Margaret had ventured to leave the house, and, remembering the day, once so happy a day to her, she had entered the nearest church, and had "cast all her cares upon Him who careth for us," and Who is always ready to comfort the breaking heart. And comfort she had found; for, though outward circumstances were apparently still as unpromising as ever, she felt within a support and a peace, such as those only can know, who, like her, have sought them in earnest prayer.

She had scarcely had time to learn from little Kathleen how her poor father had been during her absence, when Sergeant Lovell

knock called her to the door. She started at the unexpected, though familiar sight of a red jacket, but her heart still warmed to this remembrance of happy days, and Sergeant Lovell's kind face showed her that her prayer had indeed been heard, and help sent in their hour of need. Gladly did he give the poor woman sufficient to supply the pressing wants of herself and family, and Reynolds cheerfully added his share. It was but small, for much cannot be laid by out of a private's pay, and, as my readers may, perhaps, remember, he had before leaving home placed all his savings in his sister's hands; but what he could spare he gave willingly, remembering that the Book of Truth has told us, that the widow's mite was more commended by our Blessed Lord, than all the costly gifts which the rich cast into the treasury.

When they returned to barracks, Reynolds found that his comrades had set aside his dinner for him; it was an ample portion of substantial Christmas fare. After tasting a mouthful of it he put up the remainder in a handkerchief, and proceeded to the hovel where they had been that morning. Well was he repaid for any little self-denial that it might have cost him by the sight of the poor children's happy faces, as they gathered round such a meal as they had not known for many a long day. *He himself* had not felt so happy he knew *not when*, and he resolved not to lose sight

of this poor family, whom Providence appeared to have pointed out as objects, whom even he, with his small means, had it in his power to assist. Sergeant Lovell was willing to help also, and they trusted that if it pleased God that poor O'Neill should recover from his present illness, he would, when the winter was over, be able once more to support his wife and children. They soon had the satisfaction of seeing a gradual but steady improvement in the man's health; the fever had quite left him, and all that he needed now was nourishment, which, but for this opportune assistance he would have been unable to procure. At times they could not help wishing, as they saw some drunken men staggering into barracks, that the porter which was doing these wretched creatures so much harm in every way, could be given to poor O'Neill, to whom it would do so much good; but they did not grudge the sacrifice they themselves had to make, for their own feelings were a more than sufficient reward. Several of Reynolds's comrades, to whom he had mentioned the distress of an old soldier and his family, kindly contributed some small portion of their rations, the messing at Cork being at that time very cheap and plentiful, and a collection was made of worn out coatees and shell jackets, out of which Margaret's clever needle made jackets for the boys and a warm coverlid for the sick man's bed.

But now, at length, the long looked for order arrived for the 1—th to be held in readiness to embark for Gibraltar. This order had been daily expected ever since the autumn, which is the usual season for the embarkation of troops for the Mediterranean, but unavoidable circumstances, connected with the sudden outbreak of hostilities in India, had caused this delay. A regiment had been sent on a very short notice from Gibraltar to the Cape, and it was to replace them that the 1—th were now hurried off.

Colonel Raymond had, on the first notice of his regiment's being likely to go abroad, made the necessary arrangements for dividing the Depôt from the Service-Companies; and therefore a few hours were now sufficient to make such changes as had since become necessary. He had been informed that, as soon as the regiment had embarked, the Depôt would in all probability be sent over to England and quartered at Plymouth. Orders were therefore sent off for all officers on leave, and men on furlough, to return to Cork without delay. Plymouth being comparatively near to Earlsford, it was natural that Reynolds should wish to remain with the Depôt as long as they were stationed there, especially as the weakly state of his *mother's* health made it very unlikely that *he would ever see her again if he embarked with the regiment.* His company was indeed

one of those selected for foreign service, but as he had by this time become a very good drill, and was a great favourite with the Depot Sergeant Major, it would not have been difficult for him to obtain permission to remain with the Depot to assist in training the recruits. However, on asking Sergeant Lovell's advice, the latter told him that he himself had always made a point of obeying whatever orders he received without asking to have them altered, and Reynolds, seeing that it certainly was the most soldier-like way of acting, determined to do the same.

The day following the arrival of the orders of readiness, Colonel Raymond received instructions to send off to Dublin, as soon as possible, those old soldiers who had been found unfit for further service, in order that that they might be brought before the board which sits monthly at Kilmainham to determine the rate of pension to which each man is entitled. Among these invalids was Sergeant Lovell, and I need not say how truly sorry Reynolds was to lose so kind and valuable a friend. He felt that it was his advice and assistance which had in a great measure put him in the way of getting on well in his profession, and he foresaw that he would often miss the advantage of his long experience. But besides this cause of regret, there was *another* far deeper. Their agreement on the most important subject that can

occupy our thoughts had formed a bond of friendship such as nothing else can form, and the events of the last two months had made him look upon his pay-serjeant almost as if he were his father.

I may truly say that Sergeant Lovell's departure was regretted by the whole of the 1—th, but especially by the company of which he had been for so many years pay-serjeant. The estimation in which he was held, both by officers and men, was shown in many ways; Captain Seymour who had had the best opportunity of knowing his value, made him a present of a handsome tea-service, which was to be sent direct to his future home, and his brother non-commissioned officers, one and all, subscribed and presented him with a silver tea-pot, not the least valuable part of which, in Sergeant Lovell's eyes, was the inscription which recorded the feelings of esteem with which he was regarded by those who had served with him for so many years.

The invalids were paraded, and about to march down to the quay to embark on board the steamer for Dublin. Colonel Raymond himself was present, for, like every commanding officer whose heart is in his duties, he felt a sincere interest in the welfare of the soldiers under his command, even after they *had left the service to retire upon their well-earned pension.* In Colonel Raymond's case

there was an additional tie which attached him to his men; he had, as I mentioned when we first became acquainted with him, never been in any other regiment, and consequently he thoroughly knew every man under his command, and could remember even these worn-out soldiers as they first joined the 1—th fresh from the plough or the loom. For Sergeant Lovell he had always had a great regard: it was he, who while in temporary command of the regiment, now upwards of five-and-twenty years ago, had placed the first stripe on the young soldier's arm, and since that moment he had never lost sight of him. In his long experience of the service, Colonel Raymond had never met Lovell's equal in all those qualities that constitute a good soldier, and during these five-and-twenty years he had never once had occasion to find fault with him. The one secret of all Sergeant Lovell's success was this: duty with him was the first consideration, and, whether he was under his commanding officer's eye or far removed from all observation, made no difference in his performance of it.

The invalids were now marched off, and a great many of their comrades accompanied them to the quay to see the last of them. Every man of Captain Seymour's company who *was off duty*, went along with their old *pay-sergeant*. As they passed out of the

barrack-square for the last time, the old soldiers were evidently much affected at the thought of leaving what had so long been a home to them. Most of them had been so young when they enlisted, that they had lost almost all recollection of any other than a barrack-life, and felt quite strange at the thought of having now to turn to some other employment. Some few among them, unhappily, were but little fitted to enter upon any other line of life; while under the salutary check of discipline they had kept tolerably well within the bounds of temperance, or rather, I should say, that though indulging in habitual excess, they had been kept from that utter ruin which habits of intemperance cannot but lead to when unchecked; but the prospect before them was a sad one. Once their own masters, there was every reason to fear that they would be utterly unable to resist the temptations to which they would be exposed, for they had never known what it was to practise self-control; fear of punishment alone had kept them in any degree within bounds, and now they were about to be thrown upon the wide world, with little prospect of any regular employment, for which their habits rendered them unfit; and likely therefore to lead idle dissolute lives, *until, in all human probability, want or disease should drive them into the union work-house.*

Others, on the other hand, there were among the little party, who by their steady conduct had already secured for themselves situations of confidence and trust. One, a corporal of many years standing, whose further advancement had been stopped by his want of education, but who had been an excellent soldier, never absent from his duty, either through sickness or misconduct, had, through the exertions of Colonel Raymond, obtained the situation of head porter at a great railway station, which, together with his pension, would make him and his large family thoroughly comfortable. Another, a private, with four well-earned good-conduct stripes had, through Captain Seymour's interest, been promised the situation of under forester at a gentleman's place in Dorsetshire, while his wife was to keep one of the lodges of the park.

Surely if soldiers would but bear in mind such contrasts as these, which they must all have heard of at least, if not seen; if they would but remember that the happiness or wretchedness of their latter years mainly depends, under God's blessing, upon the lives they lead, and the habits they acquire in the barrack yard, it would oftener deter them from courses which lead so surely to the workhouse instead of to the happy home; that *home, which, of all people in the world, old soldiers who have led a wandering life*

for so many years, ought, one would think, to look forward to most eagerly, not indeed as their haven of rest, for that is not to be attained in this world, but as their last halting place in the weary march of life.

But if this home is to be *truly happy*, something more will be needed than even the highest character that a soldier can carry away from his regiment: I mean that inward peace, which religious habits only can give, and which alone can make the evening of our life calm and bright. And *these* habits also must be acquired in the barrack-yard, for if we have lived the best years of our life without the thought of a future state, hard and up-hill will be the task of turning to our God, when all our habits of life and thought are confirmed by long indulgence. Happy are those who have listened to the inspired words of the wisest of men; "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them," those years, in which the amusements and pleasures of youth, even those that are innocent and harmless, will lose all their charm, and will leave the heart empty indeed, if other and higher objects have not taken their place.

Of Sergeant Lovell's prospects we have already spoken: a small farm in Cheshire

only for him, which his savings, with assistance from his father-in-law, had put him to stock with a good dairy of his wife and children, to whom he was very much attached, were eagerly awaiting him at his new home; his pension was no doubt the highest that it was in the power of the Kilmacmahon board to grant, in addition to this he had been awarded a gratuity of fifteen pounds a year for long and meritorious service. When we further take into consideration Sergeant Lovell's long service, I think that we shall all agree, that he never left the service with fairer prospects of happiness, both for himself and his family.

Yet, with all this, it was not without regret that he took his last look at the place in which he had spent so many years. A tear might have been seen glistening in the old soldier's eye, as both officers and men shook hands with him and wished him every happiness; and when Reynolds took leave of him, he assured him that he would always find a hearty welcome at Crook Farm, and told him to be sure to let him know how he got on, and how he liked the old place.

Reynolds stood on the pier watching the boat till a bend in the river carried her out of sight. He could distinguish Sergeant Lovell's tall erect figure standing apart from the other privates, as if deep in thought, and

when he at length turned away, and retraced his steps towards the barracks, it was with a feeling of sorrow such as he had never known, except on leaving his father's cottage at Earlsford.

Reynolds's company was, as I have said before, one of those told off for foreign service, and the troop-ship which was to convey the service-companies to Gibraltar was hourly expected at Cove. Most of the young soldiers were looking forward with impatience to her arrival, for change of scene has always a charm for them, and they had heard from some of the old hands grand accounts of the pleasures and advantages of Gibraltar. Reynolds, however, was far from sharing in these feelings; his last letters from his father and brothers led him to fear that his poor mother's health was failing fast, and he was very desirous of seeing her again, which there would have been a fair prospect of his being able to do, had he only been posted to the Dépôt companies. He did not however like, especially after the advice which Sergeant Lovell had given him, to express any wish to avoid a duty upon which he had been ordered, and so matters remained as they were.

His father's letter gave him another piece of intelligence; Hunter, whom my readers will, I hope, not have quite forgotten, had come one night to old Reynolds's cottage in

tatters and half-starved. He had not ventured to go to his father's, because he knew that the police were on the look out for him there ; but knowing the kindness of his comrade's family, he had appealed to them for some assistance in his distress. He said that he bitterly repented of the step that he had been led to take, and all the more so, when he found that his companion, Stephen Fuller, had stolen a watch, the suspicion of which disgraceful act he felt must partly have fallen upon him. It was, indeed, very evident that the poor fellow had not known a moment's peace since his desertion, and that the fear of not being able to clear himself of the charge of theft had alone deterred him from giving himself up long before this. He did not say where he had been ever since his desertion, but it was clear, from the way in which he spoke of his companion, that Stephen Fuller had attempted to lead him on to the commission of further crimes, and had introduced him to scenes of vice from which, happily for himself, he still shrank with horror. It appeared that Fuller had been implicated in some act of housebreaking, and that he had fallen under the hands of the law, a fate from which Hunter himself had had a narrow escape. His only hope now, he said, was either to enlist into the East India Company's Service, where he ran less risk of detection than he would in the

Queen's army, or to obtain a passage in a ship bound for America.

Old Reynolds further informed his son Hunter's father was furious at the disgrace that Thomas had brought upon his family and had strictly forbidden his sisters even to let him hear his name mentioned. He seemed to be quite unconscious that much of his son's misconduct might be traced to his neglect of his education; and, as is often the case with such people, he was now unreasonably angry that he had not turned out as well as "neighbour Reynolds's boy William." "He had always treated the boy with kindness," he said, "and it was shameful of me to make him such a return," not perceiving that there is a wide distinction between treating a child with kindness, and allowing him to have his own way uncontrolled.

Besides the intelligence of his mother's failing health, there was another thing in his father's letter that gave Reynolds uneasiness. It was clear that the old man was not aware that he was doing wrong in assisting his young Hunter, but William knew that his conduct might bring himself into serious trouble were it to be discovered, so he had lost much time in writing to him, and telling him how the law stood. But he was afraid lest Hunter, knowing the old man's kindness, should repeat his visit, which would place his father in a very painful situation. He would be in

ling to inform against his neighbour's
and yet his high sense of duty would not
him to harbour a deserter from her
ty's service, now that he knew that it
a offence against the law. He could
ore only hope that Hunter was already
ay from Earlsford.

morning, about ten days after Rey-
had received his father's letter, a report
pread through the barracks, no one
by whom, that the *Apollo* troop-ship
ame in from Portsmouth during the
and was at anchor off Cove. In the
of the forenoon this report was con-
and the sight of the Quartermaster-
al in eager conversation with Colonel
ond, led the men to suppose that their
cation would take place with as little
as possible. And so it was; orders
sent round for the heavy baggage to be
at down into the barrack-square that
fternoon ready to be loaded, and the
ing evening was appointed for the em-
ion of the regiment. We have already
ed, on the occasion of the move from
to Dublin, the scene of bustle and
nt confusion that the barrack-yard pre-
on the eve of a march; but where, as
case in a regiment, every man has his
d duty, the work is soon got through,
efore dusk, all the large chests and
es of every description, which had been

lying about the square, had been weighed, loaded, and sent down to the small river steamer which was to carry them alongside the *Apollo* at daybreak the next morning.

Reynolds's knapsack was ready packed, and the day's work being over, he was walking towards the barrack-gate with the intention of seeing the poor O'Neills once more, when his friend Corporal Simmons, the assistant orderly room-clerk, ran up to him, and said, "I wish you joy, Reynolds!" Reynolds started; could it be that he had been promoted? It was so indeed; Colonel Raymond had heard by that morning's post of the discharge of Sergeant Lovell and the other invalids; and in the promotion which took place in consequence, Reynolds's name was indeed, as he had once ventured to hope, included. This was in truth most welcome news to him, but better still remained behind. The vacancy which he was to fill was in No. 10 Company, which belonged to the *Depôt*, and thus his anxious wish to remain at home was destined to be gratified without any application on his part.

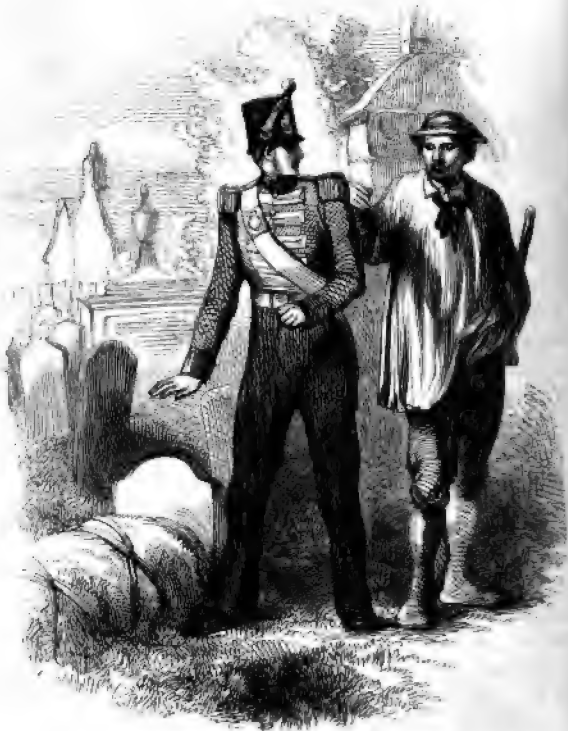
I need scarcely say that Reynolds did not lose a moment in communicating to his mother this most unexpected change in his plans, which he knew would on every account be a most welcome piece of intelligence to her; it would, he hoped, do her good, for the thought of his approaching departure on

foreign service was preying upon her mind. He also wrote a few lines to his friend Sergeant Lovell, who, he knew, would be truly glad to hear of his good fortune. It was the first time that he had written, and it seemed so strange to him to direct his letter to "Mr. Lovell, Westbrook Farm," and to think of the fine old soldier no longer with his uniform and medal, but in a blue coat and drab breeches and gaiters, looking after his little farm.

The hour of embarkation had arrived, and the 1—th were drawn up on parade ready to march down to the quay. Thanks to the high state of discipline in the regiment, not a man was absent from his post, nor was there, notwithstanding the temptations of leave taking, any sign of unsteadiness throughout their ranks. The men of the *Depôt* stood in groups at a little distance ready to accompany them to the steamer. The general of the district was present with his staff, and, after casting a glance along the column, complimented Colonel Raymond on the fine soldier-like appearance of his regiment, and expressed his regret at losing so well conducted a corps as the 1—th from under his command. With a hearty good wish for the prosperity of Colonel Raymond and the 1—th, wherever it might be their duty to serve her Majesty, the General rode out of the square ; the band of the 5—d struck up the favourite

march of "Auld lang syne," and the 1—th, with colours flying, marched off in perfect order and silence, amid the hearty cheers of the 5—d and the 1—th Lancers, who had for some months been quartered in the same barracks with them.

Colonel Raymond had been too much occupied during the whole day with the arrangements for the embarkation of his regiment to allow of his speaking, as it was his custom to do, with the newly promoted non-commissioned officers ; but happening to observe Corporal Reynolds as he rode out of the barrack-gate, he called him to him, and said : " Remember, Corporal Reynolds, that I do not forget those non-commissioned officers whose duty it is to remain with the Depôt, and I trust to hear satisfactory reports of your conduct from Major Stevens." " Your further promotion," he added, " will depend upon yourself." Reynolds respectfully assured his colonel that he should do his best to give satisfaction to his officers, and, as he fell back among his comrades, he heartily prayed that every blessing might accompany the fine old officer, who, after such long and brilliant services, had not hesitated to embark once more at the head of his regiment for a tour of foreign service.



NO. II.—THE DEPÔT.

WHEN Corporal Reynolds returned to the barracks after seeing the last of the service companies, the large square appeared to him quite deserted. A few rooms in one corner of the long wing, which had been occupied by his regiment, now sufficed for the accommodation of the little Depôt, and no other regiment had as yet been brought into Cork to replace the 1—th. The barrack-master was looking over the empty rooms, which, according to the invariable custom of the regiment, had been left in the highest possible order. It was a point on which Colonel Raymond was very particular for many reasons. In the first place he thought that it was only fair upon the relieving regiment that they should find their quarters perfectly clean; and in the second place he felt that nothing was more discreditable to a regiment, or gave their successors a worse opinion of their discipline, than to hand over their barracks in a dirty and slovenly state. This feeling was shared by all under his command, and, from the Colonel down to the private, every man of the 1—th felt a pride in knowing that the regiment had a name throughout the service for giving over their barracks in first-rate

order. Nor was this attention to cleanliness confined to the barracks. The quarter-master of the week, in going his daily round of the guard-rooms, could always tell whether the 1—th had been on guard by the state in which the rooms were left. In short it had become so much a habit in the 1—th, that any want of cleanliness would have offended their eyes as much as a speck of dirt upon her well scoured floor offends the eye of a tidy English housewife.

All appeared strange to Reynolds, for the company to which he had belonged ever since he had joined at Newry, had, as we have seen, embarked with the service companies, and he knew very little about that to which he was now posted. He could not help feeling somewhat lonely, and, had it not been for the thought of his mother's health, and of the comfort that his being at home would be to her, he would have been inclined heartily to wish himself on board the *Apollo* with his old comrades. He now, for the first time, found himself in charge of a room containing ten or twelve men. He knew nothing whatever of their character or habits, but there were two among them whose appearance and manner led him to fear that he would find them very troublesome to manage. About a year before, on the reduction of the reserve battalions, these two men, together with some eight or ten others, had been

transferred to the 1—th, much to Colonel Raymond's regret, for he knew well that the regiment from which they came had for many years been notorious for the laxity of its discipline. It could not, however, be avoided, for the 1—th happened at that time to be considerably under its strength, so all that the Colonel could do was to divide the transfers among the different companies in the hopes that they would after a while fall into the habits of regularity and obedience of those around them.

The first of these men, Patrick Delany, had the appearance of being a confirmed drunkard. His face bore evident signs of habitual intemperance, and there was a recklessness in his manner which showed that he had lost that self-respect, without which no man can be a good soldier. He was, however, a good-humoured creature, always ready to give a comrade a helping hand, and as quiet and obedient a soldier, when sober, as any in the ranks. The other, George Davis, was a sulky discontented-looking man, always inclined to be insubordinate, and a most dangerous companion for young soldiers, whom he was continually trying to set against their non-commissioned officers. Colonel Raymond, who knew this, had wished to take him with the service companies rather than leave one who was so bad an example for the recruits, but Davis had been in hospital

for several months, and had only been discharged the morning that the head-quarters embarked. The rest of the men in Corporal Reynolds's room were quiet and well-behaved, and several of them were mere recruits.

Reynolds was not deceived in his anticipations, for he soon found that the comfort of the whole room was likely to be spoilt by the ill-conduct of these two men, unless something could be done to put a stop to it. Delany was in the habit of coming into barracks at tattoo night after night, not exactly drunk, for in that case he would at once have been confined, but in a state which made him offensive to those who slept in the same room. As for Davis, he seemed to take a pleasure in doing all he could to annoy Corporal Reynolds. He had been a chosen companion of Stephen Fuller, (for "birds of a feather will flock together,") and Fuller, as we have already seen, bore a grudge against Reynolds for having so often cautioned Hunter against associating with him. Davis also disliked the young corporal because he knew that he was determined to do his duty strictly, and to keep up proper discipline in his room. Now there was no way in which Davis saw that he could more effectually annoy Corporal Reynolds than by making use of bad and blasphemous language in the barrack-room, and though this is an offence of which the articles of war take severe cog-

nisance, it is unfortunately too often overlooked by non-commissioned officers. He, therefore, thought that he might continue to practise it with impunity, as he had hitherto been allowed to do, and particularly when there was none but a very young corporal to check him.

He found himself, however, mistaken. At first Corporal Reynolds merely checked him, and pointed out to him how wrong it was in every point of view to make use of such expressions; but he soon perceived that his words had no effect, but that on the contrary Davis's language became every day more objectionable. He took every opportunity too of abusing all "Methodists" and "Saints," alluding evidently to Reynolds's habit of reading his Bible and saying his prayers. Now had it been merely his conduct towards himself that was offensive, Reynolds would gladly have overlooked any amount of personal annoyance, but he felt that it was clearly his duty to check such conduct as that of Davis, and accordingly, on the next occasion he ordered two men to make him a prisoner, and take him to the guard-room. Davis appeared at first inclined to resist, but, seeing that it would be useless, he left the room muttering vengeance against the corporal.

The next morning he was brought before the commanding officer, and the case being fully investigated, a severe punishment was

awarded him, which he listened to in sullen silence. Reynolds knew well that he had now a deadly enemy, who would lose no opportunity of trying to injure him, but as he was conscious of fulfilling all his duties to the best of his ability, he knew that it was not in any one's power to bring him into trouble, and as for any threats of personal violence, he despised them. However, for Davis's own sake, he avoided all intercourse with him as far as he could consistently with his duty, fearing lest in his present angry state of mind he might commit himself by some further act of insubordination.

This prudent and considerate conduct, however, failed to avert what Reynolds had feared; a few days after, Davis came in from the defaulter's drill more than ever irritated by having been found fault with by the drill-sergeant, and on entering his barrack-room found, as he thought, Corporal Reynolds alone. The opportunity was too tempting to be resisted; he walked hastily up to the corporal, and with an oath and a term of abuse, struck him violently on the breast. Reynolds staggered under the unexpected blow, and was only prevented from falling by the table near which he had been standing. Meanwhile Patrick Delany, who had been concealed from Davis's view by the open door, rushed forward and pinioned him: "Let me go, Pat," cried Davis, "let me go,

y. Is not this d—d Methodist always upon you as well as me?" But Delany not to be led into any act of insubordination, or even into screening his comrade, knew too well his duty as a soldier, and though Corporal Reynolds had had to command report him more than once, he bore no malice, for he had always treated with kindness, and had only done what every man knew to be his duty. He therefore held him in his hold of Davis until a file of the guard came up, and he was carried off a prisoner.

A few days a general court-martial was convened for his trial, and as, in addition to the present gross act of insubordination, his previous conduct had been very bad, the court sentenced him to be transported for five years. He had stoutly denied the charge with which he was charged, in the expectation that his old comrade would not tell all that he had seen, and that Corporal Reynolds's statement would not be sufficient to convict him; but Delany's evidence was perfectly straightforward, and there was not a shadow of a doubt as to his guilt. I believe there was not a man in the whole Depôt, except it were perhaps Corporal Reynolds himself, who did not rejoice at Davis's conviction. A quarrelsome discontented soldier, *ways disliked by his comrades.* His capture was particularly welcome to those

who had been in the same room with him, for he was always trying to set the young soldiers by the ears, and had succeeded to some extent in interrupting the brotherly feeling that had prevailed until he came among them. Reynolds's regret arose from his having been in any degree the cause of so sad a termination to a comrade's service, but he felt that he could not have acted otherwise, and that Davis had brought it upon himself by his own wilfulness. He had tried to overcome his open dislike by kindness, and his conscience acquitted him of ever having used a word that could have aggravated him.

It was a pleasure to Corporal Reynolds to see from about this time a marked change in Patrick Delany's conduct. His habits became more regular, and every day he seemed to find less difficulty in resisting that temptation which he well knew was leading him on to ruin. He began to look quite a different man, and instead of that reckless air which so often marks the drunkard, he was smarter in his dress, and looked happy and contented. Reynolds encouraged him by every means to persevere in this course, and pointed out to him how useful he, as an old soldier, might be in a room where almost all except himself were mere recruits, not yet broken in to all the duties and little details of a soldier's life. *It seemed to give Delany pleasure to be told*

that he could be useful, and this appeal to his better feelings helped to restore to him some degree of that self-respect which he had lost by his intemperate habits. In short, Corporal Reynolds soon found that Delany, so far from giving him any trouble, was a most useful assistant, and the young soldiers had often to thank him for some timely hint or assistance which kept them out of trouble.

It was impossible not to feel interested in Patrick, or, to call him by the name by which he was best known in the regiment, "Pat Delany." He was a universal favourite in the 1—th, (though, as we before mentioned, he had not been much more than a year in the regiment,) for he had an inexhaustible fund of good humour, and could tell a story and sing a song with the peculiar talent of his countrymen. Indeed, it was in a great degree these qualities that had led him into dissipated habits; for when, as was frequently the case, his own purse was low, his comrades were always ready, for the sake of his amusing company, to pay his share of the bottle. Had the regiment remained at home, it would have been far more difficult for him to break off his old habits, but happily most of his usual boon-companions had accompanied the head-quarters to Gibraltar, and in the absence of this additional temptation, he had, for a while at least, overcome his own propensity. Whether he will be able to persevere in his

good resolutions we shall perhaps learn in the sequel.

A fortnight had now passed since the regiment had sailed for Gibraltar, and orders were received to hold the Depôt in readiness to embark for Plymouth as soon as the *Salamander* steamer should arrive from Dublin. Reynolds had been impatiently expecting this move, and began to count the days which must pass before he should once more set foot in England. Not, indeed, that he had any dislike to Ireland or to Irish service. He had spent many happy days there, and liked the good humour and warm-heartedness of the people; but he had one strong reason, which we have already mentioned, for wishing to be within a short distance of Earlsford. His chief regret was the thought that the poor O'Neills would miss even the small help that he had been able to give them. He had become quite fond of the children, who always welcomed him so gladly in his frequent visits to the hovel, and he felt a sincere interest in Margaret and her husband, who struggled against poverty with a spirit of contentedness that was really admirable. All that he could do, when he went to take leave of this grateful family, was to give poor Margaret a pound, which his captain had advanced him, and to pray that God would raise them up some friend equally willing *and better* able to help them.

This was Reynolds's last evening in Ireland, for the Depôt embarked the next day after the men's dinners, and before nightfall the steamer had passed the Old Head of Kinsale, and was pitching and tossing violently in the channel, which at that point lies open to the heavy gales from the south-west that come sweeping across the broad Atlantic. It was anything but pleasant, for the equinoctial gales were near at hand, and the *Salamander*, though a fine boat, was ill calculated to encounter a gale of wind with her decks so encumbered with troops and baggage. During the whole night she laboured heavily, rolling her paddle-boxes into the water at every successive wave, and the sea washing along her deck from stem to stern. What little accommodation there was below had been cheerfully given up by the men to the poor women and children, and to the sick, so that with the exception of the fortunate few who had found a snug berth under lee of the funnel and within reach of its grateful warmth, every one was drenched from head to foot and shivering with cold. Still there was scarcely a murmur heard, and when an unusually heavy sea struck the vessel and sent a shower of spray into the midst of some group who had, as they thought, found a sheltered place, a hearty laugh might have been heard from their comrades at their expense.

The breeze continued hourly to freshen, until it amounted to a gale, and the Captain decided upon altering his course and trying to reach Falmouth, the first harbour which offered itself on the English coast. This he at length succeeded in effecting, but not before the vessel had more than once been in the most imminent danger, both from the heavy sea and from the rocks and shoals which surround the Scilly Islands, and which in the thick stormy weather they had approached much nearer than had been intended.

Most thankful were all on board when they found themselves in the safe and commodious harbour of Falmouth, and the anchor was dropped in comparatively smooth water. Doubtless many a silent prayer had been offered up in the hour of danger to Him "at whose word the stormy wind ariseth," and who alone "maketh the storm to cease," by lips little accustomed to use his name save in lightness and irreverence. It was the first storm that Reynolds had ever witnessed, and the effect upon his mind had been to impress him more than ever with a conviction of the utter helplessness of man, and of the awful power of the Almighty. It was with a new sense of its beauty that he now read that sublime description of deliverance from the dangers of the deep contained in the hundred and seventh Psalm. From the twenty-third to the thirtieth verse, all, I

should think, who have ever seen "the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep," must enter into the feelings of the Psalmist. Would to God that we all of us could join him from our hearts in that burst of thankful praise which follows in the thirty-first verse: "Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!"

But danger once past is soon forgotten, and when after remaining two days at Falmouth to repair some injuries the steamer had sustained in the late gale, the sky was once more clear and the sea calm, and the *Salamander* again got up her steam, all were as light-hearted and thoughtless as ever, and the exquisite beauty of God's works, which ought surely to lift up our hearts to Him, no less than the more awful demonstrations of his power, passed, we must fear, before many unobserving eyes and thankless hearts.

The passage from Falmouth was quick and prosperous, and the steamer kept near enough to the land to enable them to distinguish some of the more prominent headlands of the coast of Cornwall. The sun set with unusual brilliancy, plunging, as it appeared, into the sea, without a cloud to mask its descent, and holding out the promise of a glorious night. Reynolds was pacing the deck during the middle watch with the old boatswain, when his companion suddenly

stopped and pointed out to him in the far distance a small but bright light just rising above the horizon. A landsman's eye might well have mistaken it for a star, and even his companion, notwithstanding his long experience, might have been deceived at first, had he not been for some time on the look out for the Eddystone light. It was indeed that wonderful triumph of science and perseverance over difficulties which to most men would have appeared insurmountable. Many a stately vessel with her gallant crew had that little light been the means of saving from destruction. Reynolds had heard the name, but knew nothing of its history, and when his companion returned to him, after reporting to the officer of the watch that there was a light on the starboard bow, he listened with interest to the account the old sailor gave him of its construction.

It was built, he said, upon a small rock many miles out at sea, and lying in the track of countless vessels, numbers of which had perished upon it. Impressed with the sense of so great a danger to our shipping, the Trinity Board, under whose charge are all the beacons and lighthouses on the English coast, determined to try whether it were not possible to erect a lighthouse upon this lonely rock, and after much danger and expense had been incurred, they fondly hoped that *they had* succeeded in their attempt. But

within a very few years after its completion, during an awful storm in the month of November, the waves swept away every vestige of the hand of man, carrying with them the bold constructor and his ill-fated companions. In no wise daunted, the Board set to work to rebuild the beacon; but this time a different though equally resistless element triumphed over human skill and daring; it was destroyed by fire. At length, nearly a hundred years ago, the present tower was built with every contrivance of science, and from being the dread of mariners, this lonely rock has now become to thousands a guiding star.

Custom doubtless blunts our sense of danger, but to a landsman's mind there is something awful in the thought of passing the long stormy nights of winter in that lonely tower, over the very summit of which the angry waves sometimes dash their spray. As these brave fellows trim that beacon-light, upon which perhaps many anxious and many thankful eyes are fixed, the fate of their predecessors must surely sometimes warn them of the frailty of all the works of man. Happy are they whom such thoughts lead not to recklessness, but to a firm trust in the overruling providence of God.

The sun was rising as the *Salamander* rounded the western end of the Plymouth breakwater, and passing close under the well-

wooded banks of Mount Edgecumbe, let go her anchor off the dockyard at Devonport. I need scarcely say that every soul on board had long ago been stirring, and the soldiers were doing their best to get their arms and accoutrements into good order before disembarking. Few, if any of them, had ever been at Plymouth before, and the scene which met their eyes was both new and beautiful. On the one hand lay the lovely domain of Mount Edgecumbe, with the trees stretching their boughs over the water; on the other the two towns of Plymouth and Devonport, now scarcely separated from each other. Around them ships of war of every class were riding at anchor, some ready for sea with all their sails bent, others in various stages of preparation, while beyond them in that part of the harbour which is called Hamoaze were moored numerous vessels in ordinary, without masts, roofed in, and painted of one uniform grey. Some of these latter had done their duty well in the last war, and one could fancy that they only waited for the first enemy's gun to be heard in the Channel, to put on once more their former warlike appearance, and sail forth, as before, "the wooden walls of old England." We might compare them to the old pensioners of Chelsea or Kilmainham, a good deal the worse for wear doubtless, but still with plenty of sound *English* heart of oak about them.

The Depôt was quartered in Plymouth citadel, and we have now followed the drum so long that it is needless to give any detail of the duties and occupations of the men, which differed little from those of any other garrison town. There is, indeed, one peculiarity about our great seaport towns, which is fraught with no little danger to the discipline of a regiment. I mean the presence of so many sailors, "men-of-war's men," often plentifully supplied with money, and reckless in spending it. There is in the first place the danger of quarrels arising between the two branches of the service, which some drunken brawl may easily excite, but which when once excited are not so easily made up. And in the next place there is the still greater danger of too great an intimacy, when "Jack" with his characteristic open-handedness insists upon treating "the army," with whom perhaps he has been on friendly terms on the coast of Syria or of China. Our little Depôt, however, continued to behave very well, and, as time passed away, and the recruits, squad after squad, were dismissed from drill and admitted into the ranks, it began to assume a more respectable appearance in the frequent garrison parades. It was indeed a falling off from the imposing show that the regiment used to make in the Phoenix Park, and a very weak corps of drums was but a poor substitute for the splendid band for which

the 1—th had long been famous; but, weak as it was, the little Depôt was in high order, and did no discredit in any way to the character that the regiment had earned wherever it had been quartered.

No particular event occurred about this time, for us to take notice of, unless it be *an event*, that St. Patrick's day passed by for the first time for many a year without Pat Delany getting into trouble! The reformation in his habits had been so complete, that since the arrival of the Depôt at Plymouth, he had been appointed one of the standing orderlies at the brigade office, where he had so far conducted himself admirably. It was rather a distress to him, indeed, to see the other orderlies, most of whom were younger soldiers than himself, with one or more good conduct stripes on their arms, and he without any; but it was better to begin late than never, and if he could only keep out of the defaulter book for a year and a half more, the first great step would be made. It was something to look forward to, and we all know how much it encourages us in our exertions to have an object in view, even though it be a distant one.

Reynolds's own life was in some respects pleasanter than it had been in Ireland. His *military* duties were much the same as those *which* had occupied him during the last few *months* that he had been quartered at Cork,

for recruits continued to pour in fast, and his services were still needed as a drill instructor, but he had found in Plymouth an employment for his evenings in which he experienced a daily increasing pleasure. It was not many days after the arrival of the Depôt at the citadel that he had walked out one evening a short distance into the country, and his attention had been attracted by a beautiful little church situated just beyond the outskirts of the town. It was evidently very old, and had apparently at no very distant period been the parish church of a small village, but the neighbouring town had increased so rapidly that the once secluded village had almost become a suburb of Plymouth. The bell was ringing for evening prayer as Reynolds came near, and finding that he had time to join in the service and to return to his barracks before tattoo, he went into the church. There were but very few persons present besides himself, probably not more than ten or twelve, mostly of the labouring classes. The service was most reverently performed, and as Reynolds listened to the appointed lessons for the day, he thought what a blessing it must be to those especially who were unable to read the Bible for themselves, to be able when the day's work was over to *hear the word of God read to them, and to join in the beautiful prayers of the Church.* He only wondered that there were

so few who availed themselves of such a privilege, and resolved, as often as his duties would permit him, to form one of the little congregation.

For some weeks Reynolds, whose situation as drill-instructor left his evenings free, rarely missed the evening service at Milford Church, and on several occasions more than one of his comrades had been induced to accompany him. The consistency of his conduct had not been without its influence upon several of those who lived in his room, and he had the pleasure of seeing two or three of the younger soldiers frequently reading their Bibles. It is cheering to think how much good one such example as Corporal Reynolds's may, under God's blessing, be the means of doing, for there *must* be many a man in every regiment in whose heart better thoughts sometimes spring up which only need encouragement to lead to better ways.

It was now the latter end of April, and in the soft climate of Devonshire spring had set in in all its beauty, when one morning Reynolds received a few hurried lines from his sister, informing him that his mother had been taken seriously ill, and that he must *lose no time* in coming home if he hoped to *see her alive*. This was a heavy blow to *poor William*, who dearly loved his mother, *and who had fondly hoped that as she had*

got so well through the winter, the soft air of spring would restore her to health and strength. But hers was that deceitful disease which buoys up both the sufferer and those around her until the last; and the change from winter to spring, far from bringing back health and strength, not unfrequently hastens the fatal termination. In the midst of his sorrow, Reynolds felt thankful that he was not still in Ireland, where it would probably have been impossible for him to obey his sister's summons in time. He lost not a moment in going to his captain with the letter, and in less than an hour he was in the train which would bring him before evening within six miles of Earlsford.

It was a lovely day, and the railroad passed through a beautiful line of country, highly cultivated and richly wooded. At any other time such a sight would not have been thrown away upon our traveller, but now one painful subject engrossed all his thoughts, and even the speed of the Great Western seemed slow to him in his fear of arriving too late. At length he reached the Wingfield Station, and throwing on his knapsack, walked at his best pace in the direction of Earlsford. As he neared the village, he joined the little foot-path by which he had returned home on his first furlough. The pretty cottages with *their little gardens full of early spring flower and their orchards just budding into blossom*

no longer tempted him to linger on his way ; his step was indeed as eager as it had been on that happy day, but it was the eagerness of fear and not of hope.

As he reached the summit of the last hill and came in sight of Earlsford, his heart failed him and he slackened his speed. Never had the little village looked so lovely ; the last rays of the setting sun were shining on the large west window of the old church, which looked as if it were on fire, and even the dark yew-trees which surrounded the churchyard were tinged with gold. But his father's cottage looked dark and cold, for the hill at the foot of which it stood, shut out the evening sun. While he was slowly descending the steep path which led to the village green, he met the kind old clergyman who had known him from his infancy ; by whose hands he had been admitted into Christ's Church in holy baptism, and to whose instruction he owed most of what he had learned in childhood. "William," exclaimed the old man, "I am indeed glad to see you. You have come just in time to give your good mother the last *earthly* comfort ; comfort from above, thank God, she has received abundantly." "I will not detain you a moment," he added, as he shook the young man's hand warmly ; "may God bless you !"

William hurried on, in some degree re-

lieved by what Mr. Venables had told him ; for suspense is more painful than the saddest certainty, and it was a relief to know at least that he was not too late to be a comfort to his mother in this hour of trial. The sight of the village doctor's well-known pony tied to the garden hatch, was a further proof that all was not yet over. He crossed the little garden, but paused for a moment before the door, scarcely daring to lift the latch. His sister who had been anxiously awaiting his arrival, had heard his step, light as it was, and met him on the threshold.

We will not intrude upon the chamber of death into which William was now led ; it is an awful scene, even where, as was the case here, the blessed influence of religion sheds its comfort upon the dying and upon the survivors. What must it be where that comfort is wanting ! We will only say that the mother was still conscious when William approached her bedside, and that he had the sad consolation of receiving with the whole assembled family her last and solemn blessing. Three days later he followed her mortal remains to their last resting-place, under the shadow of that venerable church which she had loved so well, and where for so many years she had worshipped not with her lips only, but with her whole heart.

It was the evening after the funeral, and Reynolds was standing near his mother's

grave," when he felt a hand upon his arm, and turning round, saw——his old playmate, Hunter! He gave an involuntary start, for nothing was further from his thoughts than such a meeting. "I would not have disturbed you at such a moment, William," said his comrade; "but I feared that I might not have another opportunity of speaking to you alone. I have watched round your father's house for many days, in the hope of meeting you."

Reynolds had now had time to look more narrowly at his companion, and he thought that had they met any where but at Earlsford, he should have passed him by as a stranger. Poor Hunter looked thin and ill; his constitution had never recovered from his long and serious illness in Dublin, and his life of late had evidently been one of hardship and privation. His dress was that of a "navvy," but worn and tattered, and his whole appearance was neglected. "I am indeed sorry to see you in this state, Tom," said Reynolds; "what can I do to help you?" "Why, I hardly know, Will," answered Hunter, "unless you can give me some money to pay my passage to America; I don't see what else I can do." "But, would it not be better, Tom, to give yourself up, than to fly the country?" said Reynolds.

"Ah! but for the watch that villain Fuller stole," replied Hunter, bitterly, "I would have done so long before this; but I cannot

bear to be suspected as a thief by all the regiment." "I should not mind being punished for deserting," he added; "anything is better than the life I have been leading for the last six months."

Reynolds now returned to the cottage to bring some food, of which his poor comrade seemed indeed to be in great need, and after Hunter had satisfied his hunger, he again tried to persuade him to surrender himself, and to trust to his innocence of the theft coming somehow or other to light. "Well, Will," said Hunter, at last, "I believe you are right, and I will do as you advise me. I won't go back with you, though, for fear any of the men should say that you had given up your old comrade;" "though," he added, "I suppose you ought to do so. You need not fear lest I should change my mind, Will, for I shall go at once to the police and surrender myself, and by the time you return to Plymouth, I shall be in the Provost, or, perhaps, at the Hulks." He attempted to laugh, as he spoke these last words, but it was from a sad heart, and turning away quickly, he was soon lost from sight among the dark yew-trees.

Reynolds did not remain many days at Earlsford; he knew that the garrison duty at Plymouth fell rather hard upon the non-missioned officers, and for this reason he did *not wish to stay away longer than necessary.*

His poor father was much broken by this heavy blow, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that every thing which could be done to make him comfortable had already been done. His eldest son, who for some years had lived in a neighbouring village, on account of the difficulty of procuring work at Earlsford, now came to live with him, bringing his wife and children, to all of whom the old man was fondly attached, and they to him. His landlord, Squire Vernon, had kindly given orders to his bailiff to employ James Reynolds upon the work which his father had done for so many years, and to find some occupation for the old man, better suited to his age and infirmity; an arrangement which suited old Reynolds's habits of industry and independence far better than if he had been allowed to receive his usual wages without doing any work.

Before leaving Earlsford, Reynolds went to see neighbour Hunter, in the hope of being able to soften his feelings towards his son; but all his endeavours were in vain. Of course he felt that it was not his place even to hint that the neglect of Thomas's education might have been the chief cause of his turning out ill; the sight of the old man's white hair made him feel that it would be unbecoming in a young man like him to say anything that might sound like a rebuke; so all *that he could* do was to make such excuses for

his comrade's misconduct as occurred to him. But sorrow had not, as yet at least, had the blessed effect of softening the old man's temper; and, though he received William kindly, and thanked him for coming to see his old friends, he added in a stern voice, that Thomas's name must never again be mentioned in his presence.

Reynolds stayed over the following Sunday at Earlsford. It was the first Sunday in the month, on which the Holy Communion was always administered in the parish church, and he felt that it would be a comfort to join with his family in that solemn and "most comfortable" sacrament, as our Prayer Book truly calls it. It was also the custom of their good rector, whenever a death took place in his small parish, to make allusions to it in the next Sunday's sermon, and the hearts of the mourners felt less oppressed, when, with an earnestness which spoke the firmness of his own conviction, the venerable preacher bade them, in the words of Scripture, "sorrow not even as others which have no hope," and reminded them of that blessed world where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow," but "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."

Early on the Monday morning Reynolds resumed his pack, and taking an affectionate leave of his family, retraced his steps towards the railway station. His father, whose land-

lord had with considerate kindness excused him from his work for a few days during this time of sorrow, accompanied him a mile on his journey. The old man seemed, in his bereavement, to cling closer than ever to those who were still left to him, and especially to William, both because it was very doubtful whether he would ever see him again in this world, and because he had been, as we mentioned in the beginning of our tale, his mother's youngest and favourite child. William did his best to cheer the old man up a little; he spoke of the probability of the *Depôt* being stationed at least a year longer in Plymouth, and of his hope of obtaining a short furlough in the winter, and coming over to Earlsford to see how his father was getting on. He spoke, too, of his own prospects of advancement, and gave his father an account of Sergeant Lovell, whose career had begun with even less advantages than his own, and whose conduct he had set before him as an example which he hoped, with God's blessing, to be able to follow. In his pride and affection for his son the old man seemed for awhile to forget his own sorrow, and when, at the stile which led into the high-road, father and son parted, it was a comfort to William to see that the old man bore the parting better than he could have expected.

On entering the Barrack-square, several of *Reynolds's* comrades ran up to him with

what they thought would be a piece of news, viz. that Hunter had been brought in a prisoner by the police that very morning. Reynolds was glad to find that he had kept to his intention, but he could not help thinking with some anxiety of his impending trial, and he feared lest the theft of the watch, (of which he would only be able to assert his innocence unsupported by any evidence,) in addition to his desertion, might cause his poor comrade to be transported.

Occupied with these thoughts he strolled out upon the rampart, which he paced for a long time, and was at length returning to his barrack-room, without having hit upon any way by which poor Hunter's innocence might be established, when he met Pat Delany coming up from the Brigade-office. After welcoming the corporal back, in a manner which showed more feeling than one would have expected from the man, he went on,—

“But, Corporal, who do you think I've seen this afternoon?”

“I'm sure I can't guess,” answered Reynolds.

“Why, Stephen Fuller!” said Delany.

“Stephen Fuller!” exclaimed Reynolds, “you don't mean to say so?”

“Faith, and it's true,” answered Delany, “there's no mistake.”

“How can we get hold of him?” said Reynolds; “we must try and catch him, that

we may clear poor Hunter about the watch."

"Why," answered Delany with a laugh, "there will be no great difficulty in catching him now, for he's got a chain round his ancles, and he's coupled with another chap who can't help himself better than he can." He then, in reply to Reynolds's questions, informed him that being sent with a note to the Port Admiral's house in the dockyard, he had come across a gang of convicts employed in sweeping the yard, and among them he had at once recognised Stephen Fuller. There could be no mistake, for Fuller's was not a face to be soon forgotten, and he had particularly remarked a scar across his forehead which he had received in a drunken brawl in Dublin.

The only question now was how Fuller was to be induced to confess the theft of the watch. True, his situation was now such, that it could do him no harm to own to an additional offence of this kind, but it was evident, from some hints which Hunter had let drop, that they had parted on bad terms, and therefore he might, perhaps, refuse to say the word that might save his victim from a similar fate to his own. After some consultation, it was thought best to report the circumstance to the commanding officer through the adjutant, and this they accordingly did the next morning, just before Hunter was

brought up to the orderly room, preparatory to an application being made for his trial.

Major Stevens questioned the prisoner as to the circumstances of his desertion, and the evident air of truth with which he told his story convinced him, that he had really had no share in stealing the sergeant's watch, but as he had deserted in company with Stephen Fuller on the evening that the watch was stolen, and as the owner of a pawnbroker's shop in Cork to which the watch had been traced, was ready to swear that he had been with Fuller when the latter sold him the watch, Major Stevens feared that his unsupported assertion of his innocence would not be sufficient to disprove the charge. "If Stephen Fuller were but here," said Hunter, "he would tell you himself that I had nothing to say to the business." "How do you mean, Hunter?" asked his commanding officer; "do you think that he would be willing to own to having stolen it himself, in order to save you from punishment?" "He would not deny it," answered Hunter, "because he knows that I could bring him into worse trouble than he is in now, if I chose it."

Major Stevens wrote a note to the officer in charge of the convicts, requesting that he would be so good as to allow him to question in his presence a convict, who had been recognised by one of his men as a deserter

from the 1—th. He also sent Hunter down to the dock-yard, under charge of an escort, that he might be confronted with Fuller. The officer having at once given his permission, Fuller, who was known by some other name, which he had assumed since his desertion, was pointed out by Delany among the gang of convicts, and brought into the room where Major Stevens was. As soon as his eye met Hunter's, his countenance changed; his first thought was to deny being a deserter from the 1—th, but he saw at once that this was useless, where so many could be brought to identify him, and he stood in dogged silence. As soon, however, as he learnt the object that had brought them down to the dock-yard, his fears were relieved, and Hunter was right in his anticipations, for he at once acknowledged that his companion in desertion had had no share in the theft, and Delany saw him give Hunter a peculiar look, as if entreating him not to betray him.

“I remember that man's countenance well,” said Major Stevens to the adjutant. “Was he not brought before me once for some serious offence?” “I remember,” answered the adjutant, “that he was mixed up in a row that took place in Newry, the night before the regiment marched for Dublin, and that some young soldier, whose name I forget, got into trouble about knocking down *a sergeant*, when, I believe, if every one had

his due, this fellow was really the culprit." "You are right, Wilson," said the major, "I recollect having had some suspicions at the time. I may as well see, now that he appears in a humour to confess, whether he will own to this too. It is hard upon a soldier to suffer for another man's misconduct." The question was accordingly put, and Fuller, impatient to put an end to this cross-questioning, acknowledged that it was indeed he who had knocked down the sergeant of the piquet. The adjutant took a note of this, in order that he might find out who it was that had been undeservedly punished, Major Stevens being the more anxious to clear up the matter, as it was he who had been misled, by the circumstances of the case, into awarding that punishment.

I need hardly say, that Major Stevens congratulated himself on the regiment having got rid of such a scoundrel as Fuller, and felt himself in no way bound to take further steps about either his theft or his desertion, as he was already under a sentence of ten years' transportation; as for Hunter, the sight of Fuller in his convict's dress and heavy chains seemed likely to be a lesson to him, for no earthly creature but himself knew how nearly he had been tempted by his companion to take part in the crime which had brought him to the hulks. As it was, he escaped, in consideration of his youth, and of his having

surrendered himself, with the light punishment of three months' imprisonment with hard labour in the Provost-prison at Plymouth, where for the present we must leave him.

It is unnecessary to describe the pleasure that Reynolds felt on learning that Fuller had cleared him from the charge that had been brought against him in Newry. He had, as we have more than once mentioned, taken Sergeant Lovell as his model, and the unwelcome thought would often cross his mind, that notwithstanding all his endeavours to do his duty well, he would never be able to make the same honest boast, that his name did not once appear in the defaulter book. Now the hateful page was torn out, and Reynolds watched it with satisfaction as it curled up on the orderly-room fire, and flew in black shreds up the chimney.

It was while Hunter's trial was going on, that Reynolds had the pleasure of receiving a long and kind letter from Mr. Lovell, who gave him a full account of his new occupations. The air of his native country had, he said, quite restored his wife's health, and as for the young ones, they were not like the same children since they had had green fields to run in, and plenty of fleetings and buttermilk to drink. He himself, he added, had taken very kindly to his new life, and his *father-in-law*, who was an excellent farmer,

and known to have the best dairy in that part of the county, was teaching him all about the draining and cultivation of land, and the management of cows. "While on the subject of dairies, let me tell you between ourselves," he continued, "that my wife has set aside the three first cheeses that we have made off our own farm, one for the colonel, the second for Captain Seymour, and the third, which is a particularly fine large one, for the sergeant's mess. We shall not send them yet," he added, "for they will be much the better for being kept, and it would not be fair upon our dairy if they were to be tasted now."

Lovell also mentioned that he had found all his neighbours very friendly, and that whenever he wanted a little chat about old times, he had only to go to the Beeston Station, a few miles from Westbrook Farm, where the book-keeper had been quarter-master-sergeant in the 3—th, which had so often lain in the same barracks with the old 1—th. "But I must not forget to tell you," he added in conclusion, "what will give you pleasure. We have a beautiful little church within half-a-mile of Westbrook Farm, so that we shall be able to get there in all weathers, and our clergyman, Mr. Anson, is an excellent man, quite devoted to his duties. He has an admirably managed school, where the boys will learn all that they

require to know in their station of life. Your little favourite, Ellen, who is too young to learn much at present, goes to Mrs. Anson's infant school, which gives her mother more time to look after the dairy at this busy season."

It was evident from the whole letter, that Lovell was as happy as the day was long, and that his twenty-six years' service in the army, so far from unfitting him for a quiet country life, had only taught him to value it the more. His letter was a great contrast to several others that Reynolds received about the same time from some of his comrades, who had gone out with the service companies. They were written in very different strains, according to the habits of the writers; some said that Gibraltar was an excellent station; that instead of rain and snow, the sky was always bright and clear, that grapes and figs were as common as blackberries at home, and wine as cheap as the smallest beer in England; others complained of the severe garrison duty, and the frequent field days; and as for the climate, they thought that it was much better to get wet sometimes, than to be roasted alive upon a barren rock like Gibraltar. It was difficult to know what to think, when such different accounts were sent home; but Reynolds knew that it would not be very long before he would have an opportunity of judging for himself, as a *small* draft would have to be sent out in the

autumn, and he was pretty certain of being ordered to accompany it.

The Depôt about this time, in consequence of several unlooked-for casualties, had become so weak in sergeants, that in order to enable it to take its share of the garrison duties, it was necessary to make a couple of Lance-sergeants, and Colonel Raymond having authorized Major Stevens to promote such as gave the greatest promise of becoming valuable non-commissioned officers, without minding how they stood on the succession list, Reynolds, who had lately returned to his duty with the company for want of recruits to drill, had the satisfaction, before he had completed the third year of his service, of seeing the third stripe upon his arm.

And here we must for the present take leave of Lance-Sergeant Reynolds, whom we may perhaps again follow at some future time in that career, which, thanks to his own conduct, holds out so fair a promise of being happy and honourable.

THE END.

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TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART III.

No. I.—FOREIGN SERVICE.

WE left Lance Sergeant Reynolds quartered with the depôt of the 1—th in Plymouth citadel, and expecting to be ordered in the course of the autumn to join the service-companies of the regiment at Gibraltar. The third stripe which had just been placed upon his arm, though it gave him no increase of pay, made a considerable change in his position and duties. In the first place, he now no longer had to fall in, in the ranks of his company ; and the duties allotted to him, both in the regiment and in the garrison, were of a more responsible nature. In the second place, which was still more important in its influence upon his character, he now associated entirely with the sergeants, who, as most of my readers

know, have a mess of their own, instead of taking their meals with the men in the barrack-room.

This change was one which is not always unattended with danger to a young man ; for, as may be supposed, men holding the responsible rank of sergeant are no longer subjected to the same degree of surveillance which is exercised over the subordinate ranks of non-commissioned officers. In the 1—th a greater amount of liberty and indulgence was allowed them than was, or, perhaps, could with prudence have been, the case in most regiments ; for Colonel Raymond had bestowed unusual pains upon the training of his non-commissioned officers, well knowing in how great a measure the discipline and character of a regiment depend upon their efficiency and respectability. And so successful had this training been, that although, as I have just remarked, the sergeants of the 1—th enjoyed a greater share of freedom than is customary in the service, there were certainly fewer reductions among them than in almost any other regiment in the army ; and I may further add, that the 1—th had on many occasions furnished sergeant-majors and staff-sergeants to other regiments ; whereas most commanding officers consider themselves fortunate if they have a sufficient supply to meet their *own demand*.

This creditable and satisfactory state of

things was mainly, if not entirely, owing to Colonel Raymond's admirable system of training. We have already seen how, from the first day of a recruit's joining, this experienced officer could make a shrewd guess whether he was likely to make a non-commissioned officer ; and if he thought he was, how he would encourage him to attend the school diligently, and to qualify himself in every way for promotion. By these means many a young soldier had, from the very beginning, like our friend Reynolds, carefully avoided contracting any habits that might hinder his advancement ; and these Colonel Raymond invariably found his most valuable non-commissioned officers, for they had nothing to *unlearn*.

But there was another good reason why the sergeants of the 1—th were so superior a body of men, and this was the manner in which they were treated by their commanding officer. While requiring every duty to be most strictly performed, Colonel Raymond both treated them himself, and caused them to be treated by his officers, with unvarying kindness, I may even add with *respect* ; for he knew that this was the surest way to make them respect themselves, and to obtain for them the respect of those under their command. He looked upon them as a link *between the officers and their men* ; and *whenever he had reason to find fault with*

any one of their number, the necessary reprimand was given in the presence only of the brother-sergeants of the party reprimanded. The consequence was, that a reproof from Colonel Raymond was as much felt by them as a punishment would have been; and their position was so comfortable, that their duties were performed with cheerfulness and zeal; and the very thought of the possibility of losing their stripes was a safeguard against many temptations.

When Reynolds was promoted, the sergeants' mess consisted of an unusually small number of members, owing partly to several unlooked-for casualties, and partly to there being many married men amongst the sergeants of the dépôt, who had been selected for home duty according to their length of service. Indeed, at the time we are speaking of, the number did not exceed seven, of whom one, besides Reynolds, was only a lance-sergeant. I do not know whether it is customary in other regiments to admit lance-sergeants to the advantages of the sergeants' mess; but it had been tried for some years in the 1—th, and found to answer well. As their pay is the same as that of corporals, they could not of course afford to pay as much for their messing as the sergeants; but their number being very small, the slight additional cost was defrayed out of *the mess fund*, with the unanimous consent of *all the members*, most of whom had in

turn themselves benefited by this arrangement. This is, without doubt, an advantage to the service; for the duties and authority of the lance-sergeants being the same as those of the sergeants, it is desirable that their position should be equally raised above that of the men. To Reynolds the change was a very pleasant one, and one of its greatest advantages was,—the use of the mess-room, a quiet cheerful apartment looking out upon the sea, where in his leisure hours he could take up his book without fear of interruption.

But he was not long to enjoy this quiet, regular life, for the expected order to hold a draft in readiness to embark for Gibraltar was received early in the autumn. The service-companies had been so short a time abroad, that but few casualties had occurred. However, as there were other detachments to be sent from Plymouth to the Mediterranean, it was thought advisable to despatch a small draft of twenty men to the 1—th, the duties on the Rock requiring the garrison to be kept up to its full establishment. It was to be under the command of a subaltern; and, as the service-companies had already several supernumerary sergeants, it was thought sufficient to send a lance-sergeant with them; and Reynolds was selected for that duty.

It was not, of course, to be expected that Sergeant Reynolds should again be able to

obtain a furlough in order to visit his father before embarking for foreign service: but the old man, feeling that, in all human probability, he would not live to see his son's return, resolved to undertake the journey to Plymouth, —a serious undertaking for a man of his age and habits, for he was now becoming very infirm; and in the course of his long life he had never yet ventured so far from his native village. His son was unable to accompany him, as the maintenance of his large family depended upon his daily earnings, while household cares prevented his daughter from leaving home. It was therefore arranged, as the best plan which circumstances admitted of, that his eldest grandson, a smart intelligent lad of twelve years old, should accompany him, much to the boy's delight; for besides "Uncle William" being a great favourite with all his nephews, the idea of seeing the world for the first time, and the proud feeling of being sent to take care of his grandfather, were enough to turn his young head with pleasure.

It was a beautiful morning in September, when old Reynolds and his grandson left Earlsford for the Wingfield station, it having been decided, after some deliberation, that they should travel by railroad. Many of my *readers* will perhaps smile when they hear *that the old man had for some time hesitated whether he should trust himself to this new-*

fangled mode of conveyance: but there was something in the crowd and bustle of a Railway Station which he scarcely felt himself equal to encounter, and he feared lest his old head would not stand the whirl and rapid motion of the train. Had any of the numerous stage-coaches, which till of late years had enlivened the little village of Earlsford, still continued to run; or even had there been one of those clumsy old stage waggons left, which took three days to reach Plymouth, the old man would doubtless have preferred it; but as, year by year, the Railway had extended its iron arms into the remote parts of the country, these memorials of "the olden time" had gradually disappeared, and there was no choice left.

Our two travellers, however, both almost equally unexperienced, reached their journey's end in safety, and found William impatiently awaiting their arrival at the Station. He had secured a comfortable room for them near the Citadel, in the same house with a respectable married man of his own company, whose wife, it was arranged, should cook for them during their stay. I need not attempt to describe the old man's delight at again meeting his son; though it was soon checked by the painful thought, that after a few short days they must part with little prospect of *meeting again* in this world. He was not *equal to much exertion*, but the weather was

mild and bright, and many an hour would he sit upon the grassy slope of the rampart, overlooking on the one side the beautiful harbour, and on the other, what was still more attractive to his eye, the small parade ground, where he would watch with pride and affection the tall soldier-like figure of his son, while employed on his regimental duties.

As for young Harry, he was almost beside himself with wonder and delight at the scenes which met his eye on every side. It was the first time that he had ever left his native village, and every thing was new to him. The boy scarcely knew where to look among the numberless objects of interest which surrounded him. He gazed with wonder and admiration upon the long rows of tall handsome houses, upon the crowded streets, upon the blue sea, alive with vessels of every description, and last, not least, upon what appeared to his boyish eye, the "splendid" sight of "Uncle William's" regiment, with its gay uniform, and its drums and fifes. It was not long before he was completely at home in the barracks, for his uncle was a favourite in the regiment, and the boy's own manners and appearance were enough to make him friends anywhere, especially among soldiers, who are invariably kind to children. *All these attractions, however, never made him forget his old grandfather, whose side he rarely quitted when his uncle was kept.*

away by duty ; but at other times he would accompany some of his new acquaintance to the guard mounting, or to the Dock-yard ; or he would watch the recruits at drill, and try to pick up something of what they were learning.

Reynolds sometimes had his misgivings as to whether his brother had acted quite prudently in sending the boy with his grandfather, lest he should acquire a distaste for the quiet life of a country village : but it was now too late to think of this, and he could only hope that when this short visit was over young Harry would soon forget what he had seen, and take as kindly as ever to his former mode of life. Let the worst come to the worst, should the boy form a decided wish to become a soldier, he had no doubt that Colonel Raymond, or Major Stevens, would allow him to enlist into the 1—th, and then he must only hope that he might do as well as he himself had done. Still he was far from reconciled to the thought of his nephew becoming a soldier, for he knew that the temptations to sin which beset a soldier's path are stronger than in most walks of life ; though his own experience had taught him thankfully to acknowledge the truth of the declaration in God's holy word, addressed to us *all* : “ There hath no temptation taken you but *such as is common to man ; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to*

be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.”*

The time for the old man's departure at length arrived. At first he had intended to remain only a week at Plymouth; but when the appointed day was come, he could not make up his mind to say that painful word “Good-bye,” and a second week had slipped away before he could summon resolution to return home. Besides the happiness of enjoying his son's society, his visit had been interesting to him in many ways. It had enabled him better to understand the sort of life that William led, of which till now he had but a very indistinct notion; and in future it would be a pleasure to him, as he sat by his fireside in the long winter evenings, or on the bench before his cottage door in summer, to let his thoughts wander to Plymouth, or to wherever William was serving, and to picture to himself what he was likely to be occupied about at that moment. It had also been very gratifying to him to see how much his son was beloved in his regiment, of which the strongest proof had been, the kindness that all his comrades had shown to himself. Major Stevens, too, having one day met him walking with his son, had inquired of Sergeant Reynolds who *he was*; and, on learning that he was his

* 1 Cor. x. 13.

father, had spoken of William in terms which had gladdened the old man's heart.

Yet these thoughts, though they might, and undoubtedly would, be a comfort to dwell upon when the separation had taken place, did little to alleviate the pain of parting; and the silent tears chased each other down the old man's furrowed cheeks, as he gave his son his parting blessing, and watched him, with dimmed eyes, for the few moments ere the train was put into rapid motion. As for young Harry, the thought naturally did not cross his mind, how doubtful it was whether even he might ever see his kind uncle again. He did not think of the thousands of miles which were soon to separate him from his family, or of the years which must elapse before he could hope to return; or of the many dangers which he might have to go through from climate, or, possibly, from service in the field. His boyish feelings were, as might have been expected, divided between his sorrow at parting from his uncle, and his regret that the happiest fortnight of his life had come to an end. He had made a great many friends in the citadel; but his prime favourite was Pat Delany, whose kind heart had made him do all in his power to amuse the boy, and to whose entertaining Irish stories young Harry had eagerly listened by the *hour together*. Delany had come down *to the Station* to see them off; and his last act

of kindness was to thrust into Harry's hand, just as the train was starting, that he might avoid being thanked, a brown paper parcel containing some provisions for the road, and a small book which he thought would amuse his young friend during the journey.

I had almost forgotten to mention poor Hunter, whom, as my readers may remember, old Reynolds had known from his infancy. His term of imprisonment had expired some time previous to the old man's arrival at Plymouth, and he was once more doing duty with his regiment. The severe lesson that he had received appeared not to have been thrown away upon him; and his conduct, ever since his release from the Provost prison, had been perfectly regular. The fact of his being under heavy stoppages, to make good the necessities which he had made away with at the time of his desertion, was greatly in favour of his keeping out of trouble, as it lessened the temptation to intemperance which he might have felt had money been more plentiful with him. But although he had paid the full penalty of his past misconduct, viewed as an offence against military discipline, he was far from having paid the severer penalty which it had incurred as an offence against the laws of God. *Not to speak of the loss of that lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit, which never long survive a career of profligacy, Hunter's*

constitution had received a shock from his long and severe illness in Dublin, from which it did not seem likely that it would ever completely recover. His figure had lost the elasticity of youth, and his complexion the glow of health; and the contrast between his career and that of his comrade was clearly stamped upon their exterior.

The surgeon had recommended that Hunter should be sent out with the draft, thinking that change of climate might perhaps arrest the progress of that disease which appeared to be undermining his health; and the poor fellow himself looked forward gladly to the prospect of leaving the scene of his disgrace and suffering, and entering upon an entirely new life, where he might hope to redeem, as far as possible, the errors of the past. It was a great pleasure to him, when he learnt that his early friend was to accompany him; for he now no longer shunned him, as he had done while under the influence of Stephen Fuller. On the contrary, he always asked his advice when in any difficulty, and he would gladly have been more in his company, had not his comrade's advancement in some degree prevented such intimate companionship.

The sight of old Reynolds, and the unsatisfactory account he gave him of his family, were *very saddening* to Hunter. His father's *health, he learnt, had latterly given way;*

and, being no longer able to work, he had been thrown upon the parish for subsistence. He had, as we have had occasion to mention before, quitted Earlsford a year or more before this time, in consequence of a quarrel with his kind landlord, Squire Vernon, who would never have allowed a worn-out labourer of his to be in want, and had settled in a neighbouring village. His daughters, who had left him to go into service, and had been allowed to acquire extravagant habits, found, therefore, nothing to spare out of their wages for the assistance of their old father, to whose comfort they had indeed but little contributed while they lived with him. Hunter's conscience reproached him now with having left his home, which his enlistment had been the main cause of breaking up: but self-reproach was now too late; for, even had his health been equal to the task of supporting his father by his daily labour, where were the twenty pounds to come from with which to purchase his discharge from the service? He could not even have the consolation of sending some little assistance to his father out of his pay; for, as we have already mentioned, he was under stoppages, which left him only what was barely necessary for his own wants; and this thought gave him additional pain. However, the *very evening* before old Reynolds took his *departure*, William, who seemed to have read

Hunter's thoughts, came up to him, as he was sitting moody and silent on the rampart of the Citadel, and in the kindest manner urged upon his acceptance the loan of a pound. "It will give your father pleasure, Tom," he said, "to receive a little help from you now that he wants it." "And," he added, seeing that Hunter hesitated to accept his offer, "you know that I have plenty of money now, and that it will be quite the same to me when you repay it." Hunter was much affected by this unexpected piece of kindness from one, towards whom his conscience told him that he had behaved ill in many ways. "How long would it have been," he said to himself, "before any of my old companions, whom I used to treat while I had any money of my own, would have done anything to help me when I wanted it!" Under the influence of his better feelings he now sat down and wrote to his father, expressing his sorrow for all the anxiety and disappointment that he had caused him, and earnestly begging him to send him his forgiveness and his blessing before he left his native land for a distant country. When he had finished his letter and put it with his own hand into the post, he returned to barracks with a lighter heart than he had known for many a long month; and that night, before he lay down to rest, he offered up a more earnest prayer for forgiveness and a blessing to his other Father—

his Father in Heaven—than had ever yet crossed his lips.

It was in the first week of October that the “Resistance” troop-ship called at Plymouth on her way to the Mediterranean. She had already touched at Portsmouth, where she had taken in several of the drafts which she was to carry out; and now, after embarking the detachment of the 1—th, and one of the 4—d, she was to proceed to Cork, to receive the remainder of her freight. No time was to be lost, for the “Resistance” merely lay to without coming to an anchor. The drafts had, however, for some days been held in readiness to embark at a moment’s notice; and almost before the troop-ship reached the inner harbour, the two detachments were drawn up in the Dock-yard, ready to step into the boats, while their baggage was hastily put on board a lighter and towed off into the harbour. The embarkation was completed by sunset; and before night-fall the “Resistance” was sailing slowly out of the Sound with every stitch of canvass set to catch the light breeze which blew from off the land.

When the tattoo beat off, one man was seen standing with folded arms on the rampart of the Citadel, watching with manifest *regret* the departure of the ship, which was *already hull-down* upon the horizon. I need *scarcely tell my readers* that it was Pat De-

lany, whose warm heart had attached itself to the young sergeant, to whom he owed so much. As the last post sounded, he cast one more look at the ship, now fast disappearing from the sight, and turned away towards his barrack-room with a sigh. The old soldier had not been accustomed to kindness, for the good-will of boon companions is a very different thing from a sincere interest felt in our welfare; and he missed the sound of Reynolds's friendly voice. He felt, too, that his advice and example had been a sort of safeguard to him; though he humbly trusted that strength sufficient would be given him to resist every temptation to fall back into his evil ways. "May the great God bless him wherever he goes!" said he, half aloud, as he descended the slope of the rampart; "he's what I call a *rale* good man, a *rale* Christian!" And here we must take leave of Pat Delany for awhile, and of the little depôt, as our tour of foreign service has come round as well as Reynolds's.

It was on the fourth morning after leaving Plymouth, that the "Resistance" let go her anchor in the Cove of Cork. Sergeant Reynolds had not been idle during that time; he knew how easily a draft falls off from the high order in which it embarks, if neglected; and his first care was to see the men's arms and best clothing properly stowed away where they could take no harm, and could be got at

whenever required. When this had been done, he found himself with more leisure time upon his hands than he had had for many months; but fortunately one of the warrant officers had an old copy of "James's Naval History," which he kindly lent him, and this was an inexhaustible source of interest to him, especially as they would pass on their voyage several of the sites of our most memorable naval engagements.

The "Resistance" was detained for two days at Cove, to complete her provisions and water; and, some small articles being required for the drafts, Sergeant Reynolds was sent up to Cork along with several non-commissioned officers of other regiments. Their purchases were soon completed, and, as it wanted more than an hour to the time fixed for the return of the boat, some of the number proposed that they should adjourn to a neighbouring tavern. This did not agree with Reynolds's notions of what was required of a non-commissioned officer when on duty. It is true that there might be no intention of indulging in the least excess; but it seemed to him to be courting temptation; and he felt sure that it was not what Colonel Raymond would approve of. He therefore refused to join his companions, and went in search of *the O'Neills*, of whom he had often thought *since leaving Ireland*.

On reaching the hovel where they had lived,

he was shocked to see that it looked, if possible, still more wretched and filthy than when he had first gone there with Sergeant Lovell ; and it was a great relief to him to learn that the O'Neills were no longer its occupants. Still more satisfactory was it to find that they had removed to a better and more healthy neighbourhood. Thither he followed them, and knocking at the door of a tidy little house to which he had been directed, it was opened by Margaret, looking quite a different woman from what he had left her. The grateful creature's joy at the sight of her benefactor was unbounded, and she had much to tell him of what had befallen them since he had left Cork. O'Neill's health had continued steadily to improve ; and, not long after the departure of the depôt from Ireland, when the money that Reynolds had brought them on the last day was very nearly expended, he had fortunately fallen in with an officer of his late regiment, who recognised him, and through whose kind exertions he had obtained a permanent situation as porter in the warehouse of a merchant, a situation of trust, and one which did not require much exertion. Margaret said that she was sure he would be sadly disappointed to miss him ; but the warehouse was at some distance, and she did not expect him home for an hour at least.

The children, who had been at school, now came hastening home to their dinner ; and I need not describe their joy at seeing their kind

friend again. The pleasure was indeed mutual, for it did Reynolds's heart good to see the rosy cheeks and merry faces of the little ones whom he had known so emaciated and hunger-stricken. He had some difficulty in tearing himself away from them, for the dinner was quite forgotten as they crowded round him to tell him a thousand things; but his watch warned him that it was time to return to his boat. When he reached the wharf, however, he found himself the first of his party; and he had walked up and down the pier for more than half an hour before his companions made their appearance. As soon as he saw them, he congratulated himself upon not having accompanied them, for the flushed countenances of more than one among them showed that his anticipations of what was likely to happen had not been groundless. Just as the boat was about to shove off, a man came running down the steps panting with haste. It was O'Neill. The poor fellow had neither breath nor words to express his gratitude; and this was a relief to Reynolds. O'Neill could only grasp his hand warmly; and Reynolds could see by the motion of his lips, that he was asking a blessing upon his young friend. I need hardly say that Reynolds's thoughts, as they pulled down the river, were happy *thoughts*, and that the scenes which he had *witnessed that day* had recalled old times and *old friends*, particularly Sergeant Lovell, *vividly to his memory*.

Nothing particular occurred during the early part of the voyage from Plymouth. After passing within sight of—though at a considerable distance from—the Isle of Ushant, they entered upon the Bay of Biscay, a name associated in most minds with tales of storms and wrecks; but the equinoctial gales seemed to have blown themselves out, and the sea was as calm as a lake. The long prevalence of westerly wind had, however, increased the usual current; and the wind being light, it was found at the end of three days that the “Resistance” had been carried considerably to the eastward of her course. This might have been serious, had a gale sprung up from the west; but, happily, the breeze freshened and veered round to the north; so that the only consequence was, that they passed nearer to the coast of Spain than they would otherwise have done. Towards sunset the highlands of Galicia were distinctly visible; and Reynolds’s friend, the gunner, pointed out to him the mouth of the harbour of Corunna,—a name long familiar to him, as the scene of the memorable battle, in which, after a long and harassing retreat before a superior force, the gallant Sir John Moore so nobly fell in the arms of victory.

During the following days, the wind being still off shore, the troop-ship passed successively *within sight* of Oporto and Lisbon; and on the sixth day after leaving Cork she

was abreast of Cape St. Vincent. Hitherto the spots that they had seen had been connected chiefly with military exploits; but now came the turn of the blue jackets to tell of the glorious victory of Lord St. Vincent over the fleet of Spain; and Reynolds, with the gunner's help, contrived to make out pretty clearly the relative position of the English and Spanish squadrons. The following day they passed the still more famous headland of Trafalgar; and it chanced to be the anniversary of that hard-fought, and,—had not the results been of such immense importance to England, then in arms against the world,—one would be tempted to add, that dearly-purchased victory.

But now the voyage was drawing near its close, and already the lofty range of the African mountains rose into view, beyond the narrow channel which divides two quarters of the globe. The wind, which had almost died away, now began to spring up in the west, and gradually freshened into a smart breeze, so that, with wind and tide in her favour, the "Resistance" flew rapidly through the Straits, passing under the crumbling walls of the old Moorish fortress of Tarifa; and as the evening-gun from a line-of-battle ship, which lay at her moorings in the bay, announced the setting of the sun, she furled her *sails*, and let go her anchor abreast of the *New Mole*.

Reynolds thought that he had never seen any thing half so beautiful as the scene which now lay before him. To one who has lived all his life in our northern latitudes the gorgeous splendour of a sunset in the Mediterranean is quite dazzling; and nowhere, perhaps, is the colouring more brilliant, or the features of the landscape more striking, than at Gibraltar. That huge rock, whose shape is not unsightly compared to that of a sleeping lion, rises abruptly out of the deep blue sea, which washes its base on three sides; and when, as was now the case, the breeze which blew freshly in the Straits did not even ruffle the surface of the sheltered bay, every stone in the massive walls, and every leaf upon the trees, was mirrored in the glassy water as distinctly as the objects themselves stood out against the glowing sky. The Rock itself, the summit of which was still touched by the last rays of the setting sun, had not yet lost the rich red glow with which it had been lighted up; while the lofty chain of mountains on the opposite coast was of the deepest purple. To the eastward of the Rock the distant peaks of the Sierra Nevada, or snowy mountains, towered above the nearer and lower ranges, their icy summits tinged with a faint rose colour, dying away into a cold grey as the sun sank deeper below the horizon; while the bay itself, and the open sea beyond, were studded with numberless vessels of every description, from the

man-of-war with her tall masts and floating pendant, to the picturesque "feluccas," with their white cotton sails spread out on either side like wings, and looking in the distance like flights of sea-gulls.

Just as the health officer came along-side, a flash was seen from the very summit of the Rock, followed by the report of a heavy gun, which was echoed back from the hills on the opposite side of the bay; while at the same moment the sound of drums was heard from the fortress. This was the evening gun of the garrison, which, happily for the comfort of the inhabitants of Gibraltar, does not follow so closely upon the setting sun as that of the ships of war. It is the signal for the closing of the gates; and many an officer who has been taking his evening ride into Spain, has, when it meets his ear, to put spurs to his horse in the hopes of reaching the land-port before the last inexorable key is turned and carried back under escort to the governor. Most of my readers are aware how jealously this famous citadel is guarded against all possibility of surprise; nor are these precautions perhaps unnecessary, as the Spaniards are by no means reconciled to the loss of their stronghold, and the authorities of the little town of San Roque, which lies within a few miles of the rock, still style themselves in all official documents: "*The municipality of the most noble and most loyal city of Gibraltar, sitting in*

San Roque, on account of the loss of that fortress."

It was, of course, too late to disembark the drafts that evening; and only the commanding officer went on shore to report himself to the Governor. The advantages of being in port were, however, felt by all on board, for the ship was speedily surrounded by shore-boats filled with the most delicious grapes and melons, and with those little white rolls peculiar to Spain, which were a great treat after nearly three weeks of salt junk and biscuit. The short twilight of these southern latitudes soon passed away; but before long the moon, which was just past the full, rose from behind the Rock, and poured a flood of silver light upon the landscape, which, though so changed, was scarcely, if at all, less beautiful than it had been a few hours before, when gilded by the rays of the setting sun. It was not till the bell from the line-of-battle ship struck eight that Reynolds could make up his mind to go below, and to exchange the soft fresh night air for the close atmosphere of the lower deck.

At a very early hour all hands were astir, and such of the detachments as were to be landed at Gibraltar began to get themselves ready. Thanks to the precautions which Sergeant Reynolds had taken, but little remained for the draft of the 1—th to do; and *they were soon fully equipped, with their*

knapsacks in hand ready to lower them into the boat as soon as she should come alongside. They had not long to wait, for in such a climate early hours are kept; and, as they were to be rationed on shore that day, it was necessary that they should breakfast in barracks. A few minutes' pull brought them to the New Mole, where Colonel Raymond himself was waiting to receive them. He always made a point of being present at the landing of a draft, in order that he might satisfy himself that the officer in charge of it had not neglected his duty; and he was very particular on these occasions, for he knew by frequent experience how much the discipline of a draft, even when sent away from the depôt in the highest order, may fall off, if not well looked after, before it reaches the service-companies. In the present instance there was not a fault to be found; and it gave Reynolds pleasure to see his commanding officer's look of satisfaction as he cast his eye along the ranks, and marked the clean and soldier-like appearance of the little party. Colonel Raymond made some remark about the additional stripe on Reynolds's arm; and as he walked slowly down the ranks every man in the draft felt that the Colonel perfectly remembered him; and two or three, poor Hunter among *the number*, scarcely ventured to meet his *searching eye*.

The 1—th lay at the present time in the South-barrack, immediately above the New Mole, but at some distance from the town. It is a fine range of building on a high and airy situation, and commanding an extensive view of the harbour and the Spanish and African coasts, and is considered by far the most desirable barrack on the Rock. Reynolds learnt with great satisfaction that he was to be posted to his old company, —Captain Seymour's; and the cordial manner with which he was welcomed by all his former comrades was very gratifying to him. Those who are not acquainted with the details of a soldier's life may fancy that it matters little what company a man belongs to, provided it is in the same regiment; but all my military readers know that it makes a vast difference, and that the men of each company hang together, and form, as it were, a separate society of their own. Most of Reynolds's friends were in No. 4; Sergeant Porter, to whose squad he had been posted on his first joining the regiment at Newry, had succeeded to the colours and payment of the company on Sergeant Lovell's discharge; and Corporal Simmons, who had been one of his most intimate companions, had been promoted from being Assistant Orderly Room Clerk, and was now a sergeant in the same company; which was very pleasant for both *the young men*.

Meanwhile the distribution of the remainder of the draft was going on in the orderly room; and Captain Seymour, who remembered that Hunter had been Reynolds's comrade, and knew how much interest he had taken in him, good-naturedly asked the Colonel to post him to his company, though he well knew how unsatisfactory his conduct had hitherto been, and that he was not unlikely to prove a troublesome soldier. He hoped, however, better things of him, for he could make great allowance for his having yielded to temptation which he was so little prepared to resist; and he thought, that, if treated with kindness, and kept under the eye of Sergeant Reynolds, of whom he had a very high opinion, there would be more hope of his conduct improving than if posted to a strange company, where, perhaps, the well-behaved soldiers might not care to associate much with him, and he might find himself almost unavoidably thrown into the society of dangerous companions.

Hunter felt really grateful to Captain Seymour for having volunteered to take him back into No. 4, and was impatient to show his gratitude by his conduct. There was more hope of his being able to keep his resolutions now than there had been at any former time, for he had learnt no longer to *trust to his own strength*,—or rather, I should say, *to his own weakness*—and was trying to

follow Reynolds's example and to look for strength in prayer and in the study of God's word. At first this was a difficult and trying task: not only had he to overcome his own indifference and distaste to religion, which every day's neglect of prayer had helped to strengthen, but the ridicule of thoughtless and profligate companions was far harder for him to bear than it had ever been for his comrade. This arose partly from his character being weaker than Reynolds's: but their sneers were made still more galling by the recollection of his past career, with which his former boon companions constantly twitted him when they saw him with his Bible in his hand; whereas Reynolds's conduct had afforded them no such handle against him. More than once the poor fellow was nearly driven to give up his attempt at reformation in despair; but Reynolds was on the watch to encourage him, and to remind him that this additional trial was one of the bitter fruits which *must* follow a course of sin. He assured him that every day would make the task more hopeful, if he only persevered; whereas, if he gave up the attempt and allowed himself again to fall into sinful habits, there could be little ground to hope that at any future time, even if many years of life were granted him, it would please God to give him more strength than was now *offered to him*; for His own word warns us not to "*quench the Spirit,*" whose workings

are most clearly shown by these stirrings of better thoughts within us.

Months passed away, and, in spite of all his discouragements, Hunter continued to strive against, and, by God's grace, to overcome, his temptations. He carefully avoided the society of those whose companionship he felt to be dangerous; and he found, as I hope that *every* soldier in our service *may* find, if he seeks it, a few among his comrades who were quietly and steadily endeavouring to live Christian lives; and to these he associated himself. Now that he had taken a decided line, he felt much happier than he had ever done, for his path lay clearer before him. His persecutors, too, seeing that their sneers were no longer able to deter him from doing what he thought right, began to grow tired of laughing at him, and left him to follow his own course unmolested. How thankful did he now feel that he had not been discouraged by the obstacles which a few weeks before had appeared to him almost insurmountable! One by one, they had disappeared, or, at least, become far less formidable; as will always be the case when we look them boldly in the face, and meet them as "Christ's faithful soldiers," in full assurance of that victory which He *has promised* to all who "manfully fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil."

When the duties of the day were over, instead of hurrying down the town, as too many of his comrades did, to spend the evening in scenes of intemperance and vice, he and his new associates would ramble over the Rock, enjoying the cool breeze from the sea and watching the exceeding loveliness of their Almighty Creator's works, so richly displayed around them in every form. Alas! how utterly degraded must not a man have become, when the blue sky above him, the green turf beneath his feet, the sweet flowers around him, and the ever-changing beauty of the sea, have lost all charms for him, and he seeks for *happiness* in the loathsome haunts of vice! And when the contrast between the perfect harmony and purity of the works of God and his own deep defilement forces itself upon his mind, how can he bear to think of the glories of the world to come, and of the awful declaration that "there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth"!

Within the narrow limits of this curious Rock there is a great variety of scenery. The upper part is exceedingly precipitous, accessible only by a zigzag path, which has been formed with great labour, in order to carry up the heavy guns which are mounted on the higher works. A scanty herbage growing in the crevices of the rock affords pasture to numerous flocks of goats, who share with large troops of monkeys the possession of

these barren regions. At times these latter are very bold, and descend even in the day-time to the neighbourhood of the haunts of man. During the night they are audacious plunderers, and pay frequent visits to the gardens in search of fruit, of which they are very fond. A singular story is told of these animals, the truth of which there is, I believe, no reason to doubt: Some years ago a considerable number of them were seen to assemble on a ledge of rock at some height above the "Alameda," or public walk; here they held what, from the results, appears clearly to have been a court-martial; for after considerable discussion, carried on, as may be supposed, with much noise and gesticulation, one of their number was formally expelled out of their society, and driven down into the Alameda. The culprit was after some time secured, and, to a certain extent, tamed; but, though he repeatedly broke his chain and regained his liberty, he never attempted to return to his brethren. Judging from his appearance, he was evidently of a considerable age, and doubtless an old offender; but, being either unable or unwilling to disclose to his new companions the reason of his being "discharged with ignominy" from his former corps, it remains a mystery up to the present time.

We have said that the higher portion of the Rock is precipitous, and almost bare; but on

the western front it becomes gradually less steep, and the vegetation is luxuriant wherever the smallest patch of soil allows the roots to penetrate. The gardens of the Alameda, which extend from the town to the south barrack, are laid out with much taste, and form the favourite lounge of the inhabitants. The winding walks are bordered by broad hedges of geranium, which thrive as well in the open air as they do in green-houses with us, and are shaded by several kinds of trees unknown to our severer climate, mostly varieties of the graceful acacia. Another and very different kind of hedge is formed by the aloe, whose strong pointed leaves, or spikes, are almost as formidable a weapon as a bayonet, and would prove as effectual a barrier against a charge of cavalry. They are said to flower once only in a hundred years. I know not how far this may be true; but there are always numbers of them to be seen in flower on the Rock. They first throw up a lofty stem from the heart of the plant, and this branches out on all sides, covered with yellow flowers, which last for many weeks, while the plant itself withers away as if exhausted by the effort.

Reynolds's first impressions of his new quarters were very favourable. The great heats were *past* before the arrival of the *draft*, and the climate was delightful; just

warm enough to make it refreshing to
down at sunrise to the little bay of R
which lay below the barracks, and tal
plunge into the sea. The garrison duty
indeed somewhat severe, more than 1
hundred men mounting guard daily ; bu
found that he had few better opportur
for reading and improving himself than v
in charge of some small detached guard.
first book which he took out of the gar
library was Colonel Drinkwater's His
of the Siege of Gibraltar, which he
with the greatest interest, visiting every
which is mentioned in it, except the two
which lie beyond the Spanish lines, the 1
of which are, however, clearly seen from n
parts of the upper works. It is a proud]
in England's military history, which
how, with a comparatively small garrison,
fortress, for more than three years, baffle
the attempts of the combined forces of S
and France, and at length obliged them
raise the siege in despair. But even 1
admirable than the gallantry of the defe
was the noble spirit with which our b
sailors hazarded their lives to save those
their enemies, when the floating batte
which for many hours had been de
destruction among our gun-boats, took
and their wretched crews, to save themse
*from the flames, leapt by hundreds into
sea.*

Since this memorable siege the fortifications of Gibraltar have been considerably enlarged and strengthened,—a measure which was made necessary by the great improvements introduced of late years into naval gunnery, and by the increased weight of metal of ships of war of all nations. The new works are doubtless constructed on more scientific principles than the old ones; but in point of strength and durability, it is very doubtful whether they exceed, or even equal, the less showy masonry of the old Moorish bastions, which have stood for many centuries without any symptoms of decay. The wonderful galleries, which have been excavated out of the solid rock at the cost of immense labour, have also been completed since the siege. They are armed with heavy guns looking out through embrasures, or, more properly speaking, through port-holes, which from below look like eagles' nests dotted here and there on the perpendicular face of the cliff.

Gibraltar, even in time of peace, is almost as jealously guarded as if it were actually in a state of siege. We have already mentioned the locking of the gates at sunset, and the large number of men on guard; indeed, there is scarcely a prominent spot along the whole face of the Rock on which there is not a sentry posted: and it is curious on a still night to hear the cry of 'All's well!' taken up

in rapid succession by a hundred voices, and multiplied by the echoes from the cliff behind.

Until the eye becomes accustomed to it, there is something very striking in the variety of costume and feature which the streets and squares of Gibraltar present. The population of the Rock is of a very motley nature, consisting of English, Spaniards, Jews, and Moors, besides that mongrel race born on the Rock, and commonly known by the name of "Rock-scorpions." The boatmen are mostly Genoese; but the greater number of them live in the little village of Catalan Bay, behind the Rock, where they form a colony of their own. The chief occupation of the townspeople is the manufacture of cigars, which are afterwards smuggled into Spain, as is also the case with large quantities of English goods. This contraband trade, which is encouraged by the very high duties imposed by the Spanish government upon all articles of foreign manufacture, has, as might be supposed, a very demoralizing effect upon all concerned in it; and when we further consider that the fortress is the constant resort of Spanish political refugees, we may imagine what a nest of corruption and intrigue it must be.

But there was one portion of the population upon which Reynolds could not help *looking with peculiar interest*, and that was

the Jews, who are settled in vast numbers in the Moorish towns on the opposite side of the Straits, and many hundreds of whom reside in Gibraltar. His thoughts would often turn, as he looked upon this singular race, to the wonderful prophecies of their dispersion, many of which were uttered at a time when they were God's peculiar people, in the enjoyment of the highest privileges, both spiritual and temporal. He felt, as all must feel who give the subject a thought, that their preservation as a distinct race, though scattered throughout the whole world, —a preservation foretold in the plainest terms by their own prophets,—could only be the effect of a miraculous dispensation. Everywhere persecuted and despised, not only by Christian nations, as the crucifiers of our blessed Lord, but equally so by the followers of Mahomet, not only have they survived all this contempt and persecution, but they have clung to their religion with a constancy worthy of a better cause, and with an unshaken faith in the promise of their restoration, which is no less distinctly and repeatedly foretold in the word of God than their dispersion. It is the remark of one of the cleverest men of modern times, that the sight of a Jew was always to his mind one of the most convincing proofs of the truth of Christianity; and, were it not that both history and experience prove the contrary, one would

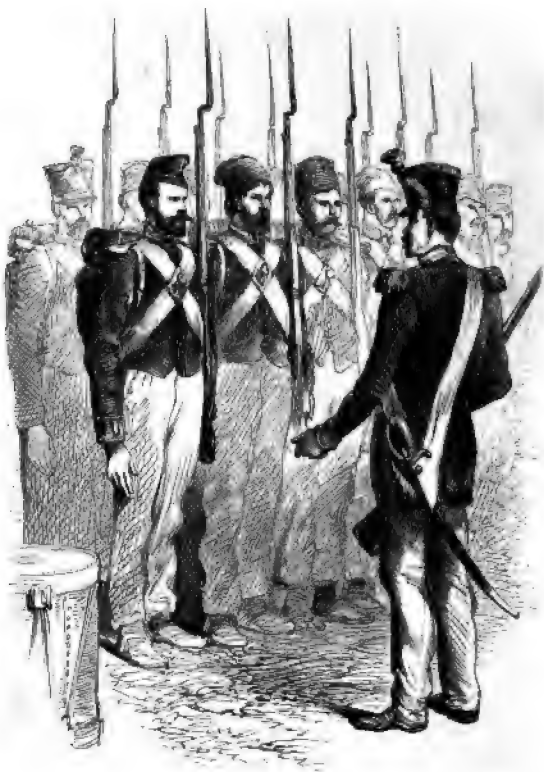
(3.)

fancy it impossible for a Christian to look upon the remnant of God's chosen people without a feeling of interest and pity.

Besides these various inhabitants of the Rock, the streets of Gibraltar are usually thronged with Spaniards from the surrounding country, whom business brings into the fortress. They are a good-humoured, light-hearted race, upon whom the cares of life seem to sit more lightly than upon the inhabitants of northern climes. Nor is this to be wondered at; for with a mild and pleasant climate, a productive soil, and a thinly-peopled country, the means of gaining a comfortable livelihood lie within the easy reach of all, while they possess many sources of enjoyment peculiar to these and the like highly-favoured regions. It is, however, wisely ordered by the great Dispenser of all blessings, that every apparent advantage should be balanced by some corresponding disadvantage; and if we, Englishmen, have not the soft climate and the abundance of Andalusia, neither have we the indolence and the ungovernable passions of the Andalusians.

But we have already bestowed more pages than we had intended upon the description of this curious place and its motley population, and it is high time that we should return to Sergeant Reynolds, whose life, while *quartered on the Rock*, will form the subject of *the next division* of our story.





No. II.—THE ROCK.

THE winter,—how different from an English winter!—had now passed away, and the spring was come, bringing with it, not, indeed, that awakening to life of all nature, which it does in colder climes, but yet unfolding many fresh beauties. Reynolds, and his friend Sergeant Simmons, had obtained from their commanding officer permission to visit the little town of San Roque, which lies some five or six miles without the walls of the fortress. This was an indulgence which used to be frequently granted, but which, in consequence of its having been abused, was now more rarely permitted. In the present instance, however, Colonel Raymond felt such confidence in the steadiness of the two young Sergeants, that he had not hesitated to accede to their request. They had been looking forward for some time with pleasure to this expedition, and had chosen a day which was kept as a “fiesta,” or holiday, by the Spaniards. There was no need, as in England, to make their excursion dependent upon the weather, for during the spring and summer months a wet day is of very rare occurrence; all that they had to consider was, whether any duty was likely to interfere with their plan.

Before the gates were thrown open at day-break, the two young men were already at the Landport, determined not to lose a moment of their holiday. As the road to San Roque is uninteresting, and they wished to leave themselves as much time as possible to explore the Cork-wood, which lies a few miles beyond, they had engaged one of the small open carriages of the country called a "calesse," to convey them so far. They soon passed the line of our own sentries, beyond which neither of them had yet been, and, after crossing a sandy plain, which is called "the neutral ground," and which serves to prevent any risk of collision between the piquets of the two nations, they entered the Spanish lines, which are marked by a chain of white stone sentry-boxes extending across the isthmus which unites Gibraltar to the mainland. As they drove past the guard-room the guard was under arms; and certainly their appearance was somewhat startling to an English sergeant's eye. Their uniform,—if indeed it can be called uniform, where no two were dressed alike,—was of a dark green, but ragged and threadbare; their shoes, or sandals, as the case might be, seemed never to have known the blacking-brush; and their long uncombed hair, and unshaven chins, added to their dirty, slovenly appearance. Their drill, judging from the way in which they stood in the ranks,

seemed to be as little attended to as their equipment; yet with all this there was something soldierlike about them, which made even our smart sergeants remark to each other, that they only wanted a little care and better officers to make them, what, indeed, the Spaniards in all times have been, excellent troops. They have one quality especially in which *we* do not excel—that of unconquerable patience under fatigue and privation; a quality, the immense value of which, as compared with more showy qualities, a campaign would soon teach us. I must not forget to add, that, dirty as the men themselves were, the state of their arms would have done credit to any regiment in our service.

Meanwhile, in front of the barracks, the rest of the small detachment were despatching their early breakfast in a very novel manner; a group of some ten or a dozen men stood round a large earthen bowl filled with stirabout, or some such mixture, and each in turn stepped forward and dipped his spoon into it, waiting till it came round to him again. Our sergeants had time to make these observations while the custom-house officer was examining their calesse, and running a long iron spike in every direction through a large bundle of hay, fastened in a net behind, in the hope of detecting a prize of *contraband* cigars. When this search was

over, they proceeded on their journey, and it was about six o'clock when they reached San Roque, where they only remained long enough to swallow a hasty Spanish breakfast of chocolate and white bread, after which they started off on their walk.

It was as lovely a morning as they could have desired, or even have imagined; a few white fleecy clouds were sailing slowly across the deep blue sky, throwing their shadows over the hills and valleys upon which they looked down from the elevated position of San Roque, and occasionally shading them for a few moments from the sun's rays, which, even at this early season, were more powerful than was quite agreeable to pedestrians. The mule track which our travellers followed,—for there are no carriage roads in this part of Spain,—led them down a steep declivity, and then wound through a long narrow valley, passing from time to time a farm or small villa, with its orange-grove and gardens, till it brought them to the skirts of the cork-wood, the shade of which was most grateful, now that the sun was getting high in the heavens. The cork-trees, though not of very large growth compared with our forest trees, are picturesque in form, resembling, in some respects, our ilex, or evergreen oak. The outer bark, which forms the cork, *appears to be quite independent of the inner bark, through which the sap circulates, for*

it is cut off without injury to the tree, and grows again in the course of a few years. The cork-wood reminded Reynolds of an English park, the trees being scattered about in clumps, while the turf between them was short and springy, and enamelled with wild flowers. There were also large patches of broom and gorse, both in full bloom, and vying with each other in the brilliancy of their yellow blossoms.

From time to time they met long strings of mules carrying charcoal, which is made in large quantities in these woods, and were greeted by the muleteers, and indeed by all whom they met, with true Spanish courtesy. The customary greeting is a very beautiful one: "May God go with you!" and if to this you add, "Caballero!" which is a title of honour, the Spaniard, to whom you address it, whatever be his rank, will lift his "sombbrero," or broad-brimmed hat, and be ready to do you any service in his power. Our travellers soon had an opportunity of convincing themselves that the courteous hospitality towards strangers, for which Spaniards were once so famous, is not altogether extinct. It was about noonday, and they stopped at a small way-side inn for refreshment: the best that the place could afford was set before them, and a flask of pleasant flavoured country wine, to which *they did justice* after their long walk. When,

however, they asked what they had to pay, the landlord informed them that their reckoning had been paid by a horseman who had been sitting at an adjoining table, but who had already continued his journey. They had not even exchanged words with their entertainer; it was enough for him that they were strangers in his own country.

Reynolds's watch warned him that they must soon think of retracing their steps. They were, however, now within sight of "Castellar," which they had proposed to themselves as the object of their walk, and they were unwilling to turn back. They accordingly increased their pace, and a steep and rugged ascent soon brought them to the gate of the castle, which is a curious specimen of those hill-forts which were to be found in most countries of Europe in the middle ages, and were the strongholds either of robber-chiefs, or of lawless barons, who differed little but in name. They found themselves amply repaid for their toil by the splendid view which the castle commanded of all the country round. The extensive Corkwood lay beneath them; beyond which the Rock rose grandly from the sea, backed in the distance by the high range of the African mountains.

But they had no time to lose, and, hastily *descending* from the tower on which they *had been standing*, they followed a zigzag

path, which seemed to promise a nearer road than that by which they had come. It led them to the brink of a mountain torrent, whose winding course it followed into a lonely dell, where the thick wood almost excluded the light of day. Here, by the road-side, they saw a rude wooden cross, the inscription upon which they could not decipher, but they knew, from what they had heard, that it told some tale of murder committed in that lonely spot. Not many years ago these woods were infested with banditti; and on more than one occasion officers of the garrison had been carried off into the mountains, and kept until a heavy ransom had been paid for their release; but of late such occurrences had been very rare, and there was but little risk of being plundered or ill-treated.

The path which Reynolds and his companion had taken, instead of being a short cut, led them a long way round, and when they at length regained the main track, they began to fear lest they should not be able to reach Gibraltar before the closing of the gates. This thought gave them much uneasiness; for they would not, on any consideration, have appeared to abuse their commanding officer's confidence; and, in spite of the heat, they increased their pace to the utmost. *They had not, however, gone far before they heard the trampling of horses'*

feet behind them, and, to their great relief, saw Captain Seymour, who, with another officer of their own regiment, was returning from a long ride into Spain. To him they explained the cause of their delay; and he, kindly entering into their feelings, promised, as he passed through San Roque, to order a calesse to be ready for them. "I think," said he, "that you have plenty of time, without stepping out as you were doing just now, which does not quite suit such an afternoon as this;" "but," he added, "even should you be too late, you need not make yourselves uneasy about it, for the Colonel knows you both well enough to be sure that nothing but an accident would have made you behind your time."

This fortunate meeting with their Captain set their minds at rest, and prevented the pleasure of the remainder of their expedition from being spoiled. They continued to walk at a brisk pace; but the sun had now withdrawn himself behind a mass of clouds, and a fresh breeze had sprung up, so that they no longer felt the heat; and when they reached San Roque they found a calesse waiting for them. The remaining five miles were soon accomplished, and before the evening gun had fired they had passed the Landport Gate, and reached the barracks after a day of *thorough* enjoyment.

Not a month had passed since Reynolds

had left England without his receiving letters from home. His father's sight had now become so dim, that he was no longer able to write; and he generally employed young Harry to write for him. In other respects his health continued to be as good as could reasonably be expected at his age; and though it must have been trying to a man of his active habits to be obliged to sit for so many hours without any occupation, yet his sister told him that she had never seen the old man's temper ruffled. The only books that he could now read, or that he cared to read, were the large family Bible and Prayer-book, which had descended as heirlooms from father to son for many generations; and as he had committed to memory many passages of Holy Writ, and also many of the Collects, he was prepared with subjects of peaceful and hopeful meditation, even should it please the Almighty to visit him with total blindness.

Such a picture of old age as this, it is, indeed, beautiful to witness; and among all his parishioners there was none whom Mr. Venables had more pleasure and satisfaction in visiting. He himself would say that he went to old Reynolds's cottage as much to learn as to teach. There was in the old man's conversation a childlike faith, and an entire *resignation to the will of God*, which it would *have been a lesson to any one to hear*; and

this peaceful frame of mind Mr. Venables believed to be the blessed fruit of a life spent in the service of his Maker. He had known Reynolds for nearly fifty years, in health and in sickness, in happiness and in sorrow; and, as far as the heart of man can be open to the eye of a fellow-creature, his conduct in every relation of life had borne witness to the sincerity of his Christian profession.

When young Harry had written all that his grandfather dictated to him, he would add something of his own; and Reynolds could see that the boy had by no means forgotten his visit to Plymouth, or the attractions of a soldier's life. He always made particular inquiries after Pat Delany, and some others who had been kind to him; and he sometimes said how much he wished he could be with his uncle at Gibraltar, and see all the wonderful things that he told them about in his letters; but he never expressed the slightest discontent with his present life, far less did he show any intention of acting contrary to his father's wishes. Indeed he had been too well brought up for this; and though Reynolds felt pretty sure that the boy had set his heart upon being a soldier, he had no fear of his enlisting should his father positively refuse his consent.

Reynolds had also received frequent letters from the *Depôt* since he had left it. His correspondent there was a corporal of his

own company, whom his example and advice had, under God's blessing, been the means of reclaiming from a very unsteady course of conduct, which must otherwise, to say the very least, have soon lost him his stripes. Corporal Burnett informed him that Delany continued to behave with the greatest regularity, and that he was still permanent orderly at the Brigade Office. He further told him that several of the young soldiers, in whom he was interested, were going on satisfactorily, and that they never failed to attend the Sunday evening's service when off duty. He ended by mentioning, that no fewer than four old sergeants were to be brought forward for discharge at the approaching half-yearly inspection; and he expressed his hope that this might give Reynolds his promotion. All these details were very interesting to Reynolds, who often thought of his friends at the Depôt, and felt sincerely interested in their welfare, in the highest sense of the word.

The 1——th had been upwards of a year on the Rock; and, as it is customary to give each regiment its fair share of the best quarters, they were now moved from the south into the Casemate Barracks at the north end of the town, adjoining the Landport-gate. It was decidedly a change for the worse, as the fresh sea-breeze, which tempers the heat *at the southern extremity of the Rock*, is

scarcely felt in the low close square of the Casemate Barracks. The move also brought with it an entire change of duties, as the two regiments stationed in these barracks furnish almost exclusively the guards on the north front, which, as facing the Spanish Lines, are necessarily strong and numerous. There are, indeed, no less than four or five officers' guards along that front, whose communication with the fortress is cut off after the gates have been closed for the night.

This reminds me of an amusing occurrence which is said to have taken place a few years ago on the Landport-guard. The field-officer on duty turns out that guard from the rampart which overlooks it, and receives a report from the officer that his guard is correct. On the night in question the grand-rounds came as usual to the rampart; but, it being somewhat earlier than the accustomed hour, the officer had wandered away from his guard, and was not there to reply to the challenge. The sergeant, thinking that his officer might get into a scrape for leaving his post, and trusting to the darkness of the night to escape detection, went through the usual forms, presented arms, and doubtless congratulated himself on having managed matters so cleverly. It chanced, however, that the field-officer had a question to put to the officer *commanding* the guard. Now the question *was* a very simple one, and all the answer

it required was, "Yes, sir," but unfortunately the sergeant was an Irishman, with a very rich brogue, and before he could stop himself, out came the answer, "Yes, plase your Honour!" which effectually betrayed the attempt to pass himself off for his officer.

But other scenes of a less laughable nature sometimes occurred on the more advanced guards, where the sentries were always loaded, and had orders to allow no one to pass the lines at night. Smuggling was, as I have already said, carried on to a great extent, especially in tobacco and salt, which are heavily taxed in Spain; and the smugglers used to endeavour, during the dark nights, to pass unperceived between the sentries, and would lie down for hours on the sand, or among the low reeds, awaiting a favourable moment. Usually they landed on "the neutral ground" between the English and Spanish lines; but sometimes they would try, and, I fear, not always without success, to bribe our sentries to let them pass. On this neutral ground the Spanish "Carabineros," a sort of mounted police, used to patrol at night; and if they saw a "Contrabandista," they would shoot him down without a moment's hesitation. Our sentries had orders, in case these poor creatures ran for refuge to our lines, to allow them, *indeed*, to enter; but immediately to *make them prisoners*.

On one occasion, when Sergeant Reynolds was on the Eastern-beach guard, an encounter of this sort took place between the "Contrabandistas" and "Carabineros," when one of the former, who was slightly wounded, made for our lines, hotly pursued by two of the latter. Breathless with fear and haste, the poor fellow gave no answer to the sentry's challenge, who, not seeing the horsemen, who had pulled up when the fugitive approached the British lines, almost unconsciously levelled his musket, and shot him dead upon the spot. On hearing the report, Reynolds hastened to the front with a file of the guard; but it was too late; and all that he could do was to make a prisoner of the sentry, and send a report to the officer commanding the north-front guard.

On the following day the matter was strictly inquired into; but no blame whatever attached to Sergeant Reynolds, who had read and explained the orders to his guard, and had repeatedly visited his sentries during the night. The man who had fired the unintentional shot was a very young soldier. Seeing an armed Spaniard running directly towards him, and receiving no answer to his challenge, he had raised his musket in self-defence, as he thought, and scarcely knew that he had fired, until he saw the poor fellow roll over at his feet.

Within a few days after this occurrence,

Lance-sergeant Reynolds was sent for to the orderly room after the morning parade, where he found Colonel Raymond in conversation with Captain Seymour. "I have sent for you, Sergeant Reynolds," said his commanding officer, "to tell you that I have promoted you to the rank of Sergeant. Your Captain tells me that he has every reason to be satisfied with your conduct; and I myself have often remarked the attention and strictness with which you have performed the duties of a non-commissioned officer ever since I gave you your first stripe in Ireland." "Only go on behaving in the same manner," he added, "and you cannot fail to get on. You are still a very young man, and there are several steps more to which you may reasonably look forward. But remember," he continued, "that you have yet much to learn; and omit no opportunity of improving yourself in whatever can fit you for situations of still greater responsibility."

Reynolds left the orderly room much gratified by his somewhat unexpected promotion, for there were several before him on the list, but still more so by the kind manner in which his commanding officer had spoken to him. It was his firm determination to follow Colonel Raymond's advice, and to use every means in his power to improve his *education*; and, indeed, he had always done *so hitherto*, for though he was already so

good a scholar that most non-commissioned officers in his place would have thought it unnecessary to attend school any longer, he was still most regular in his attendance.

The Schoolmaster-sergeant of the 1—th at that time was a very superior man. His father, who was an Engineer in one of our principal manufacturing towns, had brought him up to his own profession, in which the lad had made considerable advancement for his years; but this branch of occupation being, like almost every other, overstocked, and his father dying suddenly, before his education was completed, young Dixon had been glad to enlist into the 1—th, with the rank of Schoolmaster-sergeant. Besides being well-instructed himself, he was thoroughly qualified to teach others; and his patience and love of study were such as made light to him what most men would have thought drudgery. In addition to the instruction of the men, he had, of course, charge of the regimental school, which was quite a new employment to him; but he was naturally fond of children; and, moreover, he was a well-principled man, who felt the truth and the paramount importance of that which he had to teach the children, so that, his heart being in his duties, there was no fear of their *becoming* irksome to him. The consequence *was, that the regimental school prospered remarkably well under his care, and he was*

beloved as well as looked up to by the children. Colonel Raymond was in the habit of frequently visiting the school; he felt that no one more needs encouragement in his duties than a schoolmaster, and that the occasional presence of the commanding officer in the school, and the knowledge that he takes an interest in their progress, is an additional motive of exertion both to the children and the adults.

Sergeant Dixon, being an unmarried man, was a member of the Sergeants' mess, where he exercised an influence for good, both by his intellectual superiority, and by the weight of his character, which was universally respected. Though one of the youngest members of that large mess, his opinion was much looked up to by his brother sergeants on most subjects that came under discussion. He was a remarkably modest man, as is generally the case with those who know most; and he was not in the habit of thrusting forward his opinion unasked; but when called upon for it by others, he was ready to give a clear and sensible answer on most points. Before enlisting he had been a good deal thrown among a set of clever young men of the higher order of mechanics, such as are to be found in all our large manufacturing towns, who are able to declaim with fluency against the *inequalities* of our social system, and to *advocate all sorts of changes* which they call

“ reforms ; ” but though somewhat led away at first by their plausible arguments, Dixon had soon discovered their hollowness. Experience had shown him that the greater number of these noisy declaimers were selfish, profligate men ; or, where this was not the case, that they were deluding themselves and others with utterly impracticable theories. Whenever, therefore, the newspapers taken in by the sergeants’ mess contained articles tending to set class against class, and to make the poor discontented with their lot, and envious of those who seemed to be more highly favoured than themselves, he would point out the fallacy of their arguments, and would bring examples from history, especially from those awful but instructive scenes of the great French Revolution of 1789, to show the result of such wild and impracticable schemes of reform. He would observe, that the distinctions of society, which, after all, affect our real happiness far less than we are apt to imagine, are ordered by an all-wise Providence, and that the only sure foundation for improvements in our social system is to be found in the advancement of true religion among us.

Reynolds and Dixon became, as was to be expected, great friends. The latter had seen far more of the world than the former, whose experience had been learnt only from a quiet country village, during the first eighteen

years of his life, and since then from a barrack-yard, which is a little world of its own; while Dixon's whole life, until within the last two years, had been spent in one of our large manufacturing towns, where he had witnessed the alternations of prosperity and depression, and had, on several occasions, seen the frenzy of political excitement carried to the highest pitch. He was, thanks to his father's instructions, an excellent mathematician; and Reynolds, who had a very clear head, would take pleasure in working out, with his assistance, some of those problems which to an uninitiated eye appear so unintelligible, but which are an admirable exercise for the powers of the mind. His favourite study, however, was history; and at the present time he was reading eagerly the History of Spain, which he felt himself particularly bound to make himself acquainted with, now that he was quartered in that country. The geography of Spain was not altogether new to him; for in Napier's History of the Peninsular War, he had become familiar with such parts of the country as had been the scene of Wellington's glorious campaigns; but he was ignorant of its earlier history, which is probably more full of interest of every kind than that of any other country in Europe. Indeed, no works of fiction are so full of romance and adventure as the truthful *chronicles of Spanish historians*. One after an-

other, he read with increasing interest the stirring descriptions of the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, of the discovery of America by Columbus, and of the wonderful exploits of Cortez and Pizarro in Mexico and Peru.

Even spots within sight of the walls of Gibraltar became invested with a new interest. Opposite the north front, at a distance of between two and three miles, stands a single hill, crowned with a huge mass of bare rock, and known by the name of "the Queen of Spain's chair." The origin of the name Reynolds one day discovered to have been this: a certain queen of Spain had invested the fortress of Gibraltar, at that time, if I remember right, in the hands of the Moors. She had pitched her pavilion upon this detached hill, and had rashly vowed not to quit her rocky seat until she had seen the standard of Spain waving from the tower of the citadel. But day after day, and week after week, rolled on, and no impression was made upon the massive walls of this almost impregnable fort. What was to be done? Spanish honour, to say nothing of a higher motive, required that the Queen's vow should be fulfilled; but her Majesty had become very weary of her seat, and her presence was urgently required elsewhere. In this dilemma the gallantry of the Moorish commander came to her rescue. He courteously per-

mitted the Spanish standard to float above the citadel from sunrise till sunset; and, satisfied, for want of better, with this literal fulfilment of her vow, the Queen ordered her pavilion to be struck, and marched home again.

Soon after Reynolds's promotion he was ordered to Catalan Bay with a small detachment of his regiment, made up from the different companies, and under the charge of a lieutenant. For several reasons he did not much like being sent on this duty; but the chief cause of his unwillingness was, that the senior sergeant of the detachment was a man of whom he had reason to form a very unfavourable opinion; and he knew that, however attentive the officer might be, very much of the discipline in barracks, especially during the night, would depend upon the sergeant, the more so as the officers' quarters were at a considerable distance from the men's. Sergeant Bannister was one of the oldest sergeants in the regiment; but he had been repeatedly passed over by his commanding officer in the distribution of vacant colours, as Colonel Raymond did not place that implicit confidence in him which he thought should be placed in every colour-sergeant. It was not that there was much positive harm in the man, for he had no entries in the *non-commissioned officers' default-book*; but he was deficient in those

qualities which make a valuable non-commissioned officer. He was one of that numerous class who are satisfied with just keeping out of trouble themselves; who perform their duty with just sufficient exactness to avoid reprimand; and to whom, as may be supposed from what I have already stated, it makes a vast difference whether they are under the eye of a superior, or out of reach of observation.

Now Reynolds felt sure that a detachment, especially one made up, like that about to be sent to Catalan Bay, of men from several different companies, would not be done justice to by such a man as Sergeant Bannister; and he anticipated that his own position might become a very difficult and painful one. Nor was he mistaken, for very few days had passed before he saw a gradual relaxation of discipline creeping into the detachment, entirely unchecked by Sergeant Bannister. Irregularities continued to increase; men were absent at night from their quarters; wine was brought into the barracks, and gambling was allowed; and though Reynolds did his utmost to check all this, and reported all such occurrences to his senior sergeant, yet it was not put a stop to.

It now became a question with Reynolds, *what he was to do*. It was very disagreeable *to have to make complaints against his supe-*

rior; but yet it was clearly wrong to allow such proceedings to continue. There was also some reason to fear that he might not be able to prove the existence of the irregularities in question; for it was the interest of such of the men as profited by this laxity of discipline, to screen the sergeant; and there is a natural unwillingness among soldiers to make reports against their non-commissioned officers. At all events it was clearly his duty to remonstrate with Sergeant Bannister, and to tell him that, be the consequences what they might, he should report to the officer what was going on in barracks, in case it remained unchecked.

When Sergeant Bannister had heard Reynolds's remonstrance, his feelings were of a mixed kind; he was inclined to be angry with a junior sergeant for presuming to find fault with him, and to dictate to him; but at the same time his conscience told him, that he had been grossly neglecting his duty, and that Reynolds was acting in a right and straightforward way. He would now gladly have put a stop to the irregularities; but that was not so easy a matter. He had put himself in the power of the men under his command; and he feared that if he now exercised a proper control over them, they would make known how much he had hitherto neglected to do so. In this difficulty he tried to make *some compromise between right and wrong,*

and to quiet Reynolds's scruples, as he called them, by promising that some of these breaches of discipline should be put an end to, while, at the same time, he hoped to conciliate the men by winking at other and less flagrant irregularities. But this would not satisfy Reynolds. He insisted upon the standing orders of the regiment being acted up to; and when, after repeated endeavours to effect this proper end, he found that it was hopeless, he went with a reluctant but determined step to the officers' quarters and made his report.

Lieutenant Parker was both sorry and surprised to receive such a communication. He had paid considerable attention to his detachment, and had flattered himself that their behaviour was most satisfactory. There had been scarcely a defaulter during the three weeks that the detachment had been at Catalan Bay; and he had had no reason whatever to suspect all the screening that had been going on. The head quarters being so close at hand, he at once walked into Gibraltar, and laid the whole case before his commanding officer, whom he found still in the orderly room. Colonel Raymond, after hearing what he had to say, directed him to return to his post, as it was his intention to follow him as soon as he had *finished* what he was then doing, and to *investigate* the matter fully. Accordingly,

accompanied by his adjutant, the colonel, in less than half-an-hour's time, was on his way to Catalan Bay, his thoughts occupied, as they rode slowly round the base of the Rock, with the report that Lieutenant Parker had just made to him. From his knowledge of the two men, he could not have a doubt in his mind that Sergeant Reynolds's report was well founded; and he regretted much that he should have placed Sergeant Bannister in a situation where it had been in his power to do so much harm; but the man was, as we have said, an eye-servant, and though the Colonel had not a high opinion of him, he had never for a moment thought that he, or indeed any sergeant of the 1—th, could have been guilty of so gross a neglect of duty.

On reaching Catalan Bay the Colonel sent for the two Sergeants into the officers' quarters, and directed Reynolds to make his report in Sergeant Bannister's presence. Nothing could be more clear and convincing that this was; nor was Sergeant Bannister's evasive and contradictory statement in any degree calculated to shake Colonel Raymond's conviction of his guilt. The next step was, to send for the two corporals of the detachment, and several of the best conducted of the men, from whom the Colonel soon received a full corroboration of the charges. Indeed, I doubt whether the worst

soldier of the detachment would or could have made a false statement to his commanding officer, had it even been to screen himself from punishment. Colonel Raymond was, as we know, very unwilling to bring a non-commissioned officer before a court martial; but in so gross a case as this he had, of course, no alternative; and by the following afternoon Sergeant Bannister had lost the three stripes which he had for many years so undeservedly worn. Reynolds's conduct received the Colonel's entire approbation; and when the non-commissioned officers of the regiment were assembled in the orderly room to hear the sentence of the court, he took the opportunity of expressing his approval of the manly and straightforward manner in which he had done his duty; "A duty," said he, "which is one of the most painful that a good soldier can be called upon to perform."

Several sergeants having been promoted subsequently to Reynolds, Colonel Raymond directed that one of them should be sent to Catalan Bay in Bannister's stead, so as to leave Reynolds the senior sergeant of the detachment. It therefore became his task to re-establish the discipline which his predecessor had allowed to fall off. This was at first no easy task, and it required considerable firmness and vigilance. However, *after a week or two it was effected; and,*

with the exception of two or three bad characters, I believe that the whole detachment felt itself more comfortable than when so much licence had been permitted. A man must indeed be a bad soldier who grumbles at a firm but reasonable discipline, such as prevails in every well-ordered regiment, and without which it would be a punishment to any but a bad soldier to live in a crowded barrack.

The charge of this detachment gave Reynolds the first occasion that he had yet had of profiting by the instruction which his friend Sergeant Lovell had given him while he was yet a lance-corporal; and his ledger and other books were so neatly and accurately kept, that he soon showed himself to be in every way qualified to undertake the payment of a company. The detachment at Catalan Bay is relieved every three months; and nothing particular occurred during the remainder of his tour of duty there. It was a monotonous life enough; but the time never hung heavy on his hands, and he was himself surprised at the quickness with which it had slipped away. He was however glad, for many reasons, to return to head quarters, and for none more so than because there was no Church in Catalan Bay. Prayers, it is true, were read to the men every Sunday by their officer, according to the rules of the service; but it was a very different thing

from being able to attend the regular services of the Church. His friend, Sergeant Dixon, who had frequently walked out to see him after the school was closed for the day, had told him of the arrival of the Bishop of Gibraltar, and of his intention of holding a Confirmation before long. The garrison chaplain, he said, was getting up a class among the young soldiers, some twenty of whom were now receiving his instruction, besides several of the eldest among the school children.

It was only a few days before that fixed for the Confirmation that the Catalan Bay detachment was relieved by a party from another regiment, and rejoined the headquarters in the Casemate Barracks. Among the candidates for Confirmation were several young men of Reynolds's company, most of whom had come out with him in the last draft. He could fully enter into their feelings at the thought of taking so public a step, for he well remembered how he himself had shrunk from the ridicule of thoughtless comrades, and he knew what an effort it must have cost them; but he rejoiced to see them about to take that step, for his own experience had taught him that this fear of ridicule *must* be overcome before we can hope to live a consistent Christian life. It was *also* satisfactory to think, that, with them, it *was not, as must, one would fear, sometimes*

be the case among young people in other walks of life,—a mere ceremony, which is gone through because others around them do the same, and because their clergyman, and, perhaps, their parents expect it from them. These inducements a soldier seldom has; and therefore when *he* comes forward boldly before the Church, to renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in his name at his Baptism, it is not unreasonable to hope that it is his intention, or at least his sincere desire, by the grace of God, evermore to endeavour himself faithfully to observe such things, as he, by his own confession, has assented to.

The day of the Confirmation had now arrived, and the zealous garrison chaplain had brought forward, besides children, upwards of sixty soldiers as candidates. It was indeed but a small proportion out of so large a garrison, but it was enough to give encouragement. The service was short, but very impressive; and it was concluded by an earnest exhortation from the bishop to all who had been confirmed, to receive the Holy Communion at his hands on the following Sunday. I wish that I could add that this exhortation had been attended to in every case; but, alas! there were but few—not more than a fourth—who followed up the step they had this day taken, and presented themselves at *the Communion table*. It would be difficult

to explain all the various reasons which kept so many away ; some shrank from the ridicule of their comrades ; others were deterred by the fear of taking upon themselves a severer rule of conduct than they were able, or perhaps willing, to bear ; while many only thought that they had done enough for the present in being confirmed, and that it would be time enough, at some future day, to think about taking a further step.

The bishop took this opportunity of preaching to the troops. There were, probably, few among the many hundreds present who had ever heard a bishop preach ; and he was listened to with great attention. The sermon was plain and impressive, so that every one who would might understand it. The bishop alluded to the peculiarly strong temptations with which a soldier's life is beset ; but he strongly combated the reasoning so often used, that, because our lot is one of greater temptation than that of others, we shall escape condemnation at the Day of Judgment, even though we have not striven against those temptations. His concluding remark was peculiarly striking ; it was as follows : " God forbid that I should for a moment suppose that there were but two or three among you, whom I now address, who are endeavouring to lead a Christian life ; *but* were there *even* one man in a regiment who did faithfully so endeavour, that

one man would at the Day of Judgment condemn the whole regiment." And does not our conscience tell us that this is true? Does not the sight of one man whose outward advantages are the same as ours, but whose rule of life we feel to be very different, make us sometimes feel that *we too might, and ought to be*, other than what we are? Does it not prove to us that the fault lies not in our peculiar station of life, but in our own wilful disobedience? How paltry do our excuses for continuing in sin appear even to ourselves, when we really come to weigh them!

Although so many of the newly confirmed had remained away, Reynolds had never yet seen so many soldiers assembled together round the Lord's table. Among the number was Hunter, who had been confirmed with him at Earlsford before they enlisted, but who now received the Holy Communion for the first time. Up to the last moment Reynolds had feared lest his courage should fail him: but, to his great satisfaction, it had not. It was a relief to Hunter when all but the communicants had left the church; for even in God's house, where our only fear should be that of offending Him, the fear of man still haunted him. Then, when none sat listless or irreverent around him, and when every knee was bent in prayer, he felt a degree of comfort and support such as he had

never known before; and when the service was over, and he left the church to return to barracks, it seemed to him as if he were leaving the only shelter this world can offer from temptation and sin. It was a natural feeling, and the same which led so many Christians in by-gone ages to fly from the world into remote convents and hermitages; but yet it is a very mistaken one, for our lot in life is ordered by an allwise God, and we must not shrink from it. Were our wish granted, we should doubtless find that, though we may fly from the world, we cannot fly from our own hearts; and *other* temptations would arise, against which we could not hope for the same help which we may be sure will be granted to us in our struggles against those which beset our *appointed* path.

Well knowing the truth of the proverb that "idleness is the parent of all evil," Reynolds had persuaded Hunter to attend the school, and to provide himself an innocent and profitable occupation for his leisure hours. One of the strongest inducements to study was indeed wanting in Hunter's case, for he could not expect that his commanding officer would think of promoting him, at least until a steady course of conduct for several years had given fair promise of a total change in *his* character. Colonel Raymond knew how *much* the recollection of the past career of a

non-commissioned officer, if it has been discreditable, weakens his authority over the men, however steady and zealous he may have become ; and he had known it lead to acts of insubordination in cases where it became the non-commissioned officer's duty to confine a man for an offence of which he himself had been guilty. It was therefore only under very peculiar circumstances that he ever promoted any man whose previous conduct laid him open to recrimination on the part of the men.

Hunter, however, whose abilities were good, soon found his trouble amply repaid by the pleasure it gave him to be able to read the many interesting books which were to be found in the garrison library ; and he felt that even should his learning not help his advancement in the service, it would stand him in good stead when he obtained his discharge. Indeed it might very possibly become more necessary to him than to most soldiers ; for though he hoped to regain, by a course of good conduct, the service which he had forfeited by his desertion, and to secure a pension on his discharge, yet this depended upon his health, which had not materially improved since he had left England, and which might cause him to be invalided before his forfeited service was restored, or at least before he had served long enough to *entitle him to a permanent pension.* In this

case the same causes which rendered him unfit for the duties of a soldier would incapacitate him from gaining a livelihood by the labour of his hands; and he would have nothing to depend upon but his head, to save him from being thrown on the parish.

He therefore worked diligently at writing and arithmetic, so as to qualify himself for employment in a counting house, or in a school; and he found a kind friend in Sergeant Dixon, who had heard all his early history from Reynolds. After awhile his conduct and attention at school attracted the notice of the commanding officer, who, seeing that he looked weakly, and unequal to the severe duties of the garrison, took the opportunity of a vacancy in the orderly room to appoint him as an assistant clerk, to take the garrison orders. This was a great relief to poor Hunter, for the heat was now becoming very oppressive, and he began to fear that he should soon have to give in and report himself sick.

The climate of Gibraltar is, generally speaking, healthy; though the Rock has, on several occasions, been visited by that fearful scourge—the yellow fever, which, as might be expected, committed great ravages among so densely crowded a population. The heat is, however, at times very oppressive, particularly during the prevalence of easterly winds, which are apt to affect both the health and

spirits of those who are not strong. While the "sirocco" lasts no Spanish lady is to be seen without doors; and even the monkeys dare not show their faces, but return to their dens, or, according to the vulgar belief, cross over to "Apes' Hill," on the opposite shore, by a subterraneous passage. The appearance of the Rock is very singular while this east wind blows. The vapour which it brings with it along the surface of the water, finding itself checked by the high rock, gathers itself into masses, and rolls up the eastern face of the cliff, forming a small grey cloud, which caps the summit, and hangs there sometimes for days together, hiding the Rock-gun and signal-staff, while the rest of the sky is of an unbroken blue.

But far more injury to the men's constitution is, I fear, to be attributed to intemperance than to climate. During the last few years the temptations to drunkenness have been unusually great at Gibraltar, owing to the large sums of money earned upon the public works, especially by such men as, from having been masons or miners before they enlisted, were permanently attached to the engineer department. Some few, indeed, availed themselves of the encouragement which the Government holds out to the provident soldier, and deposited their earnings in the Regimental Savings bank; *but these were the exceptions; and in most*

instances the working pay was no sooner received than spent; and Reynolds could not help observing that, notwithstanding all Colonel Raymond's exertions, the discipline of the regiment was becoming somewhat relaxed, and trials for "habitual drunkenness" were becoming more frequent.

We will not attempt to describe, at any length, the life which Sergeant Reynolds led during the remainder of the three years that the 1—th were stationed at Gibraltar. One week was pretty much like another, varied only by trifling occurrences which it would be tedious to mention. At times, indeed, there were events of considerable interest, which afforded subject of gossip and speculation to the inhabitants of the Rock. At one time a revolution broke out in Spain, which caused, for several weeks, a partial cessation of intercourse with the country round, and inundated the fortress with political refugees of all ranks. Then might be seen the general, who a few weeks before had governed Spain with almost unlimited power, sauntering up and down the Alameda with a single follower, and only too happy to have escaped with his life; while his political rival who probably had but lately quitted his shelter on the Rock, suddenly found himself at the head of the Government again. At another *time* a large foreign squadron came sailing *past the bay*, and, anchoring within sight and

hearing of Gibraltar, bombarded the Moorish town of Tangier. Sometimes, too, a foreign prince, or other illustrious stranger, would visit the far-famed fortress, on which occasions there would be guards of honour and reviews ; or the Spanish Governor of Algeiras would cross the bay, to pay his brother-governor a visit of ceremony. A more frequent cause of excitement was the chase of a smuggler by a "guarda-costa," or revenue boat, announced by a warning-gun from the summit of the Rock, and the hoisting of a peculiar signal on the staff. Then the chase would crowd all sail, and use her utmost efforts to lay herself under the guns of the fortress, where her pursuer was forbidden to molest her.

And now we will detain our readers no longer upon the Rock, where their patience has perhaps been already too much tried by details of little interest to most of them. To an old soldier, however, there is a charm in recalling to mind the recollections of the past, trifling as they may be ; and I hope that, to some among my readers, who look back with pleasure to the days they spent upon the Rock, these pages have not been altogether without interest.

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TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART IV.

No. I.—THE WEST INDIES.

THE signal for a square-rigged vessel had been flying since daylight from the flag-staff on the summit of the Rock, and many eyes had been anxiously cast towards it from the barracks occupied by the 1—th, for they had heard by the steamer, which had arrived on the preceding day, that the regiment which was to relieve them had actually sailed from Cork, and it might therefore be hourly expected. The wind, however, was light and contrary; and it was past mid-day when the union-jack was hoisted on the yard-arm—the well-known signal that there were troops on board. The middle of December was now past, and the men had been eagerly speculating whether their Christmas dinner would be eaten on shore, or on board ship; and now *the question seemed more doubtful than*

ever, for there remained barely time to disembark the 7—d Highlanders and their baggage, and to embark the 1—th.

As we have already had occasion to remark, almost any change is hailed with pleasure by the greater number of men in a regiment, especially when, as was the case with the 1—th, they have been stationed for several years in the same place. The West Indies, too, which had been looked upon with some degree of dread when regiments were kept there for the whole period of their foreign service, and frequently but a small proportion of those who went out with the regiment lived to return home with it, was very differently thought of now that two or three years, at the utmost, was the limit of their term of service there. Of course there was the same distress that we have had to describe at the former embarkation of the regiment, among those soldiers who had married without leave, and who were destitute of the means of sending their wives and children on so long a voyage; but for this there was no remedy, much as it pained Colonel Raymond's kind heart to witness so much suffering, particularly among the poor children, who had to suffer for their parents' improvidence.

It was on the 21st of December that the 1—th embarked on board the "*Resistance*," for it was the same troop-ship that brought out *Reynolds's* draft, which had now returned

with the 7—d. During the two previous days the baggage of the regiment had been put on board, and everything carefully stowed away; and it now only remained to march the men on board, for the ship lay alongside the wharf at the New Mole. The weather during the past week had been unusually wet and stormy; and when the regiment fell in on its private parade, at seven o'clock in the morning, the rain was falling thick and heavy. By the time they reached the New Mole the men were all well-nigh wet through; and had the wind permitted the "Resistance" to sail at once, as was the captain's wish, it would have been but a comfortless commencement to their long voyage. But, happily for them, the wind was blowing in through the Straits, and it was impossible to move. Towards mid-day the weather cleared; and the sun, shining out bright and warm, as it does in the Mediterranean even in December, they were allowed to land and to dry their clothing and accoutrements in the small fort adjoining the New Mole.

On the following morning the troop-ship hauled out into the bay, and made fast to moorings, ready to take advantage of the first change of wind that would allow her to pass through the Straits; for the current is so strong, and the channel so narrow, that it is useless to attempt to beat through. *Often the wind will blow for weeks from the*

west without any intermission ; or, perhaps, it will shift for a few hours, and then suddenly return to its old point. The following story will show how necessary it is to profit by the very first opportunity that is offered of getting out of the Mediterranean ; and if we choose to apply the moral to ourselves, it will show the folly of putting off anything that we have to do, when it is in our power to do it. Two skippers from one of the Channel Islands were walking together along the line-wall, on their way to dine with the merchant to whom their cargoes had been consigned. Their brigs were lying at anchor in the Bay, ready laden, and waiting only for a shift of wind. One of the skippers chanced to cast his eye up to the signal station, and there he saw the vane, which for many days had been as stationary as if nailed to the mast, pointing in the opposite direction.

“ Look there ! ” he exclaimed to his companion ; “ the wind has shifted. I shall go on board at once, and get under weigh.”

“ Oh,” answered the other, “ there is no need to be in such a hurry and give up our dinner ! We have had the wind from the west for more than a week, and now we shall have a spell from the east.”

His friend, however, was not to be dissuaded, and went off without delay to his brig ; while the other spent a jolly evening at the merchant's, and then pulled off to his

vessel. By this time, however, the breeze had quite died away in the Bay, though there remained sufficient wind outside to carry his more prudent friend through the Straits. When it sprang up again, towards morning, it was from its old point, the west, and there it remained for weeks. The other skipper made a quick run to Jersey, took in a fresh cargo, and returned to Gibraltar, where he found his friend still weather-bound!

At the present time the wind had been blowing from the west for more than a week, and the Bay was crowded with vessels from all parts of the Mediterranean, waiting for a change. The "Resistance" had not, however, to wait long, for the very next afternoon the wind suddenly shifted, and a gun was fired to summon on board some of the officers who had landed to see the Highlanders inspected, and who had fully calculated upon spending the evening at their hospitable mess. As it was, they had only time to jump into the first shore-boat they could find, for before they could reach the troop-ship she was moving slowly through the water with every sail set, surrounded by upwards of a hundred other vessels of all sizes and nations. It was a very beautiful sight, especially after the sun had gone down, and the moon had risen from behind *the Rock*, for her light fell brightly upon

the sails of all those vessels that were ahead of the "Resistance," while those astern of her were in deep shade. At the further extremity of the Straits the fleet dispersed, bearing, probably, to every part of the world, the wine, and oil, and fruits of those fertile countries which bound the Mediterranean on every side.

It was Christmas Eve, for the "Resistance" had sailed on the 23d of December; and it was not to be expected that at this season the Atlantic would be smooth, or the breezes soft. Indeed there were symptoms of an approaching gale, which could not be mistaken. Heavy banks of cloud were gathering round the setting sun, and the weather-glass had fallen considerably since morning. Fortunately the easterly wind had lasted long enough, not only to carry them through the Straits, but to give them a sufficient offing from the land, so that, though the storm appeared to be brewing right in their teeth, there was a prospect of more discomfort than danger.

It was anything but a "merry Christmas" to the large party assembled on board the "Resistance." The gale had gradually increased during the night; and when day broke, the vessel was under close-reefed topsails, making scarcely any way against a stiff *south-wester*, and rolling and pitching in *a manner* most disagreeable to landmen.

Under these circumstances it was, of course, impossible to have divine service; and there was nothing to mark this day of rejoicing from any other day. Reynolds, who was one of the happy few who were not prostrated by sea-sickness, read over to himself the appointed services for the day, and tried to fancy himself joining in worship with those whom he best loved. And, indeed, though divided from them by many hundred miles of ocean, it was not mere fancy, but a blessed reality; for the "Holy Church throughout all the world" is *one* in the sight of Him with whom time and space are not; and every faithful member of that Church, however humble, is entitled to share in all its high and glorious privileges.

The gale continued to blow for several days with more or less violence; and it was not till the last day of the year that the setting sun held out a promise of a change of weather. The wind gradually abated, the sea went down, and before the middle-watch the vessel was beginning to feel the first of the Trade-wind, and to steady herself under increased sail. The heavy clouds now rolled away, and the moon and stars once more shone forth, while a perceptible change in the temperature showed that they were approaching the Tropics. Reynolds was pacing the deck along with his friend *Serjeant Simmons*, enjoying the welcome change,

when the sound of eight-bells announced the hour of midnight, and with it the close of another year. There is nothing to distinguish this hour from any other midnight hour throughout the year, yet in every reflecting mind it does not fail to awaken many serious and solemn thoughts; thoughts of self-reproach for many opportunities of improvement wasted, and many hours mispent, even if it recall not darker and more painful recollections. Then, too, as we see the new year opening upon us, we form fresh resolutions of amendment; but whether they will prove effectual or not depends upon whether we form them in reliance upon our own strength, or upon that strength which God has promised to them who seek it of Him in earnest prayer.

When Reynolds came on deck at daylight on the following morning, the scene was indeed different from that of the preceding days. The sky was cloudless; and the troop-ship, with every studding-sail set, was running before the trade-wind at the rate of about seven knots an hour through perfectly smooth water. Abreast of the ship, on the left hand—or, as a sailor would call it, on the port-side—at some ten or twelve miles distance, lay several islands of considerable size belonging to the group called “The Canaries;” while almost ahead might be seen *the fainter* outline of a more distant island.

But all eyes were attracted to the other side of the ship, where the stupendous Peak of Teneriffe rose abruptly from the sea to a height of more than fifteen thousand feet, clad with eternal snow. The weather had, as we have already said, been thick and misty during the last few days; otherwise the Peak might have been descried at the distance of more than a hundred miles, though indeed its summit, like those of most lofty mountains, is often veiled in clouds, while the rest of the sky is cloudless.

The favourable wind allowed the "Resistance" to run very close to the shores of Teneriffe; and when she came off the town of Santa Cruz, which is the capital of the island, the Captain lay to for several hours, and permitted as many as his boats would carry to land and see the town. Even to those who were not able to go on shore, the sight from the deck was very interesting. Of course the first day of the year is a great festival; and the public promenade, which skirts the sea-shore, was thronged with people of all classes in their holiday garb. The inhabitants are, as my readers are aware, of Spanish descent; and Reynolds could have fancied himself in the Bay of Gibraltar again, looking upon the town of Algeiras. The vegetation also resembled that of Spain, the hills being clothed with vineyards, and the houses surrounded by *orange groves*. The ruinous old fortifica-

eyes. It was probably upwards of thirty miles distant; and as the island is fringed with dangerous reefs, and unprovided with a lighthouse, the captain shortened sail, and took his measures so as to be able to run in with daylight on the following morning.

At a very early hour all hands were on deck, eagerly looking towards the island which was for the present to be their home. The first feeling was one of disappointment to many. They had heard of the exceeding beauty and luxuriance of the vegetation of tropical countries, and of the grandeur of their volcanic mountains; whereas the land upon which they now gazed might almost have been mistaken for their native island. Instead of lofty conical peaks clothed with forests, there were gently undulating hills entirely cleared of wood, and brought under cultivation, the nature of which they could not at this distance distinguish, while the white cliffs which rose from the water's edge bore some resemblance to those of our southern coasts.

However, as the vessel neared the land, objects began to assume a more novel aspect; the shore was fringed with rows of cocoa-nut, and other varieties of that useful and beautiful tree the Palm; and the whole island appeared to be dotted with windmills. The *cultivated* ground, too, on a nearer view, *was seen* to consist almost entirely of cane-

fields, excepting here and there a patch of some unknown vegetable. But it was not until the anchor dropped in Carlisle Bay that the greatness of the change from Europe to the West Indies was to be fully understood. Immediately, the ship was surrounded by countless shore-boats, manned by Negroes, all talking, or rather jabbering, at the same time in broken English; while in the streets and on the quays no other dress was to be seen, on white man or black, but white cotton jackets and trousers, and broad-brimmed straw hats.

On the following day the 1—th were landed; but as the barracks cannot accommodate more than two regiments, and it required several days to disembark the baggage, and get the ship ready for the 4—th, they were placed under canvas on the savannah, or parade-ground, which lies between the two barracks. At this season such an arrangement was by no means unpleasant, for the heat was not as yet oppressive, nor was there any fear of rain, which, within the tropics, falls only at stated periods. The turf, too, upon which their tents were pitched, was fresh and green; and a row of trees which skirted their camp afforded a grateful shade during the midday hours; so that to men who had been for several weeks cooped up on board ship there was everything to *make the change a pleasant one.*

The 1—th and the 4—th had been old friends at Gibraltar, where they had lain together for a year in the same barracks ; and it was encouraging to the former to see with how little loss the latter had passed through their term of service in the West Indies. The 4—th had indeed much reason to be thankful for the unusual exemption from sickness with which they had been blessed ; with the exception of one company, which had been quartered in the Island of Tobago during a visitation of the yellow fever, the regiment had been almost as healthy as it could have been on home service. But though they had suffered so little from climate during their two years in the West Indies, Reynolds could not but observe that they were greatly changed since he had last seen them on the Rock. They had almost lost that smart soldier-like appearance for which they had then been distinguished ; and there was about the general appearance of the men an air of recklessness, such as habits of intemperance never fail to give. Even during the few days that they remained in Barbados, after the 1—th had landed, there was opportunity enough of seeing that their discipline had been greatly shaken ; and Reynolds was very glad when they embarked, and his own regiment had no longer so bad an example before their eyes. He could only hope that such a *relaxation* of discipline was not the necessary

consequence of West India service, and that when it came to the turn of the 1—th to move on to North America, they would be found very different from what he had just witnessed.

As soon as the embarkation of the 4—th had taken place, the tents were struck, and the 1—th took possession of the vacant barracks. For the first few months all went on smoothly; the duty was light, the weather, though hot, was not unhealthy, nor even unpleasant; and it was generally agreed that the West Indies was not so bad a quarter after all. Almost every evening the 1—th had their cricket match on the savannah; and Colonel Raymond did all in his power to encourage every manly game that could occupy some of their many idle hours. Nor were his exertions unrewarded, for the 1—th continued to behave as steadily as they had done in other quarters. There were, indeed, as might have been expected, some exceptions; and the cheapness of spirits proved an irresistible temptation to such men as were confirmed drunkards. On more than one occasion the maddening effects of that liquid poison, the new rum, led men to acts of violence and insubordination, which they would have been the last to commit in their sober moments; and for the first time, for many years, a man of the 1—th was brought to trial for striking a non-commissioned officer.

It was here that Reynolds witnessed for the first time that too common disease, "delirium tremens," which proves fatal to so many old soldiers. An awful instance of the effect of intemperance occurred in the room of which Serjeant Reynolds had charge. An old soldier, who had for many years been a confirmed drunkard, came into his barrack room one evening, at tattoo, apparently sober, and went to bed. Scarcely, however, had the lights been put out, when Hunter, who slept in the next bed to him, heard a noise as if of one gasping for breath. He hastily called to Serjeant Reynolds, and, as soon as a light could be got, they went to the poor fellow's bed, but it was too late. He had probably swallowed off a large quantity of spirits the moment before he came into barracks, so as to reach his room before it could take effect upon him; and the consequence was, that he was suffocated. How awful, to be summoned in such a state to our final account! One would have thought that such a sight would have been sufficient to deter others from a similar course; but, alas! the habit of intemperance soon becomes so deeply rooted, that no warning of the ruin it brings to body and soul has any power to break it off; and they who think that they may with safety indulge it *within* certain bounds little know how soon *they will* become its slaves.

One chief subject of Colonel Raymond's anxiety was the serjeants' mess, for he knew that in so warm a climate, and with so much leisure time upon their hands, they would be exposed to great temptations to exceed the strict bounds of temperance. His experience in India had made him peculiarly alive to these dangers; and besides the personal interest which he felt in the welfare of the serjeants themselves, he felt that the hope of carrying his regiment unscathed through their tour of duty in the West Indies depended, in a very great measure, upon maintaining the efficiency of the non-commissioned officers unimpaired. After some deliberation he decided upon assembling all the serjeants, and speaking a few words of friendly admonition to them, which had so good an effect, that they unanimously agreed to allow no spirits to be introduced into the mess; a regulation which doubtless saved many a non-commissioned officer from going "to the bad."

A few months after the arrival of the regiment in the West Indies, Colonel Raymond received orders to detach three companies to British Guiana, two of which were to be stationed in Demerara, and the third at Berbice. The first of these detachments was to be under the command of Captain Seymour, whose own company, of course, formed a part of it; and to this, as

my readers will perhaps remember, both Reynolds and Hunter belonged. On the day previous to their embarkation Colonel Raymond inspected these three companies, and, before dismissing them, expressed his hope that they would continue, while away from head-quarters, to behave as well as they had hitherto done, and that when they rejoined from detachment, it would be in the same high order in which they now were. The following morning at a very early hour they embarked on board the "Princess Royal" transport, and, favoured by the trade-wind, which makes the movements of a sailing vessel nearly as regular as those of a steamer, they anchored off Georgetown on the third day.

The aspect of this the north-easternmost part of the vast continent of South America, is very peculiar when approached from the sea. The land lies so low, that the first objects which catch the eye are the tops of the trees, and the tall chimneys of the sugar mills, which in Demerara are worked by steam, and not, as in Barbados, by the wind. The dip of the beach, as might be supposed from the lowness of the land, is so very gradual, that vessels of large size are obliged to anchor at a distance of several miles from the shore; but the transport, being *light*, was able to enter the river, at the *mouth* of which Georgetown is built. The

Demerara River, a broad and sluggish stream, is of a reddish colour, and very thick, owing to the alluvial soil through which it runs, and of which it brings down large quantities. Indeed, this is the characteristic of the South American rivers, the largest of which, the Amazon, is said to discolour the ocean to a distance of more than a hundred miles from the land. The appearance of Georgetown struck Reynolds as remarkable, every house being built upon wooden or brick supports, some six or eight feet high, in order to raise it above the damp ground. This is likewise the case with the Eve-Leary Barracks, which lie on the outskirts of the town, not far from the seashore, and to which the detachment was marched as soon as they had landed from the transport.

Part of the barracks was at this time occupied by the head-quarters of one of the West India Regiments, which are composed of African Negroes, mostly enlisted at Sierra Leone, where a portion of one of these regiments is always stationed. They are remarkably fine muscular men, and are admirably adapted for their peculiar duties, their constitutions being apparently proof against those exhalations from a tropical jungle, which prove so fatal to Europeans. They are, however, but little removed from *the state of savages*, having learnt nothing

from us beyond a certain amount of drill, and perhaps, I fear I may add with truth, some European vices. Those who have been longest in our service speak a little broken English; but many amongst them do not even possess this accomplishment.

The sight of these poor creatures may well suggest to our minds many painful thoughts. Most of them have, I believe, been torn from their homes, and sold as slaves. They have subsequently been captured by our cruisers, and brought into Sierra Leone, where they were restored to liberty; but being unable to return to their distant homes, if indeed they still had homes to return to, have been induced to enlist into our service. It ought not to lessen our pity, that they themselves seem contented with their lot, for there are few sadder sights than that of human creatures, formed equally with ourselves "in the image of God," degraded to the level of animals, and unconscious of their degradation. It is said, that some among them are known, by peculiar marks on the forehead, to have been of high rank in their own country.

Another form of savage life is also frequently to be met with in the streets of Georgetown, in the original inhabitants of the country, whom we call Indians. They are an inoffensive and indolent race, dividing *their* time between hunting, fishing, and

sleeping, and hitherto unconquerably averse to the settled occupations of civilized life. Of late years, however, our Church has been making earnest efforts to reclaim them, and to instruct them in the doctrines of Christianity; so that we may hope that some of the next generation will abandon the wandering life of their ancestors, together with their heathen worship, which probably consists only in a belief of the existence of a "Great Spirit," the remains of that true faith which their and our common parents handed down to their children. It is a cause of deep reproach to us that in our colonial possessions we have often taught the poor savages all the vices, and none of the virtues, of civilized life; but now, God be thanked, we have begun to feel our responsibilities towards them.

As regards the Negro population of our West India Islands, much has, indeed, been done; and the ministrations of our Church are as fully carried out among them as among any other class of our colonial fellow-subjects. The islands are all divided into parishes; and, since the subdivision of the original diocese of Barbados into three separate bishoprics, churches and schools have multiplied rapidly, the number of parochial clergy has increased in the same proportion, and at the present moment "the Church in the West Indies" is preparing to send to

Africa by the hands of her own sons that glorious Gospel which frees us from a far harder slavery than that which England for so long a period inflicted upon her hapless children. That deeply rooted and most unchristian prejudice against the coloured race which prevails in the United States has happily no place among us; and Reynolds, when he received the holy Communion for the first time in one of the churches of Bridgetown, was struck by the sight of Negroes of the humblest rank kneeling side by side with the white man at the table of their common Lord.

A few weeks after the arrival of the detachment at Demerara, the hot weather, following upon heavy rains, began to render the place unhealthy; and several men were admitted into hospital with fever. Among the number was Serjeant Porter, the Pay-serjeant of Captain Seymour's company. At first it was hoped that the attack would be slight, and Captain Seymour ordered Serjeant Reynolds to take temporary charge of the company. After a few days, however, the case took an unfavourable turn, and the surgeon expressed his fear that it would terminate fatally. His anticipations were but too well founded, for on the sixth day after his admission into hospital, the patient sank under the disease. Two other men of the *same* company died within a few days after

him; and the number of sick increasing, it was thought advisable to send that company to Mahaica, a small untenanted barrack about ten miles to the eastward of Georgetown, which is frequently used as a convalescent station. It was remarkable that the other company, though divided from Captain Seymour's only by a broad corridor, had entirely escaped the epidemic;—so singular and so unaccountable are these visitations of Providence! This was not, however, the yellow-fever, whose ravages are far greater and more rapid, but merely the common fever of the country; and after a few weeks it passed away, having carried off only six of the garrison.

Captain Seymour had not gone with his company to Mahaica, for he thought it his duty, as commanding the detachment, to remain where the sickness prevailed. It was, however, near enough for him to ride down occasionally to see his men; and it was a pleasure to him to mark how quickly those who had been reduced by fever to a state of extreme weakness, were regaining their strength. It was difficult to assign any reason why Mahaica should be more healthy than Eve-Leary, for it lies in the midst of swamps and jungle, and is as low as any other part of this low coast; but experience has proved that it is remarkably free from fever. The chief drawback to the comfort

of the men were the myriads of hungry mosquitos, which, to judge by the fierceness of their attacks, seemed to have had nothing to eat since the barrack had last been tenanted, some years before. The only remedy was, to light large fires to windward of the barracks, and so to fill the rooms with smoke ; but the remedy was almost as bad as the disease.

Colonel Raymond, on hearing of Serjeant Porter's death, had written to Captain Seymour, authorizing him to select any Serjeant he pleased out of the wing which was in Guiana, to succeed him in the colours and payment of the company ; and Captain Seymour, who had long had his eye upon Reynolds, who from the first had belonged to his company, did not hesitate for a moment to appoint him. Serjeant Porter had been very attentive to his duties, and his Captain had had no cause to find fault with him ; but still his management of the company had been very different from that of Serjeant Lovell ; and Captain Seymour felt convinced that Reynolds, though so young, would be much more like what his old pay-serjeant had been.

Reynolds could scarcely realize to himself that he had actually attained that step, which, from the time of his first joining his regiment at Newry, had been the highest object of his ambition. So far had he been from *contemplating* at that time the possibility of *so rapid* an advancement, that his utmost

hope and wish was, that at the close of his twenty-one years' service he might stand in the same position as Serjeant Lovell; whereas now he found himself, at the end of five years, in possession of the colours and payment of a company. All that was wanting now to place him in the same position as Serjeant Lovell was the medal; but that was to be earned only by length of service, combined, I need scarcely add, with undeviating good conduct. Reynolds's was not an unusual case. There are, perhaps, few regiments in the service in which similar instances may not be found; and I doubt whether any young soldier of average talent *ever* failed to win his way rapidly, if he bent his mind in earnest to *deserve* promotion.

There was, however, one man in No. 4 company, to whom Reynolds's promotion might have been expected to be unwelcome, and this was Serjeant Simmons, who, as we may remember, was already a serjeant in the company when Reynolds rejoined it at Gibraltar as a lance-serjeant. Serjeant Simmons was also well qualified for the payment of a company: his conduct was unexceptionable; and, having been employed for some years in the orderly room, he was an excellent penman and accountant. It was not, therefore, without some reluctance that Captain Seymour had recommended his *junior* to be promoted over his head; but

though he thought him perfectly fit for the payment of a company, he had known both the young men long enough to be aware that Reynolds possessed some qualities which Simmons did not, and which were very essential in so responsible a situation. In one point especially, and that a point of the greatest importance, the former had a decided advantage over his brother serjeant, and that was in his manner with the men, which was at once kind and firm, while that of Serjeant Simmons was somewhat wanting in authority. In a sincere wish to do his duty zealously the latter was not to be surpassed even by Reynolds. Under these circumstances Captain Seymour thought himself justified in selecting the junior; while in the same letter he strongly recommended Serjeant Simmons to his commanding officer's notice in the event of any other captain requiring a pay-serjeant.

It was impossible but that Simmons should have felt some disappointment at being thus passed over; but he had a very modest opinion of his own qualifications, and candidly acknowledged to himself that his friend was more competent to take charge of a company than he was. He therefore did his utmost to conceal his feelings, and had sufficient self-command to congratulate Reynolds on *his promotion*. There was, indeed, more embarrassment visible in Reynolds's manner

than in his ; for the former could enter fully into his feelings, and the thought of his friend's disappointment was a considerable drawback to the satisfaction which he felt at his own advancement. Happily their friendship was grounded upon too firm a basis for such a matter as this to disturb it, especially as Serjeant Simmons well knew that the promotion had been quite unsought by Reynolds, and that the latter would have rejoiced sincerely had he been promoted in his stead.

I hope that my readers will be glad to hear that Serjeant Simmons had not long to wait for his colours. The pay-serjeant of the company which had remained with Captain Seymour at Demerara succeeded shortly after this to the quartermaster-serjeantship of the regiment ; and Captain Mildmay, who had no serjeant in his own company competent to replace him, gladly listened to Captain Seymour's recommendation, and took Serjeant Simmons as his pay-serjeant, subject to Colonel Raymond's approval, who immediately confirmed the appointment and promoted him to the vacant colours.

When the unhealthy season was over, No. 4 was brought back to Eve-Leary barracks, where they remained all the winter. The Colonel of the West India regiment which was quartered with them, tried to *induce one of the young colour-serjeants to*

join his regiment as serjeant-major; but though this offer of promotion was rather tempting, and held out some prospect of leading eventually to a commission in the regiment, they both found themselves too comfortable in the 1—th to be able to make up their minds to leave it. The idea of passing the whole term of their service in the West Indies was not inviting; but, besides this, neither of them would have been content to exchange the useful position he now held for the charge of a class of men unfortunately so degraded as to leave little hope of being able to do much good among them. They had learnt that one of the chief sources of happiness consists in being usefully employed in that station of life in which it has pleased God to place us; and they felt that in their present situation they had far greater opportunities of exercising an influence for good upon those under their charge, than they could hope to have even with a higher rank in a West India corps.

We have now lost sight of Hunter for a considerable time, and we must go back a little in our story, and see what he has been about since the arrival of the regiment in the West Indies. He had, when last we mentioned him, been appointed an assistant in the orderly room; and when his company was sent on detachment, Captain Seymour *had applied* to have him sent with it, that he

might act as his clerk, and make up the necessary returns, with the forms of which he was acquainted. In this situation he had given every satisfaction; and, shortly after his arrival in Demerara, Captain Seymour had, with the Colonel's sanction, appointed him a lance-corporal.

But promotion was now too late, for though he was still young enough to have hoped to rise even to the rank of serjeant, his constitution, as we have already said, was entirely broken, and it was evident, both to himself and to others, that he was quite unfit for the active duties of a soldier. His enfeebled frame made him more than usually susceptible of infection, and he was one of the first to be admitted into hospital with fever. The attack was severe, and left him so reduced, that for several weeks his life hung by a thread; but it pleased God that he should recover; and the change of air at Mahaica had so far restored him to health, that, when the company returned to Eve-Leary, he was able to resume his duties in the orderly-room. During his illness the surgeon had been struck with the patience with which he had borne his sufferings; and the garrison chaplain had been much interested in him. Until his company was ordered away from Georgetown, Reynolds had been frequent in his visits to his old comrade; and when he went to see him for

the last time, Hunter, who was fully aware of his situation, charged him with a message to his father and sisters, whom he never expected to see again in this world. He bade him tell them not to grieve for him, for that he was happy in his mind.

“ I feel,” he said, “ how deeply I have sinned ; but I humbly trust that my God has pardoned me for my blessed Saviour’s sake ; and that if it be His will that I should not recover, He will, in His mercy, take me to Himself. Would to God,” he added, looking round at some dying soldiers in the same ward, “ that my poor comrades would try to look to Him for comfort too ! ”

When the company returned from Mahaica, Hunter’s health was nearly restored to what it had been before his late illness ; but the surgeon told him that there was little hope of his being able to bear another hot season in the West Indies, and that he should bring him forward to be invalided whenever an opportunity offered. Hunter had fully expected this, yet the announcement gave him pain, for, besides the uncertainty of his means of gaining a livelihood when discharged, the thought of leaving his regiment distressed him. He was *now* very happy as a soldier, and had more than one real friend among his comrades ; so that his regiment had become *a home* to him—his only home, alas ! since his *poor old father* had been driven, by his de-

section of him, to seek a shelter in the Union workhouse.

The winter had passed away with little to mark the time. The detachment had been very healthy; and, thanks to Captain Seymour's good management, and in some measure to the great attention of the two young pay-serjeants to their duties, the men had behaved remarkably well. On one occasion Colonel Raymond had paid them a visit of several weeks, having been sent down to Demerara as president of a general court-martial. His unqualified approval of the state in which he found the detachment gave pleasure both to officers and to men; and all, from first to last, seemed really glad to see their commanding officer; which was as it should be. They now began to look forward to the relief of the detachments, which usually takes place early in the spring on the arrival of a fresh regiment from the Mediterranean; but as a general move is then made throughout the command, it was doubtful to which of the numerous islands the 1—th might be sent.

At length they heard that it was decided that the head-quarters were to proceed to Trinidad, where they were to be joined by the company from Berbice, while the detachment from Demerara was to be sent to Grenada. The same post brought the intelligence that Captain Seymour had been pro-

moted to a majority in the regiment, and that he was to have the command of the troops in Grenada. This latter piece of intelligence was very welcome to the detachment; but the regret of No. 4 at losing their captain was great. He had at all times been beloved by his men, in whose welfare he had shown a real interest; but the attention which he had paid to their health and comfort during the prevalence of the late fever had endeared him more than ever to them. For his own sake, however, they were heartily glad of his promotion; and it was a matter of congratulation that he was still in the regiment, and likely to remain in it. To the two young colour-serjeants it was very satisfactory that their companies were not to be separated.

There only remained one duty to be performed before leaving Demerara, and this was to put up some memorial to Serjeant Porter, and the other of their comrades whom they had laid in the burial-ground at Eve-Leary. There, scattered among a few venerable trees, the remnant of the forest which once covered the whole of this low coast, may be seen numerous green mounds, each marked by a simple head-stone, recording the name and regiment of him who sleeps beneath. Each successive detachment adds *to the number of these sad memorials, some more, some fewer, according as the season*

has been healthy, or the reverse. In a small cluster apart from the rest five newly-erected headstones told the number whom the 1—th had left in Demerara. The men had of their own accord cleared away the brushwood, which with the rapid and luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation had almost concealed the graves of former detachments, trusting that their successors would perform the same friendly office by those which they had now erected over the remains of their comrades.

The "Princess Royal," which had returned from England after carrying home the invalids of the preceding year, was again employed in carrying on the reliefs; and in the month of April she arrived at Georgetown, bringing three companies of a regiment lately arrived from Gibraltar. They had been quartered on the Rock along with the 1—th, and the greeting between the two detachments was very friendly. There was however but little time allowed for the interchange of inquiries after old friends, for the transport had as much work cut out for her as she could well accomplish before the hurricane season; and the same boats which landed the new-comers embarked the old detachment. It had been arranged that the company from Berbice should be brought to Georgetown by the small steamer which plies between those places, and that the *relieving company* should return with her; so

that after only a few hours' delay the "Princess Royal" set sail for Grenada.

When the transport on the evening of the second day entered the little landlocked harbour of Grenada, Reynolds thought that it exceeded in beauty anything that he had ever yet seen. It was his first view of that scenery which is characteristic of the tropics; for, as we have already remarked, Barbados differs entirely from the rest of the Leeward Islands; and the shores of the great South American continent, though clothed with magnificent forests, and watered by noble rivers, are low and swampy, especially about Demerara. It is difficult to draw a comparison between the different West India Islands; for, though resembling each other in general features, each has its peculiar beauties, consisting either in the bolder outline of its volcanic mountains, or in the greater luxuriance of its vegetation, or in the little bays with which its shores are indented. It is, however, generally acknowledged that the harbour of St. George's at Grenada is scarcely to be surpassed in loveliness by any spot in the world.

As you enter, the town lies before you, skirting the shores of the Bay, which form a semicircle. The white houses rise tier above tier, interspersed with trees; and the church occupies a prominent situation among them. To the left, on a promontory

which forms the northern boundary of the harbour, stands a fort erected by the French, who were the first colonizers of the island, and in whose possession it remained for more than a hundred years, when it became ours by right of conquest. This fort is now occupied by a detachment of one of the West India regiments; the European troops being stationed in another fort which stands on a high range of hills in rear of the town, and at about two miles' distance.

On a prominent hill immediately behind the town are the ruins of a military hospital, the history of which proves how impossible it is in this treacherous climate to judge beforehand of the healthiness of any locality. The spot had been selected on account of its peculiarly fine airy situation; but it was soon found necessary to abandon it on account of its unhealthiness. The cause of this was afterwards ascertained to be a small swamp at some miles' distance, but in the very direction from which the trade-wind blows, so that the poisonous vapours rising from it were continually carried over the hill, bearing with them the seeds of fever to European constitutions.

On the morning after the arrival of the transport, at a very early hour, the detachment landed; but though the sun had hardly *risen* when they commenced their march up

the steep winding hill which leads to the fort, the heat was already oppressive to men in heavy marching order, and little accustomed of late to carry their packs. The trees which bordered the road sheltered them, indeed, partially from the rays of the sun; but they also excluded the breeze; and many of the men, especially of those who had been attacked by the fever in Demerara, were evidently unequal even to this short march. Major Seymour immediately halted them, and ordered them to take off their packs, leaving an officer with them, with orders to follow the detachment as leisurely as he thought necessary. Meanwhile the rest of the party had reached the summit of the hill, where the fresh sea-breeze met them full in the face, making the temperature delightful notwithstanding the heat of the sun's rays. Five minutes more brought them to the fort, the view becoming more extensive at every step. To the north they could see the long chain of small islands called the Grenadines, and to the south the distant hills of Tobago and the still bolder outlines of Trinidad; but in every other direction the boundless sea extended as far as the eye could reach, till it was scarcely distinguishable from the blue sky. Immediately around them the scene was one of *desolation*, for several of the adjoining sugar *estates* had been thrown out of cultivation

since the emancipation of the slaves, and were now running to waste, and overgrown with brushwood, which had spread itself up to the very walls of the fort.

Major Seymour had received instructions to send on in the "Princess Royal" such men as the surgeon recommended to be invalided ; and poor Hunter had now to take leave of his friends and comrades, which he did with a heavy heart. Had he, like some of those who were to accompany him, been merely sent home for change of climate to the dépôt he would not so much have minded it ; but he knew that he would be discharged, as unfit for the service, so soon as he reached Chatham, and that his days of soldiering were numbered. Another painful thought would also come across his mind, and this was, that when he received his discharge it would not be with such a character as he would be proud to show. Although his conduct during the last two years had been unexceptionable, the long pages which stood against his name in the defaulter's book, added to the conviction of desertion, forbade him to hope that it could be so. This would, indeed, be a serious drawback to his prospect of obtaining employment ; but at the present moment he felt far more keenly the disgrace, as it appeared to him, of quitting his regiment under such circumstances. *How distinctly did he now remember Colonel*

Raymond's warning, when he was first brought before him for final approval at Newry, to keep out of the defaulter's book; and many subsequent warnings besides, from the Colonel and from his Captain, and from Serjeant Lovell! But all these had been disregarded; and now, when he had learnt to feel their value, it was too late to profit by them. How mercifully is it ordered by our heavenly Father that our hopes of another life are not, like our prospects in this, *irrecoverably* ruined by our own faults!

By Reynolds's advice Hunter had during the last two years placed in the Regimental Savings' bank all that he could lay by; and he had by this time saved as much money as would enable him to subsist for a few months while he was looking out for some means of gaining a livelihood. He had also reason to hope that a temporary pension, though but a small one, would be granted to him; and he did not make himself anxious about the future, remembering with comfort the gracious promise that "they that fear the Lord shall lack nothing."

Reynolds felt much for his early playmate, whom he had always liked, even when his goodwill had met with no return, but in whom he had become deeply interested since *he had attempted*, and by God's grace had *persevered* in, the hard task of reformation.

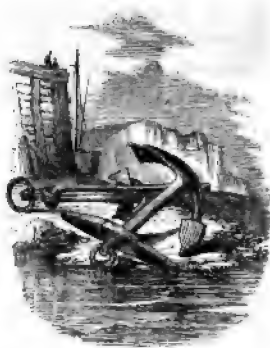
- 、 He said all in his power to cheer him, and told him not to fail to go to his brother's at Earlsford, where he might be sure that he would find a hearty welcome, and whatever assistance it might be in his brother's power to give him towards obtaining employment. "You must let me hear from you sometimes, Tom," he said; "there are many in the 1—th besides me who will be glad to learn how you are getting on." Then with a hearty shake of the hand and a "God bless you!" which meant more than the words too often mean, the comrades parted on that distant shore, not to meet, in all probability, for years, if, indeed, ever again in this world.

And now we must carry our readers forward over several months; nothing of any particular interest having taken place during that time. The term of the regiment's service was drawing towards a close, and there was every reason to hope that the unusual exemption from sickness with which they had hitherto been favoured would be continued to them to the end. But it was otherwise ordered; and when the October steamer arrived at Grenada from Trinidad, the intelligence she brought from head quarters was as mournful as it was unlooked for. The yellow fever in its most malignant form had broken out in the garrison; and *already several officers, and upwards of thirty*

men, had been carried off. Many others had been attacked, and among them Colonel Raymond, whose life was despaired of at the time the packet left.

I need not attempt to describe the gloom which this intelligence cast over the detachment. During the whole day the men were to be seen collected in groups round such of their comrades as had received letters from head quarters, eagerly inquiring after different friends; and expressions of sincere regret were heard on all sides, as each fresh name was added to the list of deaths. Deep and general, too, was the sorrow felt for their gallant old Colonel's illness; and many were the prayers offered up to God for his recovery. Anxiously did they look forward to the arrival of the next steamer; but though Trinidad was so near, that, as I have already mentioned, its mountains were visible from the fort, they had a fortnight to wait in suspense. At length the day arrived, and as soon as the packet was signalled, every one who could hastened down to the quay, impatient, but half fearing, to hear the news from head quarters. It was favourable; more favourable, indeed, than they had dared to hope. The violence of the epidemic appeared to have spent itself; and but few fresh fatal cases had occurred. As for Colonel Raymond, he had recovered so far as to be *able to be carried on board a frigate which*

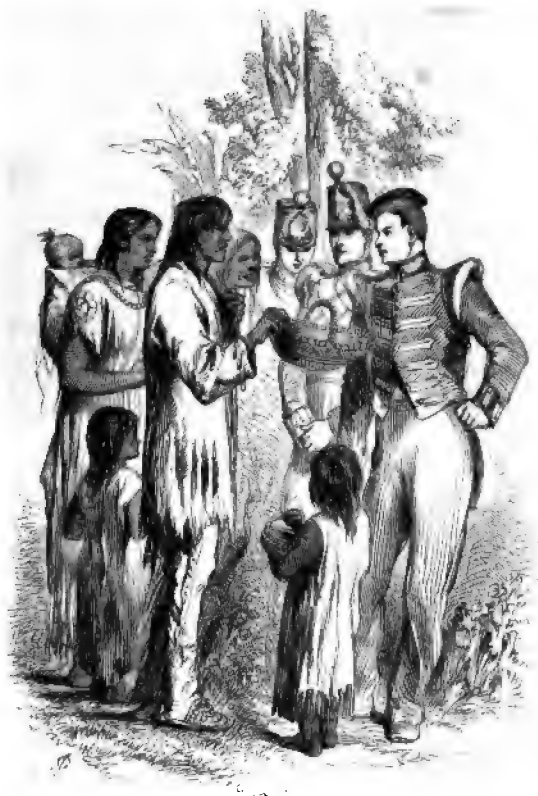
lay in the harbour of Port of Spain ready to sail for Halifax, where, if he regained his strength, he would await the arrival of his regiment, now under orders for Nova Scotia.



No. II.—NOVA SCOTIA.

THE same steamer which brought the intelligence of the 1—th being under orders for Nova Scotia, brought also instructions to Major Seymour to proceed without a moment's delay to Trinidad, and assume the command of the regiment. It might well have been expected that the visit of this fearful epidemic would have proved a severe trial to the discipline of the 1—th; for it requires a higher courage to meet danger in this form than to face an enemy in the field; and the sight of one comrade after another carried into hospital, and of funerals following each other in rapid succession, is too apt to lead to despondency in some minds, and to recklessness in others.

The 1—th had, indeed, thanks to its admirable discipline, stood the trial as well as any regiment could have done; but it required the example of both officers and non-commissioned officers to keep up the men's spirits, and to prevent any feeling of panic *from spreading* among them. Up to the *time of his own seizure*, Colonel Raymond





had been unremitting in his attention to his duties, and had adopted every precaution in his power to check the progress of the disease. On the first outbreak of the fever, he had, with the concurrence of the principal medical officer, moved the men out of barracks, and encamped them on a rising ground open to the fresh breezes from the sea; and he had been constant in his visits to the hospital, where his kind and cheerful manner had done much to encourage all around him. The attention of the medical officers was also beyond all praise; and, notwithstanding the heavy and trying duties that the hospital orderlies had to perform, there was no difficulty in finding any number of volunteers to undertake them. The gentleness with which these men nursed their sick comrades was very striking, and such as could hardly have been expected from men whose hands were more accustomed to handle a firelock than to smooth a sick man's pillow. These were, indeed, times and scenes to call forth the feelings of our better nature; and it is to be hoped that upon some few at least the lessons which they were calculated to teach were not thrown away.

Where all, with scarcely an exception, behaved with courage and with kindness, it would be difficult to make distinctions; yet to a careful observer there was a marked *difference between the blind carelessness of*

danger which most of the men displayed, and the calm self-devotion of the few who had long been trying to live a Christian life. To them the thought of death was far more fearful than to those who never allowed their minds to dwell upon the subject; but it had been their daily endeavour to live in an habitual preparation for it; and now in the hour of danger they felt that support and confidence which a sense of reconciliation with our God alone can give when death looks us in the face. The scenes which they now witnessed showed them more clearly than ever the madness of trusting to a death-bed repentance; for in many cases a very few hours, and those passed in a state of delirium, were all that was allowed between perfect health and the silence of the grave; while those who recovered were unconscious of the danger in which they had been, until that danger was past.

Reynolds had received detailed accounts of all these sad scenes from Serjeant Dixon, who had had the best opportunity of witnessing them. For several weeks the school had been necessarily closed on account of the fever; and he had offered his services to assist the hospital serjeant, who was quite unequal to the increased duties which had so suddenly devolved upon him. Serjeant *Dixon's* part, indeed, was to do all the pen and ink work, so as to allow the hospital

serjeant to devote himself entirely to the care of the sick ; but he cheerfully took his share in keeping watch at night, so as to allow Serjeant Williams to obtain some necessary rest.

At the end of a few weeks the fever began to abate, and to assume a milder form ; and before the time fixed for the relief of the regiment, the epidemic had entirely ceased, and the troops had been moved back into their barracks. Soon after this orders were received to assemble the regiment at Barbados, preparatory to their embarking for North America ; and by the middle of April the 1—th was once more established in its old quarters at St. Ann's, awaiting the arrival of the same regiment of Highlanders which had relieved them at Gibraltar two years before, and which would in all probability again relieve them at Halifax, when their term of foreign service had expired.

Within a few days after the arrival of the 1—th at Barbados, they were inspected by the General ; and, though their ranks were somewhat thinner, and many a poor fellow still bore traces of recent illness, the appearance of the regiment was as soldierlike as when it had first mustered on the savannah on its arrival in the command two years before. General Maitland, who had held the West India command for several years, was *very much struck* with the high order of the

1—th, especially after all that they had suffered in Trinidad, and expressed his admiration of the regiment in the most gratifying terms. "I do not flatter you, 1—th," he said, "when I tell you that I never yet had a regiment under my command, whose conduct was more admirable, or whose appearance was more soldier-like. I only wish," he added, "that your gallant Colonel were here to see you; but I trust that he will soon be at your head again, quite recovered from his illness."

At Major Seymour's request, such of the men as had been most pulled down by sickness were sent to the Telegraph station at Gun Hill, a particularly healthy spot a few miles from St. Ann's, where they gradually regained their strength; but they had not time allowed them to complete their recovery, for before the close of the month their long-expected relief arrived, and early in May the 1—th were once more on board ship, running day by day into a cooler and more bracing climate.

The change of temperature was indeed too rapid to be altogether agreeable; and the light clothing of the tropics was gladly thrown aside for great-coats and pea-jackets, especially when the thick cold fogs from the banks of Newfoundland took the place of the clear blue sky and hot sun, to which they *had* now been so long accustomed. It was

also the season when large masses of ice begin to detach themselves from the great Frozen Sea, and are carried by the current towards the south and west, till they gradually melt away in warmer latitudes. Frequently an increased chilliness in the wind gave notice of the vicinity of these icebergs, and a careful look-out had to be kept lest the vessel should run foul of them. The most dangerous are those which scarcely raise their heads above the water; but at times they are more than a hundred feet high, and so extensive that they may well be mistaken at a distance for islands, at least by simple landsmen.

It is related, that, not many years ago, the Governor of one of our North American colonies, himself a Scotchman, sent to his native country for a flock of Highland sheep, which he thought would thrive in the severe climate of New Brunswick; and they were accordingly shipped on board a merchant vessel, under the charge of a Highland shepherd. While crossing the Banks an unusually large iceberg was descried in the distance, when the mischievous idea occurred to some one on board of making Donald believe that this was the land to which he was bound. In the simplicity of his heart, unsuspecting of any hoax, and accustomed to see the mountains of his native land clothed *at times in snow*, Donald went below, opened

his chest, and in a short time returned on deck, equipped with kilt and plaid, ready to land, and gazing upon the huge white mass before him in the vain attempt to discover any signs of pasturage.

If the change of temperature was so much felt by the 1—th, even in the month of May, how trying must it be to the poor sailors employed throughout the winter in the trade between Halifax and the West Indies ! Often may their little vessels be seen coming into Halifax harbour, with their bows thickly encrusted with ice, and their sails and rigging so stiffened by the frost as to be almost unmanageable, while perhaps a week before they had been glad to spread their awnings to screen them from a scorching sun. They must indeed be a hardy race who can stand such extremes of climate as these !

It was a beautiful day when the 1—th entered Halifax harbour ; and, though the rocky shores of Nova Scotia, partially cleared, but for the most part clothed with stunted pines, would not bear comparison with the scenery of the West Indies, yet the sight of land was cheering, and there was something English-looking about the trees and houses, which reminded many of their homes. Favoured by a fair wind, the vessel soon passed York Redoubt, and, as she neared the town all eyes were busily employed in reconnoitring the citadel, and the long ranges of

barracks which occupy a conspicuous position on the crest of the hill. Scarcely was the anchor dropped when a boat came alongside with the Quarter-Master General, and beside him sat Colonel Raymond, looking quite strong and well. A hearty cheer from the whole regiment greeted their commanding officer, who was evidently much affected by this fresh token of the esteem in which he was held by those under his command. As soon as he came on deck, all his officers pressed forward to shake his hand; and the old officer looked round upon the men, who had crowded towards the gangway, with a look which told as plain as words how sincerely rejoiced he was to see his regiment again. Colonel Raymond's countenance lighted up with pleasure when Major Seymour reported to him how admirable their conduct had been since he had been obliged to leave them; and the only drawback to his satisfaction was, that he missed, both among the officers and men, several well-known faces.

Colonel Raymond was accompanied by Captain Wilson, who had been Adjutant of the dépôt at Plymouth, but who had recently been promoted, and had arrived at Halifax only a few days before, in charge of a large draft, sent out to replace the losses of the service companies in the West Indies. When, *therefore*, the regiment landed, they found a

great many old comrades waiting to greet them on the quay. Foremost among them was Pat Delany, who, in his impatience to see Serjeant Reynolds, and to wish him joy of his promotion, forgot all bounds. The warm-hearted Irishman elbowed his way through the crowd, nearly pushing sundry young recruits over the wharf into the sea, and almost wrung Reynolds's hand off, as he grasped it with the power of a vice between his own. Reynolds was truly glad to see poor Pat again, and casting his eye down at his sleeve, said, "And I have also something to wish *you* joy of, Delany."

"Indeed you have, Serjeant," answered Pat, "and it's you that I have to thank for it entirely. There's not many in my old regiment," he added with a smile, "that would believe it, if they heard that Pat Delany had a good-conduct stripe."

Reynolds had not been at all prepared to meet Delany, for it is not usual to send out so old a soldier with a draft; but the demand for men had been so great in consequence of the mortality at Trinidad, that there had not been young soldiers enough to send out, and Delany had gladly volunteered to join the service companies. His first and earnest request was, that Reynolds would try and get him posted to the company of which he *was* pay-serjeant; and this there was happily *no difficulty* in effecting, particularly as

Captain Wilson, who had known Delany well for the last two years, had succeeded Major Seymour in the command of No. 4.

But another and far greater surprise awaited Serjeant Reynolds; for scarcely had he exchanged his first greetings with Delany, when his eye fell upon a young boy in uniform standing behind him, whom he at once recognised as his nephew Harry. The boy seemed to shrink back when he met his uncle's eye, as if fearing his displeasure; but before Reynolds had recovered sufficiently from his surprise to be able to speak, Delany good-naturedly came to the poor boy's assistance.

"Ah, serjeant," said he, "the lad could not get the 1—th out of his young head since the merry days he spent with us at Plymouth; and so the long and short of it is, that he got his father's leave to enlist; and the major, when he saw how the poor boy had set his heart upon being a soldier, took him for your sake."

"I trust, Harry," said his uncle, quickly, "that Delany is not mistaken in saying that you had your father's leave to enlist?"

"Oh no, uncle," answered the boy, eagerly; "father did, indeed, give his consent, and brought me himself to Plymouth to Major Stevens. I wouldn't have run away from home, uncle," he added, "for all the world; indeed I wouldn't."

"Well then, Harry," said his uncle, taking

his hand, "since the step is taken, I have only to do the best I can, that you may not have cause to repent it. But how comes it," he added, "that I should not have heard a word of this from your father and mother?"

"Father wrote to you," answered Harry, "as soon as he could; but he thought that you would have left the West Indies before his letter could reach you, so he sent it to Halifax."

I need scarcely say how much anxiety the thought of his young nephew gave Serjeant Reynolds. Though he had not been in any way instrumental in inducing the boy to enlist, but, on the contrary, had done all in his power to repress his inclination to become a soldier, he could not forget that it was the visit to Plymouth which had first put the wish into the lad's head. But whether he had, or had not, been in any degree the cause of young Harry's enlistment, made no difference in the responsibility which he now felt rested upon him to watch over the boy's conduct,—a responsibility not only towards his brother, but towards God. It was, indeed, he knew, his duty to watch over the conduct of every young soldier over whom his position gave him authority, but his relationship to young Harry made it in his case doubly a duty.

Reynolds, as we are aware, had not himself enlisted until he was nineteen; and therefore he did not know by his own experience all

the dangers to which a young boy of Harry's age would be exposed ; but he had often remarked, with sorrow, that not only in the 1—th, but still more in other regiments that he had known, some of the most worthless characters had enlisted as boys. It was but too natural that it should be so, for at the very age at which they most need advice and control, they not only find themselves their own masters—for the checks of discipline do not reach their *moral conduct*—but they are thrown among elder boys and grown up men, whose vices they are tempted to imitate. He had, as we have said, often remarked this with sorrow ; for it is, indeed, a sad sight to see a manly open-hearted boy gradually losing all sense of shame, and, while young in years, becoming old in sin.

Harry Reynolds, it is true, had had advantages such as but few boys who are to be found in our service have been blessed with. Not only had his parents carefully trained him to religious habits at home, but ever since he could remember anything, he had attended the village school at Earlsford, where religion had never been made to him a wearisome task. He had learnt to look up to his teachers with love as well as reverence, and to find delight in their instruction. The secret of this was, that this instruction was given from the heart. A child, even a *very young child*, soon finds out whether its

teacher is teaching as a task, or whether he *feels* the truth of the words he speaks ; and the consequence in young Harry's case was, that religion had made a deeper impression upon his mind than is usual at so early an age. Still, notwithstanding these advantages, his uncle could not help feeling very anxious about him.

Harry was of course too young to bear arms as a soldier, and had been enlisted by special authority as a boy to be trained as a musician. He was therefore handed over at once to the serjeant of the band, and was by this means entirely removed from his uncle's care. Reynolds had learnt with pleasure, that from the day of the boy's joining the *dépôt*, up to the arrival of the service companies at Halifax, Delany had watched over him like a father, and he felt grateful to the old soldier for his kindness ; but even this protection must now cease. Indeed, Reynolds felt that it would be useless, as well as impossible, to keep a continual check upon the boy, and that he must learn to depend upon the 'good principles which had been instilled into him, and upon God's protection, which he had been taught how to seek. All that his uncle could do at the present moment was to recommend him to the care of a well-disposed young man of the band, who, from *being* in the same room, would have it in *his* power to be of service to the boy.

The band of the 1—th were, on the whole, a remarkably steady, well-behaved set of men; but Reynolds knew that a clear defaulter's sheet, or even good-conduct badges, are no proof that a man may not be a most dangerous companion. Among the boys he was aware that there were some who had acquired very bad habits, and whose language was highly objectionable. Not that there was much fear of Harry's imitating them in this respect, for his well-principled mind was shocked at such open profligacy, and it pained him to hear subjects which he had always heard treated with reverence, so lightly spoken of; but familiarity with vice is always dangerous, especially to the young; and though he shrank from what he knew to be positively sinful, he had not always the courage to avoid the society of his companions, even when his conscience told him that he was wrong in joining them. Doubtless the poor boy often wished himself back in his father's cottage at Earlsford.

Reynolds learnt from Harry that his grandfather was failing fast, and that he was now seldom able to quit the house, except when the day was very bright and warm. He had been very anxious about his son's safety while the regiment was in the West Indies, especially when he heard that the yellow fever had broken out in the 1—th, and, being *unable to read*, and therefore left very much

to his own thoughts, his anxiety had preyed upon his health in spite of all his endeavours to still it by the reflection that, wherever he might be, William was under the protection of the same Providence. Reynolds had never missed writing to him by a single packet; and his letters had been the old man's greatest earthly comfort. He used to count the days, and almost the hours, that it wanted to the arrival of the West India mail; and Harry, or one of his brothers, had always been sent to the village post-office on the very earliest day that the letters could possibly arrive.

Harry further informed his uncle that a few days before his leaving home old Hunter had died in the Union Workhouse. Reynolds had heard long before this, but we forgot to mention it at the time, that the old man had been greatly softened of late towards his son. His trials had had the blessed effect of humbling him; and he had begun to perceive how much he himself was to blame for all that had happened. He was very desirous to see his son again before he died; but it was otherwise ordered. Reynolds was truly sorry to hear of the old man's death, for he knew how anxiously poor Hunter was looking forward to obtaining his forgiveness for all the anxiety that he had occasioned him; and he could picture to himself his comrade's disappointment and regret on arriving at *Earlsford* to find that he was just too late.

Halifax has always been a very favourite station with our army, and deservedly so. The climate, though considerably colder than that of England, is pleasant and healthy; the duty is not severe; and there are more means of amusement than a garrison town usually affords. In summer the cricket-ground was in constant requisition; or, for those who preferred it, there were a variety of country walks, some along the sea-shore, others leading into the woods, where a string of trout might sometimes be brought home out of some of the small lakes, or little streams, with which the neighbourhood of Halifax abounds. The winter had also its amusements, though of a very different kind; and when the frost was hard enough to freeze over the harbour, or the north-west arm, it was a pretty sight to see hundreds of skaters skimming along in every direction. There was generally a fair sprinkling of red jackets among them, some of whom were able to teach the Blue-noses—as the Nova Scotians call themselves—a lesson.

But the chief advantage which Halifax possessed, in Reynolds's estimation, over any quarter in which he had yet been stationed, was its garrison chapel, where the services for the troops were conducted with exemplary propriety. The chapel had been built a few years back by the Ordnance Department, and stood in a field immediately ad-

joining the north barracks, so that there was seldom a day, even in the long and stormy winter of Nova Scotia, when the troops were prevented by the weather from attending divine service. It is a spacious building, large enough to contain the whole garrison; and the congregation being exclusively military, the chaplain, who, by long experience, was well acquainted with the peculiar temptations of a soldier's life, was able to adapt his sermons to the understanding and wants of his hearers. Bibles, which had been provided by the Naval and Military Bible Society, were placed before every bench, so that all who would could follow the lessons of the day; and no means were neglected which might, under God's blessing, fix the thoughts of the congregation upon the solemn purpose for which they were assembled in God's house, and lead them to lift up their hearts to Him in united and acceptable worship.

On the first Sunday in every month the Holy Communion was administered in the garrison chapel; and though it was sad to see how few availed themselves of the opportunity compared with the numbers who month after month neglected it, yet even the most careless were, at least, reminded of their duty from time to time by an earnest *exhortation* to come to the Lord's table; and *we may hope* that many consciences were

touched by an appeal to which they had long been strangers.

Every Sunday morning, an hour before the commencement of the service, the schools of the several regiments assembled in the garrison chapel, and also the boys of the bands and drums, who were divided into classes according to their proficiency in reading, and received religious instruction from such officers of the garrison as felt it at once a duty and a privilege to assist, to the utmost of their power, the zealous exertions of the garrison chaplain. To the younger boys, and especially to such as had, like Harry Reynolds, been accustomed from their childhood to attend the Sunday-school of their parish, this came easy enough ; but to the elder ones there is no denying that it was a trial. Accustomed to the same degree of liberty in almost every respect as the men, some of them felt annoyed and ashamed at having to attend the Sunday-school along with the children, especially when any of their comrades laughed at them for it ; but there were others among them who seemed really glad to receive instruction in that Book, from which the oldest and wisest have always much to learn, though its precepts are so plain that the youngest and simplest may understand them if they hear or read aright.

There was a further reason why some of

these boys felt ashamed to attend the Sunday-school, and this was their sense of their own ignorance. In some this was owing to their early education having been neglected; in others, to their having allowed themselves to forget all that they had been taught. It was mortifying to them to find that even the youngest of the school-children could read more fluently than they could, and were better acquainted with their Bible; though this very circumstance ought to have made them the more anxious to redeem the precious time that they had already wasted. Everything, indeed, was done to encourage them, for they were taught with untiring patience and kindness, and their backwardness, so far from being made a subject of reproach to them, seemed only to incite their teachers to take greater pains with them. As a further encouragement, they needed only to look at a few old soldiers, who were not ashamed to begin, like children, from the very alphabet; but these men had already learnt, by hearing, the value of God's written word, and thought no trouble or sacrifice too great to enable them to read it for themselves.

The bands of the different regiments took it by turns to perform in the garrison chapel. The 1—th had been accustomed to sacred music at Gibraltar, where there was no organ in the cathedral; and they had made a large collection of those fine old chants and

psalm-tunes which are so much more solemn and devotional than the generality of modern church music. Indeed, all that was wanting to make the services in the garrison chapel quite what one would have wished them to be, was, that more voices should be heard joining in the responses, and more knees seen bent in prayer.

But the garrison chaplain did not limit his exertions to the services of his church, and to his visits to the hospital and school. On Sunday evenings, at five o'clock, be the weather what it might, he and some kind friends, several of whom had no connexion with the army, used to assemble in a large room at the hospital, where they were met by such among the non-commissioned officers and soldiers as were desirous of religious instruction. Serjeants Reynolds and Simmons, and, of course, the schoolmaster-serjeant, were regular attendants; and the chaplain remarked, with heartfelt satisfaction, the large and increasing number of scholars from the 1—th. The example of a few sincere and consistent Christians is sure, with God's blessing, to exercise an influence for good among those who witness it, and, like leaven, to which Christianity is compared in the Holy Scriptures, it spreads silently, but surely, throughout the mass in which it was at first hidden.

Perhaps among my readers there may be

some few who have taken a part in this religious instruction, and who look back to them with pleasure as hours happily and profitably spent. The writer of these pages will never forget how the countenance of a young corporal, then dying of consumption in an English hospital, lighted up as he spoke of "those happy hours at Halifax," the remembrance of which could in that trying hour give a comfort and a joy which nothing earthly could have given. Would to God that more, far more, of our soldiers could be induced to make the trial for themselves, whether the ways of religion be not, indeed, as the word of God tells us they are, "ways of pleasantness and peace!"

After the school was over, most of the scholars were in the habit of going down to the parish church, whose bells were always ringing for evening service as they left the hospital. Sometimes soldiers, especially when their attention has been called only late in life to the importance of religion, and they have, perhaps, been suddenly arrested, by God's mercy, in a career of open profligacy, are tempted to leave their own church, and to attend the more exciting services of dissenting chapels; which is very much to be regretted. Not to speak of the undeniable claims that our Church has upon the obedience of her children, the calm, but deeply *devotional* tone of our beautiful liturgy is

far more calculated to promote a spirit of humble and practical piety, than the wild and often most unscriptural doctrines which may be heard in many of these meeting-houses.

The example of the United States, where countless and increasing sects are to be found, many of which retain little of Christianity save the name—and even this some have cast off—has caused an unusually large amount of dissent to spring up in our North American colonies, some varieties of which have not as yet found their way to the mother country. This restlessness is one of the characteristic features of our times, and has been clearly foretold by St. Paul, who says: “for the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth.” *

In the autumn it came to the turn of the 1—th to furnish the detachments; and Captain Wilson’s company was ordered to Prince Edward’s Island. They were to march across the province as far as Pictou, and then to be carried over in a steamer to the island. Nothing could be more agreeable than their march, which lasted eight days, during the whole of which time the weather was beau-

* 2 Tim. iv. 3, 4.

tiful. The mornings and evenings had already a touch of frost in them, which soon disappeared when the sun shone forth; and there was something invigorating and cheering in the air which is peculiar to the autumn in North America. The forests had already begun to put on their autumnal tints, of the richness of which those who have never seen them can scarcely form an idea. Some description of trees still retained the fresh green of summer, while the leaves of others had turned to a bright yellow; and those of the scarlet maple, as its name indicates, had changed to a brilliant red. Add to this, the sombre foliage of the numerous varieties of fir, and some faint notion may be formed of the colouring of Nova Scotian forest-scenery at this season.

Pat Delany wished very much to have gone along with his company; but he had been appointed to a similar situation to that which he had held at Plymouth—that of permanent orderly at the brigade office; and it would not have been right for him to give it up. All that he could do was, to obtain leave to accompany the detachment on its first march. Besides his own wish to see the last of his company, it had occurred to him that young Harry would enjoy the expedition, and that Colonel Raymond would *not like* to let the boy go so far without *some one to take charge of him*. I need scarcely

say that he was not mistaken in thinking that Harry would like to go with him. In truth the poor boy was quite downhearted at the thought of his uncle's going away for a whole year; not only because he really loved him, but because he did not find himself very comfortable among his companions, and often felt that he wanted some friend to advise him in his little difficulties, which his kind uncle had always been ready to do. It was some little consolation to him that Delany was not going too, for, despite their difference of age, the old soldier and the band-boy took a mutual pleasure in each other's company; and Delany's kind heart enabled him to enter into the distresses of his young friend, while his good sense and right feeling made him a safe counsellor.

The detachment began its march at a very early hour, and crossed the harbour in the first trip of the steam ferry. Their road led along the margin of a chain of lakes, on the bank of which stands the inn which was to be their halting-place for the night. It would have been impossible, in the small and scattered settlements of this thinly-peopled province, to have found billets for any considerable number of men; but adjoining the inn stood a large wooden barn, well stored with sweet upland hay, which promised as comfortable a night's rest as any man could have *desired*, especially after a seventeen miles

march. As for provisions, there was an abundance of fowls and bacon, and new-laid eggs, besides vegetables; and the lake afforded a plentiful supply of trout; so that altogether their first dinner in "the backwoods" was quite luxurious, and gave a favourable idea of a settler's life. After they had finished their meal, the greater part of the detachment might be seen scattered in groups, and lying on the soft grass near the margin of the lake; while a few who had brought their fishing-tackle with them, and had helped themselves to rods from the neighbouring wood, were standing or sitting on the projecting rocks, angling for trout.

On a low point of land, not many hundred yards from the inn, stood a group of Indian wigwams, tenanted by a few families of the once powerful tribe of "Mic Macs." Immediately below their small encampment a row of light birch-bark canoes, which some of the Indians were engaged in repairing, were drawn up upon the beach. In these frail vessels they transport their families, their dwellings, and all they possess, from one hunting or fishing-ground to another, carrying them on their heads across the "portages," or necks of land, which separate one chain of lakes from another. The inmates of the wigwams had been roused from their usual apathy and indolence by the unwonted sight of so many red-coats, and were trying

to find a market among them for their baskets and other little articles of manufacture, while the children were wandering from group to group, begging for a halfpenny.

They are a singular and interesting race, similar in many respects to those whom we have already described as inhabiting the forests of South America, but a degree less indolent, owing probably to the more bracing climate in which they live, and to the necessity for greater exertion to obtain even their simple means of subsistence. The sagacity and acuteness which these Indians show in tracking their game are very remarkable, and resemble instinct rather than reason. The unerring correctness with which they guide their steps through the pathless forest, aided only by the stars and by certain indications which experience has taught them, appears marvellous to a European. But here their situation is very different from that of their kindred race in South America. The latter still enjoy the range of boundless tracts of forest, which no European foot has ever trod, and where there is no prospect of their ever being disturbed; for the climate is their ally against the white man. In North America, on the other hand, the axe of the backwoodsman is daily encroaching upon their hunting grounds, and there would appear to be no other choice left them but to adopt the *customs of the white man*, or to starve. How

repugnant the former alternative would be to them is well known to all who have ever lived among the wandering tribes of either the East or West, or have listened to the tone of unutterable contempt with which the Arab of the desert speaks of the "dwellers in houses." The nearest approach to civilized life which they have been induced to make was to be seen a few years ago in Nova Scotia, where some of these Indians so far conquered their prejudices as to cultivate a considerable extent of ground; but though they did this, and even built barns for their produce, these copper-coloured farmers still continued to wear their blanket dress and moccassins, and to inhabit their wigwams, which they pitched on the skirts of the yet unreclaimed forest.

As an instance of the extraordinary acuteness of these untutored savages, I may mention that about five-and-twenty years ago a chieftain of the tribe sat down to play at drafts with an old Scotch captain of the Rifle Brigade, then quartered at Annapolis, who particularly prided himself upon his skill at that game; and if I remember right, the Mic Mac chief did not allow his white antagonist to win one single game. I will only add, with regard to these original inhabitants of America, that as yet but little *has been done* among them by our missionaries, owing probably, in a great measure,

to their wandering habits and to the difficulty of learning their language. Independently, however, of its vast importance to their eternal interests, Christianity would appear to be the only means by which we can hope to civilize them, and so to save them from gradual but certain extinction.

In the interior of Nova Scotia, as might be expected from its name of "New Scotland," there are to be found a considerable number of colonists of Scottish extraction, from whom our detachment received a kindly welcome. Though one of the earliest settled of our colonies, Nova Scotia has not made the rapid advance that most of our more recent colonial possessions have made, which is mainly owing to the somewhat ungrateful nature of its soil, from which even Scottish industry and frugality have been able to extract little more than a meagre subsistence. In those days our emigrants were far less numerous and enterprising than they have since become; and the fertility of the rich alluvial soil to be found in the heart of the forest had not been able to induce them to encounter the hardships and toil attending the clearing of those lands. The poor and shallow soil of the more thinly wooded parts of the province had offered less obstacles at the outset, but the return had of course been proportionably small.

Among these colonists they occasionally

met with an old soldier; but these were few and far between, and I fear that the records of our military settlements would offer a saddening page of disappointment and misery.

Shortly after the close of the war a measure was adopted by our Government, with a view to promote the welfare of our old soldiers, but which unhappily led to the ruin of numbers. In order to enable them to colonize and to clear and stock the small grant of land which was allotted to them, they were permitted to commute their pensions for a considerable sum of money paid down. Need I tell my readers the inevitable result of this well-meant, but most ill-judged measure? Men of improvident, perhaps of intemperate habits, accustomed to live from hand to mouth, suddenly found themselves in possession of large sums of money, which appeared to them inexhaustible, whereas nothing but the greatest industry and prudence could have enabled them so to employ their little capital, as to put themselves in the way of earning a livelihood for themselves and their families. The result of the measure may be told in a few words:—intemperance, sickness, ruined hopes, broken hearts, and an early grave in the half-cleared settlement.

There is an air of neglect and of loneliness *about* the dwelling of an improvident and *unsuccessful* colonist, which it gives one a

chill to look at. His log hut is of the rudest construction, and does little more than afford a shelter from the weather; his wife and children are slatternly and barefooted; the small patch of land immediately adjoining his hut is but partially cleared; and a stunted half-starved cow, with perhaps a few pigs and chickens, seem to constitute the whole stocking of his farm. On the other hand, the homestead of the provident and successful colonist offers a very different picture, with its garden and little orchard, its neatly kept fences, its substantial shingled house, and its spacious barns. But these contrasts are not peculiar to the backwoods of America; they may be seen in every village at home; showing that it is not the country that is to blame for failure, but the colonist himself.

The detachment halted on Sunday at a small village between the towns of Truro and Pictou. I have called it a village, but it scarcely deserved the name, for it contained only an inn, and a few log-houses clustered round it. It was, however, the centre of a large and tolerably thriving settlement, and, owing to its central situation, the church had been erected there. It is a pleasant sight to see the neat little wooden churches of our colonies standing, as it were, in the heart of the forest, with the school-house adjoining. *It makes one hope that the settlers value*

and love the Church of their fathers. In the present instance they had indeed given substantial proof that they did so, by the efforts which they had made out of their very limited means to erect the house of God; and they gave a further proof by the numbers that assembled within its walls for worship. Adjoining the church stood a long open shed, which had been built for the purpose of sheltering the horses of such as had to ride or drive many miles; which was the case with a large proportion of the congregation, the parishes in this thinly-settled country being necessarily very extensive. It is too often the case with us that we do not value the blessings with which we are surrounded, until they are withdrawn from us; and it is likely enough that some of those who now gladly rode many miles to attend their church, often neglected its services when they were brought home to their very doors in the old country.

There were few among the detachment who were not sorry when the march was ended, for it was a pleasant change after the routine of garrison duty. There was scarcely a foot-sore man among them, although some of the marches were longer than it is usual for troops to make, owing to there being no settlement at a convenient distance. It was very different work from tramping along a hard *dusty* turnpike road at home; for here there *was* generally a broad belt of turf by the side

of the road, which was cool and refreshing to the feet, while at the foot of almost every hill ran a clear sparkling stream crossed by a rudely constructed bridge of unsquared logs. Excepting in the clearings, the road was generally bordered by tall maple or hemlock-trees, whose branches at times almost met above their heads, and kept off the rays of the sun.

On one occasion the march of the detachment was nearly impeded by the forest being on fire; the fire was accidental, and arose probably from the embers of some Indian watch-fire igniting the fern or brushwood, which the long drought had rendered inflammable. For some hours before they reached the scene of the conflagration, the air had been filled with smoke; and on turning a sharp corner of the road there was an involuntary halt, for the passage seemed closed. The flames were running rapidly along the ground, and darting up the trunks of the trees, where the dry moss or creepers offered them food, and then dying away, leaving the stems and branches scorched and bare. The smoke was blinding, for, as is always the case, the fire had caused the wind to rise, and it blew right across the road; but it was only for a few hundred yards, and the party with a hurried step had soon passed through it. These fires are a serious loss to the poor settlers, often destroying all that

they have to depend upon for their winter supply of fuel, and giving an aspect of indescribable dreariness to the tracts of land over which they have swept. Not unfrequently the road leads for miles through these burnt woods, where nothing but naked and charred trunks are to be seen standing above the low brushwood; and of course these districts are doomed to remain a wilderness; for no man would think of settling on such a spot. It is sad to think how many a smiling settlement may thus have been changed into a scene of desolation in a single night.

The sight of soldiers along this road was of yearly recurrence, when the relief of the Prince Edward's Island detachment took place; and by such of the settlers as had themselves been in the service it was looked forward to with pleasure, as giving them an opportunity of talking over old times. Reynolds took an interest in conversing with such of the older colonists as he chanced to fall in with, and in listening to their early history, which had often been a very eventful one. Not unfrequently he found that the man whose sole occupation now was to cultivate the small plot of ground which he had, with the sweat of his brow, reclaimed from the forest, had spent the best years of his life as a mechanic in one of our large manufacturing towns; or, perhaps, had received a superior education, and was no

indifferent scholar. What a change, from the close and crowded streets of Leeds or Sheffield, to the backwoods of America, with scarcely a neighbour within hail! and what a change, also, of wants, and thoughts, and habits!

If Reynolds had needed any additional proof that God has made our happiness to depend more upon the state of our own minds than upon our outward circumstances, he would have found it here; for many who had quitted the mother-country, dissatisfied with their condition there, now regretted having ever left it, and, instead of making the best of their present situation, which after all had many advantages, did nothing but murmur at their lot. But there were others whom it was at once pleasant and instructive to converse with. They had left their early homes in the hope of providing for their children, and for their sakes they had cheerfully submitted to much hardship and privation, for which they were now amply rewarded by seeing them comfortably and respectably settled near them, instead of having to struggle, as would probably have been the case at home, for subsistence, exposed to many temptations from which their present simple life was free.

Reynolds felt that such a life had indeed many attractions; and if he had still had his *way to make* in the world, he might, perhaps.

have been tempted to become a settler. Doubtless he would have made a good one; for the same qualities which made him a valuable non-commissioned officer, would have made him a useful member of society in any situation in life. But he had deliberately chosen his lot; and, though at times his mind would involuntarily draw a contrast between a barrack-life and a happy "home" of his own, he never allowed any such thoughts to unsettle him in the performance of his duties. He ventured, indeed, to hope, should it please God to spare his life so long, that, when his time of service was up, such a home as his friend Lovell's might be his; and in the meanwhile he felt a comfort in knowing that the disposal of the future was in wiser hands than his own.

We have been a long time in conducting our detachment to their journey's end; but in these days of emigration, we have most of us relations or friends settled in some one of our numerous colonies, and therefore I will make no excuse for having given some description of a settler's life. The number of my page, however, warns me that I have reached the limit of my little volume, and therefore I will leave Sergeant Reynolds at Prince Edward's Island, with the hope, at some future time, of following his further *fortunes*.



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TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART V.

DETACHMENT.

OLD FRIENDS.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
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TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART V.

No. I.—DETACHMENT.

MY readers may, perhaps, remember, that at the close of our last volume we had conducted Captain Wilson's company, to which our friend Reynolds belonged, as far as Prince Edward's Island. There, according to the usual tour of duty, they expected to remain for a twelvemonth, and then to return to Halifax, where the regiment would probably be reassembled for a few months, preparatory to their embarking for England.

The detachment was stationed at Charlottetown, the capital of the island, which stands on the western shore of a deep and narrow bay, that almost cuts the island in two. Although it is the seat of government,—for *Prince Edward's Island* has a governor of its

lives aloof, and never intermarry with the axon race. There are also a few families of Indians, belonging to the same tribe as those of Nova Scotia, who earn a scanty subsistence by fishing and basket-making; for they have here no field for the usual occupation of their race, there being neither moose or cariboo, nor, I believe, any kind of deer to be found on the island.

The barracks of the detachment consisted of a long range of wooden buildings, one story high, standing in a sort of rude fort, surrounded by a palisade, and enclosing a battery of several guns, which commands the approach to Charlotte-town by sea. These barracks are immediately adjoining the town, and a row of taverns of the lowest description, such as unhappily always spring up around a barrack, and directly opposite the gate.

Reynolds could have made himself perfectly happy at Prince Edward's Island, had it not been for one most serious drawback. Notwithstanding all Captain Wilson's exertions—and he was an excellent officer—desertion, crime almost unknown in the 1—th, became not unfrequent, and before the detachment had been a month at Charlotte-town, no less than three men had quitted their colours.

It is, indeed, heartbreaking to an officer, who takes a real interest in his men, to see them utterly disregarding the solemn oaths which they took at their enlistment, and

deserting to the extent which has become so prevalent of late years in our North American provinces; and this not confined to worthless soldiers, but including many whom hitherto he had looked upon as his best men. Amid all his disappointment, Captain Wilson had, however, one comfort. He felt that nothing had been omitted on his part that could make his men happy and comfortable. Every indulgence compatible with discipline—and, therefore, with the soldier's real good—was granted to them, and, as far as lay in his power, their amusement had been promoted and encouraged.

The worst of it was, that it shook his confidence even in the best behaved of his detachment, for he knew that desertion was not viewed in that serious light in which it deserves to be looked upon, and that men in whose obedience, sobriety, and honesty he would, under ordinary circumstances, have placed implicit confidence, *might* not be proof against *this* temptation. Indeed it was only upon those—and they unhappily were but a very few—whose conduct had proved that their actions were regulated by a higher standard than that which prevailed around them, and who felt that desertion was a *sin* as well as a crime, that he could confidently reckon.

The temptations are, indeed, strong, for many of the country people make a practice of decoying soldiers away with the view of

securing their labour upon their farms at a lower rate than they could otherwise obtain it. To gain their end they ply them with liquor, and not unfrequently men are induced to desert while in a state of intoxication, who would not have yielded to their persuasions, had they been masters of themselves. When they come to their senses again, they find themselves, perhaps, many miles away from their barracks, and then the fear of consequences deters them from returning.

Many British officers, while travelling in the United States, have met with deserters from our army, who, but for the dread of punishment, would gladly have returned to their regiment. In most instances, they find that the hopes which led them to desert have proved delusive, and that to gain a livelihood in America, as well as in the old country, industry and steadiness are indispensable qualities. Sometimes they are driven by want to enlist into the American service, but I am much mistaken if those who have tried both will not, one and all, acknowledge that it would have been far better for them to have remained in the service of their queen.

But even supposing a deserter to have thriven in the world, I should very much doubt his being a *happy* man. It is a well-known, and a well-tried proverb, that "ill-gotten wealth never prospers," and surely, *when wealth is acquired by means of desertion,*

it is not one whit less ill-gotten than if it had been obtained by theft. To say nothing of the reproaches of conscience, which sooner or later will overtake those who act contrary to its warnings, the deserter can never know that honest satisfaction and pride which the discharged soldier feels when, after having served his queen and country well, he settles down upon his well-earned grant of land, and by the labour of his hands acquires a comfortable independence.

Reynolds lost no opportunity of warning such of the men as he thought disposed to listen to the persuasions of the country people against their dangerous advice, and pointed out to them as strongly as he could the guilt and folly of desertion. This he did with so much kindness, and with such an evident interest in their welfare, that even where his counsel was unheeded, it was at least not ill-received. He took care not to let those to whom he spoke suppose that he suspected them in particular of any such intention, but merely expressed his fears lest any of the young soldiers might be misled by the plausible stories of these scoundrels.

There were two brothers of the name of O'Brien—Patrick, and Terence—in Captain Wilson's company, of whose intentions to desert Reynolds entertained strong suspicions. He had known them from the time that they had joined the 1—th in Ireland during the

famine-year. The circumstances under which they had enlisted had first awakened misgivings in his mind, and several things that he had since observed had strengthened his suspicions. He well remembered the day when Patrick O'Brien came to the barrack-gate at Newry, ragged and half-starved, to offer himself as a recruit. The poor fellow was greatly emaciated, but neither this, nor his rags, could conceal a well-made muscular frame, and as the regiment was at the time considerably below its establishment, he was accepted without hesitation.

O'Brien was evidently older than he admitted; doubtless he was put up to this by an old soldier, who was on the look out for a catch, and who offered to take him before the commanding officer; and judging from the early age at which the peasantry of Ireland are in the habit of marrying, it was not unlikely that he had paid as little attention to truth in his answer to the other question put to him at his attestation: "Are you single?" Indeed it was said that a poor woman, with two young children at her back, had been seen to part from him at the foot of the street that led to the barrack; but whether this were true or not, it was clear that nothing but absolute starvation had driven the poor creature to enlist.

To do him justice, his conduct from the *very first* was exemplary; his willingness in

learning his drill was equal to his awkwardness,—which is saying a great deal,—and in the barrack-room he was good-humoured and obedient. With that self-denial which his countrymen possess in an extraordinary degree, whenever they have a motive sufficiently powerful to overcome their taste for whisky, he was never seen to enter a public-house, and it was clear that he was saving his money for some purpose or other. Every day, as soon as ever the afternoon recruit-drill was over, he was seen to leave the barracks, and to hurry towards a distant suburb of the town, where none but the very poorest class were in the habit of lodging.

It is not, indeed, possible to justify the falsehood which he must have told at his attestation, but if the poor creature had, as I should think none of my readers can doubt, a wife and family dependent upon him for their morsel of bread, there is much to admire in the self-denial which he cheerfully underwent to supply their wants, and which I fear that but few Englishmen would have equalled. Those whose fortune it was to serve in Ireland during those sad years of '46 and '47, will know that this was far from being a solitary or even an unfrequent case.

Patrick O'Brien had been already a couple of months, or thereabouts, in the 1—th, when one morning he brought into the barracks a perfect fac-simile, as far as dress went, of what

he himself was when he first appeared at the gate, and introduced him as his brother. Now, the term brother has a very wide signification in Ireland, as far as my experience goes ; it *may*, indeed, mean your father's son, but it may also mean your fifth cousin, or it may mean your neighbour, or your particular friend, or lastly, it may mean the man whom you have just met in the street for the first time in your life, and who, for reasons best known to himself, is willing to adopt your name, and to declare that he comes from Bally-na-kill, or Bally-na-hinch, or any other Bally in Ireland. The object for this is the hope, that should your friend not prove an attractive recruit, "his honour, the colonel, won't, surely, be so hard-hearted as to separate two brothers who never were parted in their lives before !"

Be this as it may, Terence O'Brien, for so the new comer was called, by Patrick O'Brien at least, if by nobody else before, was approved of, enlisted, and posted to the same company as his brother. There was, indeed, little family likeness, for Pat's hair was as black as a coal, while Terence's was of a fiery red, and Pat's nose was long and straight, while Terence's was short and snubbed ; but as it little mattered to any one whether this or any other relationship existed between them, no questions were asked. The only *resemblance*, indeed, was in their habits of

life, from which I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions.

Upwards of a year had passed away, and the O'Briens began to live more like other men. The service companies had embarked for the Mediterranean, and the dépôt had crossed over to England. The brothers no longer kept themselves aloof from their comrades, as they had been in the habit of doing, nor did they always turn their backs upon a glass of whiskey. It was evident that there was no longer the same attraction outside the barracks, nor was there the same cause for strict economy. It was remarked after a while, that whenever the corporal of the drums came up from the post-office, one of the O'Briens would be sure to be on the look-out for letters, and at last one arrived, bearing a post-mark upon which showed that it came from America.

It was about this time that Sergeant Reynolds's draft was ordered out to join the service companies at Gibraltar. The O'Briens immediately volunteered for foreign service, but the draft was small, and their brothers' application was rejected. When, however, a couple of years later, a large detachment was sent to Nova Scotia to repair the losses occasioned by the yellow fever in Trinidad, their wish was gratified, and they had, my readers may, perhaps, remember, disembarked at Halifax very shortly before

arrival of the service companies from the West Indies.

The regiment was stationed at Halifax for several months before it came to their turn to furnish the detachments, and during this time the O'Briens made no attempt to desert. Reynolds, indeed, had frequently seen them in conversation with country people, which is not a very common thing with soldiers, and he had more than once met them in that part of Water-street where the small craft usually lay which carry on the coasting trade between Nova Scotia and the United States. But apparently they thought it too hazardous an undertaking to attempt to desert from Halifax, where a vigilant look-out is kept, and preferred waiting till their company was sent on detachment, knowing that it was far easier to get away from thence.

All that Reynolds could do at Charlottetown, was to keep his eye upon the men as much as was possible without awaking their suspicion of being watched. He was more than ever vigilant on market days, for the pay-sergeant of the company which the detachment had relieved had told him that desertions were more frequent on those days, as the country people who brought in their produce from the distant parts of the island were in the habit of carrying back the soldiers in their empty wagons or sledges. How long the two brothers would have waited

before making an attempt to get away, had nothing interfered to disturb their plans, I cannot pretend to say, but before they had much time to look about them, Patrick was taken ill, and admitted into hospital, where he remained for several weeks.

Two months had now passed away since the arrival of Captain Wilson's company at Charlotte-town, and the winter had set in with more than usual severity. As early as the first week in December, the bay was frozen over from shore to shore, and the ice soon was strong enough to bear heavily laden sledges, which crossed it in long strings in every direction. The loads of hay transported in this way were enormous, and from a little distance they looked like moving haystacks. There were also numerous sledges laden with frozen meat, and it was a curious sight to see layers of pigs or geese or turkeys piled one above the other. It is certainly a piece of economy to be able to kill your pigs and poultry at the setting in of the frost, and to stack them as you would your corn, instead of having to feed them through a long winter; and this is one of the causes why every kind of meat and poultry is so cheap in North America. Indeed, geese and turkeys were no uncommon sight on the mess-tables of the detachment.

Immense flights of wild geese and other birds of passage, on their way to more genial

climates, foreboded a severe winter, and before the end of December, Northumberland Strait, the broad channel which divides the island from the mainland of Nova Scotia, was entirely frozen over,—an event of rare occurrence. In winter the mail is carried across in a sort of amphibious conveyance, a boat furnished with runners, so as to travel either on the ice or in the water; for in ordinary seasons the mid-channel remains open for a breadth of several miles, but this year the mail-boat had crossed one uninterrupted sheet of ice. There were, indeed, here and there what are called air-holes, which in dark or foggy weather are very dangerous, but the hardy natives are accustomed to these dangers and skilfully avoid them.

It was Christmas Eve, and the thermometer stood nearly at zero, but the sky was grey with clouds which boded a fresh fall of snow. The ground had been white already for upwards of a month, and no such thing as a wheel-vehicle of any kind had been seen for several weeks past. In some exposed places the snow lay only to the depth of a few inches, or the ground was covered with a sheet of glare ice; but in hollows, or in places where a wall or the side of a house had stopped the drift, it had gathered to the height of several feet. It was a cheerless sight enough without-doors after the sun had *sunk into a heavy bank of cloud, but the*

interior of the little barrack was a scene of much comfort. Huge fires of blazing logs burnt upon every hearth, and threw a cheerful glow upon all around; large branches of spruce fir were tastefully arranged above the doors and windows, and the shelves were laden with preparations which promised well for the approaching Christmas feast. At first there was but a small group gathered round each fire: some few, for whom their barrack room and their book had more attractions than the tavern, and others who for some misconduct were confined to barracks. One by one their comrades began to join them from the town, shaking off the snow from their large winter boots and coats—for the storm had now set in with violence—and crowding round the fire to warm their numbed hands. At tattoo all were present except Patrick and Terence O'Brien.

Reynolds felt sure that they were off at last, for though absence from tattoo was not an uncommon crime in the company, the brothers had always been most regular. He reported the case immediately to his officer, but Captain Wells thought that it would be useless to send out patrols in such a pitiless storm, and so he dismissed his men. He knew that the boys were in some house in the town, and he was accordingly secreted on the roof of the barracks, and from the harbour-side sent out a party of soldiers to pass from

his commanding officer is liable to a penalty of twenty shillings, and if they had really deserted, any search after them on such a night must be fruitless.

As might be supposed, the absence of the brothers was the chief subject of conversation in the room to which they belonged, and several circumstances now came to light which corroborated the general impression that they were gone. One man had chanced to see Pat O'Brien open a letter that he had received that morning, and take out a bank note; another had seen him about sunset in conversation with a countryman who had just come across the bay in a sledge; and a third had observed Terence, with a large bundle in his hand, stealing along a bye street which led to the shore. "Well, for my part," exclaimed one of the party, as he threw a fresh log upon the fire before turning into bed, "I think a snug barrack's a better billet on such a night as this than a snow-drift."

The day dawned at length, and the shutters were removed, but it was no easy matter to open the door, for the snow had drifted nearly to a level with the roof of the low barrack, and the detachment had fairly to dig themselves out. The storm was past and the sky was once more clear, but a bitterly cold north wind, carrying with it the fine particles of snow, swept across the square with a violence which it was almost impos-

South West India island, or infant settlement among North American and Australian colonies, we are indebted to a society of individuals, called "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," to whose self-sacrificed and disinterested efforts the very existence of our church in the colonies is indebted for its blessing, mainly owing. I can give you at a short account of this society, which is so interesting to many of my countrymen, not only because, as I have already said, we all then profit by them, but also because, in these days of incessant and increasing emigration, so many of our countrymen take a personal interest in some of the numerous and wide-spread

missions of this very earnest and noble society to our church, feeling deep interest in the progress of our plantations.

At the time our colonies were then called into existence, there was a society for the propagation of the Gospel, to remedy this evil of the heathen, and at its beginnings it has grown to be a powerful agency, not less than four hundred and thirty hundred catechists, and more than five hundred planting stations, in the various settlements.

It is a society, which by this admirable system, has been able to supply with a life-giving Gospel, the millions of Indian settlements, who were then in a state of

aiming the forest, the colonists have : time nor means to obtain for them- the ministrations of the church, how- desirous they may be of them. By s, as the settlement thrives and becomes ble—and, it may be hoped, more will- to supply its own needs, the society awes its assistance in order to transfer till younger offshoots, thus acting as a r in the cause of religion.

not only has the society been und- d in its efforts to send the Missionary ry poor emigrant's door, however far in the forest; it has also been the nstrument in planting our church in l strength and vigour in our numerous l possessions. Less than seventy years e only provision made for the religious tion of our colonial fellow-subjects ed in a small number of missionaries, ed singly or in pairs over immense of country, with no head to direct their , and with a task before them to which powers were utterly inadequate. Since io less than twenty-four bishoprics have ounded in our colonial empire, and the r is almost yearly increasing with the 1 of our older colonies, or the acqui- of new ones. No sooner has an Aus- settlement grown into any degree of tance, than a chief pastor has been sent ' to assume the high and arduous duties.

cast a chill upon every heart. Captain Wilson's servant, who had been sent by his master with a note to the Governor, came running into barracks, breathless with haste, and told his comrades that while waiting at the Government House for an answer, the mail from Picton had arrived, and the driver had told him that he had seen the dead body of a soldier lying on the ice in the middle of the bay, apparently frozen to death. Captain Wilson, on being informed of this, lost not a moment in ordering a party to proceed to the spot pointed out by the postman, who offered to accompany them as guide. The evening was closing in rapidly, but there was a bright moon, and they took with them a couple of boatmen well acquainted with every part of the bay, and who knew, from their experience of the currents, where there were likely to be air-holes. There was, therefore, little or no risk in the expedition.

There was no lack of volunteers, nor would there have been, had the undertaking been ever so dangerous. The two O'Briens were liked by their comrades, but even had this not been the case, soldiers are always ready to do a kind action. Captain Wilson selected four stout hardy men, and bade them equip themselves well for their cold search: he also directed them to take food and clothing together with a flask of brandy, in the faint hope that the other poor fellow might yet

found alive. It was indeed but a faint hope, for the frost of the preceding night had been so intense, and the wind so keen, that even the islanders, inured as they are to the rigours of their climate, and armed against them, could scarcely have braved exposure with impunity.

An hour and a half's toilsome march through deep and untrodden snow—for no one but the postman appeared to have passed since the recent heavy fall—brought the party to the spot where their guide had seen the body, but for some time they searched in vain. The "*poudrée*," as it is called, or drift of the fine particles of snow, had obliterated all traces of his footmarks, and there lay before them an unbroken sheet of white. At length one of the countrymen observed a slight mound raised a little above the level of the surrounding snow, and there, after a few minutes' work with their wooden snow-shovels, they found one object of their search, poor Pat O'Brien, buried in his cold grave of snow. The body was as hard as marble, stiff with the double stiffness of frost and death, but the expression of the countenance was calm, as if his end had been painless. His clothes and his hair were covered with a sheet of ice, which looked as if he had been in the water.

A little further search explained this circumstance, and gave a clue to the fate of his *unfortunate* companion, for within a hundred

yards of the spot where the body lay was a large "air-hole," which, doubtless, the blinding snow-storm of the preceding night had prevented the poor fellows from seeing, until one or both had fallen in. It seemed indeed incredible that any man should have been able to recover his footing on the ice after he had once fallen in, for the tide runs with fearful rapidity in the bay, and certainly nothing less than the convulsive energy of a drowning man could have kept him from being swept away beneath the ice. But this, as well as the fate of poor Terence, could only be a subject of conjecture, for they had apparently been alone. Nothing indeed but the most urgent necessity could, one would think, have induced any one to attempt to cross the bay on such a fearful night.

The body of poor Patrick was placed upon a sledge which the party had brought with them for that purpose, and they retraced their weary steps to the barracks. The O'Briens were, as we have remarked, general favourites in the company, for they were good-tempered, inoffensive men, always ready to do a good turn to a comrade, and even those who blamed their desertion most severely were shocked at the fearful and untimely end to which their crime had brought them. On examining the great-coat which had proved so ineffectual a shelter to its wearer from the cold, a letter was found in the pocket which

fully confirmed all Reynolds's suspicions, and threw some light upon the relationship which subsisted between the so-called brothers. It was from Patrick's wife, urging him to lose no more time in rejoining her and her children in the United States, and pointing out to him the best way of reaching New York without risk of apprehension. It was evident that this plan had been agreed upon before ever he enlisted, and her sister's husband—for so it appeared from the letter that poor Terence was—had followed his example, with the same intention. The brothers-in-law had, as we surmised, saved a sufficient sum to pay the passage of their families across the Atlantic, and had then waited to obtain for themselves free passage to North America, when they anticipated little difficulty in escaping across the frontier.

Though unwilling to judge harshly the conduct of men who saw their wives and little ones starving before their eyes, and could obtain no work to support them, it is impossible to look upon the fatal termination of so deep-laid a scheme of deceit and perjury, when apparently so near its successful completion, without pain and fear; and would remind us that though an act of dishonesty may often *promise* to better our condition in this life, no course can really be for our good upon which we dare not ask the blessing of God.

The sad occurrence which we have just related put a stop to further desertion during the winter; if, indeed, there were others in the detachment who meditated such a step; which I should think doubtful, as the men all appeared thoroughly happy and comfortable. The conduct of the company was really exemplary, and did credit both to the system of the regiment, and to Captain Wilson's attention to his duties. There was no lack of temptation to breaches of discipline; spirits were very cheap, and the lowest description of taverns stood, as we have already mentioned, at the very barrack-gate. Then it was an easy matter to break out of barracks, for a six-foot paling was in some parts the only obstacle to surmount; and the strength of the detachment would not have allowed—had Captain Wilson thought it advisable—of sufficient sentries to prove an effectual check.

There were also considerable difficulties in the way of enforcing discipline, for it was so inconvenient and tedious a matter to assemble a court-martial, the authority for which, as well as its approval, had to be obtained from the head-quarters of the regiment at Halifax, that it was seldom resorted to except in very bad cases. Yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Captain Wilson succeeded in keeping up the discipline of the company almost as effectively as if it had been

at head-quarters. My readers may perhaps remember that so far back as when the regiment was quartered at Newry, No. 4 had earned the honourable distinction of being the best-behaved company in a well-behaved regiment, and that much of this credit was due to the exertions and good management of Captain Seymour and Colour-sergeant Lovell. Now when once a regiment or a company has acquired a name for soldier-like conduct, it does not easily lose it; the new hands that join it fall naturally into the habits they see around them, and like an eager schoolboy who cannot brook the thought of another boy "taking his place," they will not submit to resign their valued distinction. Admirable as had been their former captain and their fine old pay-sergeant, their places were worthily filled, and No. 4 was still not only the best-behaved, but the most comfortable company in the 1—th.

Many were the frolics got up to while away the monotony of a North American winter. When the snow was soft enough to admit of it, the men would build small forts in the barrack-yard, and attack and defend them with snowballs as eagerly as a pack of school-boys. When the surface was hardened by a frost following upon a thaw, so as to form a thin crust, then they would amuse themselves by running races on snow-shoes, a few pairs of which had been found in the barrack-master's store; and loud would be the shouts

of laughter when any of the competitors tripped themselves up, and lay sprawling in the snow. There was also a steep hill near the barracks, down which they would shoot with great rapidity in their small hand-sledges or "coasters."



The mention of snow-shoes reminds me that in former times—and, if I mistake not, it is still the case in some parts of Canada—the troops used to be exercised in marching on snow-shoes. But I must explain.

for the benefit of such of my readers as have never seen them, what a snow-shoe is. It consists of a wooden frame some three feet long, and half as broad, somewhat in the shape of a kite, and strung across like a racket. The foot is fastened to the centre of it by thongs which leave free play for the heel, and the difficulty is to carry one foot before the other without entangling the shoes and throwing yourself down. The object of them is to divide your weight over a larger surface, for oftentimes the crust is just strong enough to bear a man on snow-shoes, when without them he would sink up to his middle in the snow. I need scarcely remark that the goose-step does not help much towards this new fashion of marching.

During our war with the Americans in 1814, and subsequently in the Canadian rebellion, several regiments were despatched in the depth of winter from New Brunswick to Canada, where no road existed, or, if it did exist, lay buried under many feet of snow. On these occasions each company would take it turn about to lead, and would march on snow-shoes, but their weight would so beat down the snow, that the following companies would find it easier to march without them. I need scarcely say what hard work it must have been for these pioneers with their firelocks and packs.

In the march of the 104th regiment—long

since disbanded—a proof occurred of the use of practising this snow-shoe marching. The provisions for the journey were packed upon small sledges or “tobogins,” drawn by Indians; but with so large a body of men it was no easy matter to carry a sufficient supply, and some unlooked-for delays having occurred, the commissariat officer perceived before they had completed two-thirds of their long and toilsome march, that the rations would fall short. Now there was no settlement along the line of march, which led right through the heart of the forest; and, indeed, no place nearer than Montreal where a fresh supply could be obtained. What was to be done? They might indeed send on some Indians, but where the lives of a thousand men were at stake, it was a fearful risk to trust to a messenger of doubtful fidelity. In this dilemma a young officer volunteered to accompany the Indians; he had been an indefatigable moose-hunter, and had become quite expert upon snow-shoes. His offer was thankfully accepted, and without a moment’s delay he plunged with his native guides into the trackless forest, followed, doubtless, by many a hearty prayer for his success. He made his way gallantly through every obstacle, as a man would who felt that the lives of his comrades depended upon his exertions, and reached Montreal in an incredibly short space of time. Not an hour was lost in de-

spatching a convoy to meet the advancing force, and I have been told, if I remember right, that they were nearly reduced to their last ration when the welcome supply reached them.

Another amusement during the long winter evenings was getting up scenes out of plays, for there were two or three men in the company who had a very fair notion of acting. At all events the audience were not difficult to please, and many an hour was passed in this way merrily and harmlessly. But there was another occupation for the evening hours which combined usefulness with pleasure, and in which our friend Reynolds bore the principal share. This was an evening school. The few children who had accompanied the detachment had, thanks to the kindness of the clergyman, been admitted into his admirably managed parish school, so that there was no need of establishing a detachment school for them. But Captain Wilson wished much to get up one for the men, partly with the view of giving them a rational and useful employment for some of their many leisure hours, and partly to qualify the young soldiers for promotion.

Among the non-commissioned officers of the company there were several who wrote an excellent hand, and indeed the whole of them possessed a sufficient amount of scholarship to qualify them for the duties of their

rank, without which Colonel Raymond would not have promoted them ; but there was not one of their number, excepting Reynolds, adequately fitted by his acquirements and disposition to undertake the charge of instructing others. Captain Wilson had some hesitation in asking his pay-sergeant to undertake this in addition to his many other duties, but Reynolds, whose chief pleasure consisted in making himself useful, at once volunteered to take the school, provided it might be in the evening, when it would not interfere with his other duties.

Under his care it succeeded quite beyond Captain Wilson's expectations. The number of scholars was large, and their progress most satisfactory. Though open at an hour when soldiers usually frequent the public-houses, it was very rarely that any of the scholars absented themselves, and soon the school hour was looked forward to by many as the pleasantest hour of the day. Reynolds had adopted a plan which served admirably to keep up the interest of the scholars ; after writing for half an hour, they would draw their forms round the fire and read in turn some interesting book of travels or of history which Captain Wilson would lend them out of his own well-chosen library, and, as will always be the case, each fresh store of information increased the desire for more.

When the book was closed, which was

usually about half an hour before tattoo, Reynolds and two or three more would open their Bibles and read a chapter carefully to themselves. This was done without any ostentation, but also without any false shame,—which among soldiers is far the more likely side to err upon,—and it was a real pleasure to them to see that after a while their example was followed by two or three others of their comrades. It was better than speaking much on the subject of religion, for silent consistent example tells more than precept, except from those whose office as the ministers of God authorizes them to teach and to exhort. A non-commissioned officer has often such opportunities as this of influencing those around him in a way which an officer can never have, much as he may wish to do so, and he will find himself amply repaid for any effort that it may have cost him, if he be made the happy instrument of leading even one of his comrades to better thoughts and better ways.

The winter continued with unabated rigour during the whole of January and February, and the intensity of the frost was such, that, in spite of large fires, water froze solid in the cans within the barrack-room. Indeed, if the letters of one young soldier of the company to his friends at home might be credited, much more wonderful things than this occurred. He was a simple country lad, and

his comrades were in the habit of amusing themselves at his expense, but always in a good-humoured way. On one occasion, when he was on guard, they saw him put his tin can of hot coffee by the side of the fire before going out to take his tour of sentry. It was a bitterly cold night, and by way of precaution against their being frost-bitten, Captain Wilson had ordered the sentries to be relieved every hour. As soon as Johnny Green had left the guard-room, one of his comrades took his coffee from beside the fire and put it outside the door, where he left it till the time of the relief drew near. He then brought it in and replaced it where Green had left it. As soon as the poor lad came in, shivering with the cold, he took up the cup, and to his utter amazement, instead of hot coffee, found a mass of solid ice. No suspicion crossed his simple mind, and indeed the cold that he himself had experienced during the past hour seemed enough to have frozen anything; so when next he wrote to his friends, he told them that the cold in America was such that "your very kettle would freeze upon the hob instead of boiling."

The uniform worn by our troops in North America, during the winter, is both comfortable and soldier-like. It consists of a great coat lined with flannel, cap and gloves of the fur of the mink, and a pair of yellow boots which reach to the knee. The belts are worn

outside the coat. Thus equipped, the boots being well greased and rendered impervious to wet, the men can defy the rigours of a Canadian winter, and the only additional precaution, which is needed under peculiar circumstances, consists of iron spikes which fasten on the boot with straps like those of a hunting spur. These are required when a thaw has been succeeded by a sharp frost, and the streets have become one sheet of ice. Woe betide the unfortunate captain with his "contingent," whose company should then attempt to march out without them! These spikes are called "creepers," which reminds me of a ludicrous but not unnatural mistake made by one of our general officers a few years ago when in command of a brigade in Canada. The general had newly arrived from England, and on going for the first time round the barrack-rooms of a regiment stationed in the citadel of Quebec, he remarked the wooden floors full of little holes. "Pray what are these holes in the floor, colonel?" said he to the commanding officer. "Only the creepers, General," was the colonel's reply. "The creepers!" said the general, starting back, "nasty little creatures!" It was no wonder that the name should associate itself in an Englishman's mind with other creeping things, and that he should suppose the barrack to be full of *vermin*!

I have hitherto spoken only of the men, but every detachment is a little colony in itself, and contains women and children as well. The number of soldiers' wives who had been permitted to accompany their husbands to Prince Edward's Island was four, this being the proportion allowed by the Queen's regulations to receive rations and barrack-accommodation. Two of these were the wives of non-commissioned officers, the husband of the one being a sergeant, and of the other a corporal; the remaining two were the wives of privates. Owing to the size of the barracks, which were calculated to accommodate a hundred men,—the detachment consisting only of sixty,—the two former were fortunate enough to have each a small room to herself, while the two latter shared a vacant room marked off for fourteen men.

Mrs. Benson, the sergeant's wife, was a very superior woman, the daughter of a respectable tradesman at Plymouth where Sergeant Benson had first made her acquaintance. It is almost unnecessary, I hope, to say that they were married with the commanding officer's sanction. Their family consisted of two young children, a boy and a girl. The corporal's wife, Mrs. Wall, had been in service in a gentleman's family, and fortunately for Captain Wilson and his subaltern, she was a very good cook. Having no family to look after, she gladly undertook the charge.

of the little detachment-mess, which under her management was as comfortable—in Captain Wilson's opinion, at least—as if they had had a French cook like the head-quarter mess. Mrs. Wall had not, as is often the case, *un-learned*, since she had married a soldier, the habits of cleanliness that she had learnt in service, and both her own room and her little kitchen were the picture of neatness.

The two privates' wives were very different from each other. They were both thoroughly respectable women, for otherwise they would not have found themselves on the strength of the 1—th. Colonel Raymond was very particular, and most justly so, on this subject. In obedience to the regulations of the army, he *never* admitted on the strength of the regiment the wife of any non-commissioned officer or soldier who had married without his permission, and whenever application was made to him for leave to marry, he caused careful inquiry to be made into the woman's character.

Daniel Graham and Joseph Webb were both in possession of three good-conduct stripes. Indeed, the colonel made a rule of restricting the permission to marry to such men as had two good-conduct stripes and a certain amount of deposit in the regimental savings' bank. By this rule he ensured a *soldier's* having ten years' service before he

married, which, among other advantages, had this, that the children were still young when their father took his discharge, instead of growing up to womanhood in so dangerous a scene as a barrack.

As I have already remarked, Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Webb were very different sort of women. This difference showed itself in their own dress and manner, but still more in the appearance and conduct of their children. In external circumstances they were situated exactly alike: both received the same advantages of rations and washing, and each had four children to look after, two boys and two girls; their husbands were both steady men, who conscientiously devoted the whole of their pay to the maintenance of their wives and families.

The difference must therefore be sought in the very different habits of the women themselves. Mrs. Graham was a remarkably thrifty woman, saving yet not sparing. Her husband was sure to find a comfortable meal ready for him when he returned from his duty, and the children looked rosy and well fed. Their dress was exactly suited to their rank in life,—simple, but good of its kind; and so was her own. There was no attempt to ape the fashions of her betters, or indeed any fashions whatever. A neat cotton gown in summer, or woollen one in winter, with a clean white cap, was the dress she always

wore in barracks, and when she went out, which was of rare occurrence, except on Saturday to market, and on Sunday to church, the only addition was a plainly trimmed straw bonnet and a dark shawl of some quiet pattern.

Mrs. Webb, on the contrary, had two very distinct styles of dress. In the barrack-yard anything seemed to her to be good enough, nor did she much care whether her gown were clean and free from rents, or her hair—for she did not often wear a cap—neatly combed. But when she went out into the town, you would not have known her again, with her silk bonnet trimmed with artificial flowers, and her “polka,” or whatever the fashionable dress of the day might be. Yet in one point Mrs. Webb *in* the barracks and Mrs. Webb *out of* the barracks were pretty much alike; there was the same want of neatness in both. The silk bonnet was faded, and the “polka” stained and perhaps torn; and I do not think that Mrs. Webb would have been flattered, if she could have heard the comparisons made by the men between her tawdry finery and Mrs. Graham’s modest and suitable dress.

After this description of Mrs. Webb’s personal appearance, my readers will not be surprised to hear that her husband’s comfort was by no means so well attended to as Graham’s, or that her family was somewhat neg-

lected. Not that this arose from any want of affection for her children, for she was really very fond of them, and spent probably more upon their food and dress than Mrs. Graham did upon *her* children, but she had no notion of managing, and neglected the two good old English proverbs, "Waste not, want not," and "A stitch in time saves nine."

It was a pleasure to look at Mrs. Graham's children, they were so neat and so well mannered. Their mother was always stirring early, so that they were sure of their comfortable breakfast before it was time to start for the school, which lay at some distance from the barracks. Throughout the long winter, except when from time to time a heavy snow-storm made it really a service of danger for young children to be out, the three eldest might be seen every morning at half-past eight leaving the barracks, and, thanks to their mother's care, they were so well protected from the cold, that they looked upon it as anything but a hardship, if one might judge from their merry little faces, and from the glee with which they slid along every part of the road which was slippery enough to allow it.

With the little Webbs it was very different. On the dark winter's mornings the poor children had often no choice but to go to school without their breakfast or not to

go at all. And, indeed, sad as it was to see them idling about the barracks at an age when instruction is of such incalculable value, one could scarcely have wished to see the poor little things sent out on a winter's morning in such a climate so poorly defended from the cold. Had the money expended upon little articles of finery been used to provide them with warm cloaks and strong shoes, or even had their scanty wardrobe been kept in proper repair, it would have been very different. They seemed to be children of good natural dispositions, but through indolence and mistaken indulgence their mother had done much to spoil them, and to make them both less attractive to others and infinitely less happy in themselves than they would have been, if judiciously treated.

Every night and morning the little Grahams knelt at their mother's knee to say their childish prayer. How happy are those children who are thus early taught to pray; for experience tells us, that if the habit of prayer be not taught in childhood, it is hard to acquire in later years. Times of danger or of sorrow may indeed drive men to their prayers who never prayed before, but the *daily*, trusting, childlike prayer of the sincere Christian is usually the fruit of *early* training in the way of godliness. All who have *watched the growth of a child's mind must*

have remarked how very early evil tempers arise in the young breast, and if this be so, surely we cannot too soon apply the only remedy. If they be not taught to pronounce the name of God in prayer, how soon may they not learn from the example of too many around them to "take His holy name in vain."

Daniel Graham could not read; had he been able to do so, he would have been long ago a non-commissioned officer. At the time when he enlisted, education was less universal than it is now in our towns and country parishes, and regimental schools were not so much attended to. For the first few years of his service he did not think what valuable time he was throwing away, and when at length he perceived this and began to regret it, it was too late—or rather, he thought that it was too late—to begin to learn. His delight now was to gather his children round him of an evening and make them read to him. Little Ellen, his eldest child, read so sweetly and so reverently, that he never tired of hearing her repeat the touching parables of our blessed Lord, and many a time the roughest and most thoughtless of his comrades would pause for a while from their rude mirth to listen to the word of God from the child's lips. Ellen and her little sister and brothers were universal favourites with the detachment, and with none more than

with our friend Reynolds, who was fond of children, and whom they reminded of his brother's little ones at Earlsford.

I am afraid that Webb's children were brought up with far less care. Their mother, though a well-conducted, and on the whole a well-meaning woman, did not appear in the least to feel her responsibility towards her children; and though, in spite of all a mother's partiality, she could not avoid seeing that there was a great difference between them and the little Grahams, and could not but acknowledge that the latter were far less troublesome and more helpful, she did not at all know how to set about mending it. The secret was, that we teach much more by example than by precept; and it was necessary for her to get rid of her own slovenly and thoughtless habits before she could reasonably hope to see her children changed.

It seems to me that a soldier ought, even more than other parents, to be anxious to give his children a good education, the means for which are so freely placed within his reach. Exposed as he is to so many dangers from climate, if not from active service, his children are perhaps more liable to be left orphans at an early age than those of others in his own rank of life, whose occupations keep them at home, and in the event of his death they are, in almost every instance, left utterly unprovided for. In all probability their mother

has not seen her early home since she married, and perhaps her friends are either dead, or have emigrated to some distant colony; or should this not be the case, they may themselves be struggling to earn a livelihood, and be little able to assist her. Under such circumstances, the poor children must unavoidably be exposed to much trial and temptation; and if their education has been neglected, there is, humanly speaking, but little cause to hope that they will turn out well.

It would be a sad record, I fear, if we could see written against the name of each child that passes through a regimental school, the tale of his or her after-life; and even without this power of reading the future, it is sad enough to watch the children of thoughtless, if not openly wicked parents, and to feel that if it please not God mercifully to interpose, "the sins of the fathers" must indeed be "visited upon the children."

In the course of the month of March, Captain Wilson received a letter, the postmark of which showed that it came from the other side of the American frontier. Both the direction and the contents were well-nigh unintelligible, from the badness of the writing and the spelling, but it was easy to discover that the letter was from the widow of poor Patrick O'Brien. In it she implored the captain, "for God's sake," to tell her what *had* become of her husband. She *had* written

to him several times, she said, but had received no answer, and feared that some mischief had befallen him. The poor creature little thought how fully her fears on his behalf were more than realized; the utmost that she dreaded was that his attempt to desert—to which she did not allude—had failed; and the very thought, even of this, was enough to drive her to despair; for desertion had become so frequent in North America, that severe measures had been adopted to check it, and the usual punishment, if apprehended, was transportation.

At length the severity of the season began sensibly to abate, and our little detachment looked gladly forward to the approach of spring, after the long and rigorous winter. The ice upon the bay, which had been several feet thick, gradually melted under the increasing warmth of the mid-day sun, or detaching itself in large masses from the shore, was swept away by the tide. The snow, too, which had completely hidden the face of the earth during an uninterrupted period of nearly five months, now slowly disappeared, wherever the rays of the sun and the mild south wind could reach it; and once more, not only did the green turf rise to view, but many a flower which had budded beneath its covering of snow, and only waited its removal, before bursting into bloom.

There is a charm about the first spring days

in North America, of which we, in our more temperate climate, can form but a faint idea. All nature seems suddenly to awaken into life and to rejoice, and the heart of man awakes and rejoices with it. The change from winter to spring is sometimes magical; a couple of days of soft rain suffice to transform the whole scene; and the moment the warm sun shines forth, trees, flowers, birds, and insects all start into joyous and vigorous life. The little brooks, which have so long been icebound, dance and sparkle in the sunshine, and the startling silence of the forest in winter is changed into the glad song of birds and the busy hum of insects.

The winter coats and caps were soon discarded; for in these northern climates the shortness of the season for vegetation is compensated by its greater warmth, and there are few of those chilling east-winds which so often make our English spring more trying and unpleasant than the winter. But one part of the costume was retained for a while, the boots; for at the breaking up of the frost the roads become nearly impassable; even some of the streets of Charlotte-town were ancle-deep in mud, for none but the principal thoroughfares are macadamized.

It was shortly after the breaking up of the ice that the body of a man was washed on shore, not far from the little fort. The grey coat and yellow boots at once showed that he

had been a soldier. The icy temperature of the water had arrested the progress of decomposition, and it was at once recognised as the body of poor Terence. And thus these ill-fated comrades, in place of their watery grave, rest side by side in the burial-ground at Charlotte-town.

We will now hasten over the few spring and summer months which had to pass before the relief of the detachment. Nothing particular occurred during that time worthy of mention. There was, indeed, one more case of desertion ; but it was satisfactory to Captain Wilson to know that no detachment that had been stationed in the island for many years past had lost so few men. Reynolds had heard from time to time from his friend Sergeant Simmons, who was detached with his company in the neighbouring island of Cape Breton ; and from him he learnt that Captain Herbert had found pretty much the same difficulties as Captain Wilson, on this score ; but there also the excellent discipline and the attachment to their corps, which had marked the 1—th wherever they had served, and which had carried them so gallantly through the trials of their West Indian service, had stood the test ; and Reynolds felt that instead of worrying himself about those who had gone, he had reason to feel thankful, that in spite of all the temptations to which they had been exposed, so few of No. 4 had been induced to desert their colours.

No. II.—OLD FRIENDS.

AT the close of the former chapter we left Captain Wilson and Sergeant Reynolds congratulating themselves on the small loss that No. 4 had suffered from desertion, in comparison with preceding detachments. They were, however, somewhat premature in their congratulations, for the fidelity of the company had yet one trial to undergo, and that perhaps the severest of all. Amid the bustle and confusion which always attend the relief of a detachment, there was likely to be a greater facility than usual for desertion; on the last evening every one would be occupied with his own business, and if a man could only succeed in effectually concealing himself until his company was fairly off, there would probably be little difficulty afterwards in making his escape.

The anticipation of this gave Captain Wilson some anxious thoughts, but he hoped to receive from headquarters timely and private notice of the day on which his relief might be expected, so as to enable him quietly to make such arrangements as might defeat



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The intentions of any one who meditated desertion. His disappointment and surprise may therefore be imagined, when he learnt the morning from his pay-sergeant that some of the men had heard from Halifax that the steamer which was to carry them away would on all probability arrive at Charlotte-town on the following Thursday. It is wonderful, as I dare say that many of my readers will have remarked, how quickly and unaccountably intelligence does sometimes find its way, and many a time an officer whose regiment is first for foreign service, and who has been doing everything in his power to find out where he is going, learns his destination from his own servant.

Five days still intervened before that which was announced for the arrival of the expected relief, and night after night did Captain Wilson wait with some degree of anxiety for the appearance of the orderly-sergeant with the tattoo report. Scarcely less satisfactory was it to him to learn in the morning that the whole detachment was present; for, as we have already observed, it was a matter of little difficulty for the men to break out of barracks during the night. He did not like to show any distrust of his men, or without some ostensible ground for suspicion to increase the number of his sentries, for he had, indeed, no other cause for his misgivings, *than that* such had, as the barrack-master

informed him, been invariably the case with former detachments.

Reynolds's suspicions, however, were not quite so vague as those of his captain; he had of course much better opportunities of observing the conduct and characters of the men than his officer had, and several circumstances led him to fear that a very promising young soldier, Lance-Corporal Harwood, was thinking of deserting. In the first place he had reason to believe that Harwood had formed an attachment for the daughter of a settler, who lived about a mile out of the town, and as he could have no hope, with a service of only four years, of obtaining his commanding officer's leave to marry, even were the girl's father willing to give his daughter to a soldier, which was very doubtful, Reynolds feared that the pain of parting would outweigh all considerations of duty and of prudence in the young man's mind.

He could well enter into the young soldier's feelings, and felt sincerely interested in him. He had known him from the day that he had first enlisted at Plymouth, for Harwood had been in his company at the Dépôt, and had formed one of the same draft to Gibraltar, and his good disposition and exemplary conduct had won Reynolds's regard and esteem. It was mainly at his suggestion and through his encouragement, that Harwood had worked hard to qualify himself for promotion, and he

looked upon him as one of the most promising young non-commissioned officers in the company. Till within the last few weeks he had seemed always to take pleasure in being with his pay-sergeant, but since that time he had avoided him, and when in his company his manner was awkward and constrained. His duty, which till then had been performed with zeal and alacrity, was now carelessly done, if not altogether neglected, and on more than one recent occasion, Captain Wilson had, for the first time, had reason to find fault with him.

Reynolds perceived that no time was to be lost if he hoped to save the young man from taking the fatal step, which he was evidently weighing in his mind. It now wanted only two days to that named for the arrival of the relief, and that very morning he had seen him in earnest conversation with the girl's brother, a young lumberer, who bore but an indifferent character in the neighbourhood, and who was sure to urge him on to his ruin. Michael Shaw, for that was the lumberer's name, was a reckless, dissipated fellow, as but too many of his class are. His time was spent during one-half of the year in earning high wages in the backwoods, for he was very expert with his axe, and during the other in squandering them in the low taverns of Charlotte-town. Hitherto Harwood, notwithstanding his attachment to his sister,

had avoided Michael's society as much as possible, for his language and all his habits were revolting to him, but now, in his infatuation, he could not resist availing himself of his offers of service. Michael knew every foot of ground in the island, and was as much at home in the forest as any Micmac, so that a better guide could not have been found in the colony, and if he could once reach the lumberer's house unobserved, Harwood had little doubt that he would get clear off.

Reynolds deliberated for some time how he should act under the circumstances of the case; it would not do to place the lance-corporal under arrest, for after all it was but a surmise on Reynolds's part, though in his own mind not a shadow of a doubt existed that he had read the young man's intentions aright. Besides, it was his earnest desire to effect his purpose, if possible, without exposing his young comrade to punishment or disgrace. It would certainly be better to tell him openly of his misgivings, and without waiting for a reply to appeal to all his better feelings.

Having made up his mind how to act, Reynolds went to the barrack-room in search of Corporal Harwood, but to his disappointment and alarm, he learnt that he had quitted the barracks about a quarter of an hour before, immediately the evening parade had been dismissed. Without a moment's delay

Reynolds followed him, but instead of taking the road which led direct into the town, and down which he ascertained from the corporal on the gate that Harwood had gone, he turned sharp to his right, and walked as fast as he could along a lane which he knew would lead him into the main road on which old Shaw's homestead lay. His object in doing this was not so much to gain time, for it was no shorter a way than through the town, but because he felt sure that Harwood would keep a good look-out to see if any one were following him, whereas he would never expect to find himself headed.

Reynolds came out upon the main road within a hundred yards of Shaw's house, and on casting his eyes that way, he saw the lumberer standing near the door beside a light country wagon, apparently on the look-out. Michael on seeing a red coat gave a low whistle, which at once convinced Reynolds that he was not a bit too soon. He turned towards the town, there being no other way by which Harwood could possibly come, and as soon as he came within a few yards of a bend of the road he stood still. He had not waited long before he heard the sound of footsteps advancing towards him, upon which he walked on, and before he had taken a dozen steps he met the object of his search. Most thankful was he to see that Harwood *still* wore his uniform, for had he put on any

disguise it would have been his duty at once to apprehend him.

It is unnecessary to describe Harwood's amazement and dismay on finding himself thus unexpectedly face to face with his pay-sergeant. He stood speechless and confounded, but Reynolds at once took him by the arm, and said in a friendly voice, "I'm glad I have met you, Harwood, I want some one to help me with the detachment-returns, which must be finished to-night. Come home with me and give me a helping-hand." On hearing these words Harwood felt like a reprieved criminal; he hoped that his pay-sergeant knew nothing of his intentions, and he mechanically obeyed his summons. He could not, for the life of him, have made any excuse, for conscience tied his tongue. On their way to the barracks little was said, and when they arrived there they were greeted by the unlooked-for intelligence that the *Falcon* steamer, with a company of the 9—th on board, was at anchor in the bay.

Reynolds congratulated himself heartily on the complete success of his plan; he had little doubt that when once the young soldier was removed from the scene of temptation his wish to desert would soon pass away, and he would return to his duties with all his former zeal and interest. He now took him into his room, and gave him some returns to copy, while he himself, after giving Sergeant

Benson a hint to keep his eye upon him, went about other business, which the sudden arrival of their relief required to be despatched without delay.

So unexpected was the arrival of the *Falcon*, whose approach had been concealed by a thick fog, that Captain Wilson was out riding in the country when she came to an anchor. He soon returned, however, and having communicated with the officer who was to take his place, he made arrangements to embark the following morning. At tattoo that evening there were several men reported absent, but as he cast his eye down the list, Captain Wilson felt little doubt that they would all come in before long. The detachment had been stationed at Charlotte-town for very nearly a year, and it was natural that some of the men should be tempted to prolong the parting-cup with their acquaintances. He was not mistaken, for one by one the absentees came dropping in, and before he himself went to bed, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the detachment was all present.

Reynolds was determined not to leave his good work half done, and took precautions to prevent Corporal Harwood from breaking out of barracks during the night. He knew that in the excited state of the young soldier's mind, he might perhaps be led to make the attempt, yet for the reasons already men-

tioned he did not think it advisable to take any open steps to prevent it. He therefore spoke confidentially to two of Harwood's comrades, on whose secrecy he knew that he could rely, and they at once agreed to keep watch alternately throughout the night. All that was needed was that they should give some signs of being awake, for Harwood's conscience made a coward of him, and though Reynolds had never hinted at the matter, he could not help suspecting that he was watched.

At daybreak Reynolds was up and stirring, for the baggage had to be weighed and loaded, and carried down to the wharf for embarkation before seven o'clock. As he looked out of the barrack-gate the first man he saw was Michael Shaw; the lumberer looked as if he had passed the night on watch, and when his eye met the sergeant's a scowl passed across his face; but Reynolds did not care now; the danger was over. Lance-Corporal Harwood was on the baggage guard, under Sergeant Benson's eye, and there was no longer a possibility of escaping.

In a few hours all was ready; the rooms were washed and left in the highest order, and at eight o'clock the company marched down the main street of Charlotte-town, to the sound of their single drum and fife. Reynolds alone remained to give over the barracks, and when this was done he followed

them to the quay. The detachment of the 9—th had already landed, and had disembarked their baggage, for the tide had allowed the steamer to come alongside the wharf at daylight. The embarkation of the 1—th did not occupy long; the *Falcon* got up her steam, and before noon she had cleared the bay, and was steering her course for the Gut of Canso.

There are few parts of the world in which the rise and fall of the tide are so remarkable as on the shores of Nova Scotia. Along no part of the coast are they probably less than twenty feet, and in the Basin of Mines, which forms a part of the Bay of Fundy, they reach the astounding height of sixty feet! At low water that basin is left almost dry for an extent of many miles, and as the tide recedes it leaves large unsightly mudbanks, dotted with schooners and other small craft, which lie securely on their soft bed till the returning tide restores them to their proper element. The Basin of Mines is very shallow, and consequently at the flow the waters come rolling in like a wall, as is indeed the case, though in a somewhat less degree, in the Bristol Channel. It is hardly necessary to remark that these tremendous tides add to the many dangers which threaten the navigation of these foggy and iron-bound coasts. With a steamer, however, there is much less risk than with a sailing vessel, which is liable

to be becalmed, and carried by the current upon reefs or hidden sandbanks.

Favoured by wind and tide the little *Falcon* steamed rapidly along the northern shores of Nova Scotia, and before the glow of sunset had quite melted away into the cold grey of evening, she had passed through the narrow Gut of Canso, which divides the Island of Cape Breton from the mainland, and the long heavy swell from the westward showed that they had entered upon the broad Atlantic.

The watch had been set, and the rest of the detachment had turned into their hammocks, where the gentle rolling of the vessel soon rocked them to sleep after their long day's labours. Sergeant Reynolds was pacing the short deck of the steamer alone, and his thoughts—as is usual when no object but the boundless sea meets our eye—had wandered far away across the waters. As he walked slowly up and down, he observed a man wrapt in his great-coat, leaning motionless against the bulwark. It was Lance-Corporal Harwood. He did not like to leave a young soldier to his gloomy thoughts, and took his place beside him. For a while Harwood repelled his advances by a morose silence, but Reynolds was not discouraged, and at length he had the satisfaction of giving the young man's sullen manner a more cheerful look. There is a charm about real heartiness, which few dispositions can

Reynolds spoke of the approaching return of the regiment to England, and of the happiness that it would be to see their friends again after so long an absence; and Harwood, who dearly loved his parents, and had the blessing of a truly happy home, could not help shuddering as he thought how he had been on the point of sacrificing all this, besides his duty and his peace of mind, to the infatuation of a moment. After an inward struggle he grasped Reynolds's hand, and said, in a low voice, "Sergeant, I feel how much I owe you." "Say no more," whispered Reynolds, interrupting him, "I do not wish to know anything. Let us think no longer of the past," he added, "but try to forget it."

The watch was now relieved, and Reynolds went below, thankful for having been made the means of saving his young comrade from the consequences of his own rashness, and hopeful that Harwood would soon recover the good opinion of his captain, which his late conduct had gone some way to forfeit. Such instances as that which has just been related may perhaps be of rare occurrence, but surely in the eventful career of military life, it may not unfrequently be in the power of a non-commissioned officer to save a young soldier from the certain results of yielding to any of the numerous temptations to sin and folly which surround him; and I would wish

to impress upon my readers that in such cases kindness is a hundredfold more effective than harshness or reproof.

At daybreak on the second morning after leaving Charlotte-town, the *Falcon* was abreast of Chebucto Head, where she altered her course and steered direct for the mouth of Halifax Harbour. As she passed through the narrow channel, commanded by the guns of York Redoubt, she met the English packet on her way out, and the little *Falcon* looked like a mere boat beside the gigantic ocean steamer. A few years ago, the very idea of a steamer's ever being able to cross the Atlantic was treated with ridicule, and now even during the fearful gales of winter, the arrival of the mail from England, on the day on which it is due, is looked for with a confidence, which we might well call presumptuous, had not their wonderful success hitherto in some degree warranted it.

By nine o'clock the *Falcon* was alongside the King's Wharf, and as a fatigue party had been sent down from the barracks to disembark the baggage, the detachment had only to step on shore and to fall in upon the pier. Colonel Raymond was there, as usual, and an expression of satisfaction passed across his countenance, as he received from Captain Wilson the "state" of his detachment, and learnt how few had been the cases of desertion. "You will be surprised to hear, Wilson," he

said, "that the regiment is under orders to return to England. We had not expected," he added, "to be relieved before the spring, but as it has been decided to reduce the force in the West Indies by one regiment, the 3—th have been ordered direct from the Mediterranean to this place. The Annapolis detachment has already rejoined, and we are expecting the company from Cape Breton every hour. I only hope that I may find them in as satisfactory a state as your's appears to be in."

The regiment was drawn up on parade when the detachment marched into the barrack-square. As they passed in front of the band, Reynolds could not help casting an eye along their ranks in search of young Harry. The boy's eye met his, and his bright smile showed his joy at seeing his uncle again. It also encouraged Reynolds to believe that he had been going on well during his absence, for, had it been otherwise, his pleasure at his uncle's return would, he was sure, have been of a very doubtful kind. Reynolds had also, as he marched through the town, caught a glimpse of Delany, sufficient to show him that there was a second good-conduct stripe on the old soldier's arm.

My readers must not, however, suppose that the year of detachment had been allowed to pass without Reynolds's hearing from his

nephew. So far from this, young Harry had frequently written to his uncle, but in order not to interrupt our narrative, I omitted at the time all mention of his letters, as well as those of other old friends, who I hope are not forgotten. And now having brought the company back to head quarters, I will leave it for a time, while I relate what had, in the meanwhile, been passing elsewhere.

And first let me say a few words about Reynolds's worthy old father. The last mention made of him was, if I remember right, on the occasion of young Harry's most unexpected appearance at Halifax some sixteen months before, and the boy's report then was, that his grandfather's health was failing, and that he was seldom able to quit the house, except in very bright and warm weather. Indeed, Reynolds had long given up all hopes of ever seeing his father again in this world, but now the unlooked-for order to return to England awakened them afresh. He had heard regularly once a-month from his brother or sister-in-law, and their accounts of the old man, though varying from time to time, had, on the whole, been favourable. He had weathered the winter better than they could have expected, and during the spring and summer he had rallied considerably.

The great tenderness and affection with which his son and daughter-in-law treated him contributed doubtless greatly to support

him under the increasing infirmities of age. The slightest neglect, or any suspicion that he was looked upon by them as burdensome, would soon have broken the old man's heart. His faculties were happily unimpaired, the faculties of his mind, I mean, for his sight was very nearly gone, and his deafness had increased so much that it was only those to whose voices he was accustomed who could now make him hear. Still, when the weather was fine and mild, the old man would delight in attending the service at the parish church, which stood within a stone's throw of his cottage. He needed no guide to lead him thither, for he had trodden the path for many a long year. He could not, it is true, hear any portion of the service, nor could he any longer bend his knee in worship, but the beautiful prayers of our liturgy he knew by heart, and fervently did he join in them. He might indeed have said his prayers at home, but he knew that an especial blessing is promised "where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name," and he felt his thoughts rise freer to heavenly things when in the house of God.

To hear good tidings of his absent son, formed his greatest earthly happiness, but he, like William, never ventured to indulge a hope that they would meet again on this side the grave. It was happiness enough for him *to know that he was well, and to feel the*

blessed conviction that he was walking in the right path. Some natural anxiety he felt for his young grandson, and earnestly did the old man pray to God to guard the boy from evil. It was all that he could do for him; and who that believes the promises of God will presume to say that it was little?

And now that our thoughts are turned to Harry, let us inquire how the lad has been getting on during his uncle's long absence from the regiment. I am happy to say, that on the whole, the answer is most favourable. Though a boy of gentle disposition, and therefore inclined to be influenced by those who showed him kindness, his character was not weak. Indeed real gentleness, which is a pretty sure sign of a fine disposition, is usually found united with some degree of firmness, and happily for young Harry, it was so in his case. Not only did he keep himself aloof from all that his conscience told him to be positively wrong, but he would in a simple and unassuming manner express his disapproval of it, even to those who were older than himself, and not unfrequently this modest expression of his feelings would check a profane word, or put a stop to some sinful proposal among his young companions. Harry was a manly and active boy, and excelled in all outdoor games, a distinction which commands respect among boys, and which gave a weight to his opinions, which they

would not have carried, had his comrades been able to call him a "milk-sop."

I do not wish my readers to suppose that Harry Reynolds was faultless; far from it, he would often get into scrapes, though not of a very serious kind. Like most other boys he loved play better than work, and when engaged in a game of hockey or football would frequently forget the hour of practice. He would also at times try the bandmaster's patience severely by his want of attention and application; but these were boyish faults, which time would certainly correct; and when reproved for them by his superiors, his manner was always submissive and respectful. His progress at school was greater than might perhaps have been expected from what we have just said of his want of application to his practice, but the truth was that Harry had no natural turn for music, and consequently all the bandmaster's teaching went against the grain. On the other hand, he had an inquiring mind, and what he learnt at school really interested him. Sergeant Dixon, who had, as we have seen, been a particular friend of Reynolds, took a great interest in the boy, at first on account of his uncle, but afterwards, for the lad's own sake. He found his abilities above the common average, which is always encouraging to a teacher, but what interested him far more was the evident pleasure that Harry took in what he learnt.

especially in history and geography. Mathematics he had no great turn for, and therefore Sergeant Dixon did not insist upon his learning more of them than he considered necessary. He thought it better to encourage the boy's own inclinations, the more so as he felt that a love of reading, which was sure to follow from a taste for history, was one of the greatest safeguards against idleness, which, as the proverb truly tells us, is "the mother of all evil."

It is needless to say that Harry continued to attend the Sunday-school at the garrison chapel, for the attendance of the boys of the band and drums was not left to their own option. But I may say that he continued to find pleasure in it, and I may add without fear of being mistaken, that he found profit also. In his letters to his mother, the kindness of the garrison chaplain, and of the teacher of his class, were often mentioned, and as the boy himself remarked, it reminded him of "the happy days of home."

Harry was on comfortable terms with all his comrades of the band, but he had formed a particular friendship with one of his young companions, Robert Baker by name. Their early history had been as dissimilar as possible; Robert was the son of an old soldier, who had served for two or three-and-twenty years in the 1—th, and had only taken his discharge at the last half-yearly inspection of

the Dépôt. He had been born in the regiment, brought up in the regiment, and in short the regiment was all the world to him. All that he knew he had learnt in the regimental-school; the moves of the regiment formed the great events in his short life, and from his earliest childhood, the height of his ambition had been, to become a drummer in the regiment. It was the proudest day in little Robert's life, when for the first time he put on his red jacket and forage-cap, and felt himself "every inch a soldier."

He was a nice simple-hearted boy, not quick, but steady and well-disposed, and as Harry and he were nearly of an age, and had enlisted about the same time, they naturally felt drawn towards each other, the more so as they had been the only two boys who came out with Captain Wilson's draft. In one particular there was a great difference between them, for Robert, though slow over his book, had an excellent ear and an unusual talent for music. While yet a little urchin, not the height of the big drum, he had been able to whistle half the marches of the band, and would strut up and down the barrack-yard with his shouldered broomstick, keeping better time than many an old soldier in the regiment.

The friendship of these two boys was a great safeguard to both, for the chief danger *at their age*, and in their position, arises from

associating with those much older than themselves, some of whom seem to take pleasure—a truly diabolical pleasure—in corrupting the minds of their younger comrades. There was, unhappily, a young man of this class in the band of the 1—th, his name was Edward Banks, and he had been transferred from the same regiment and at the same time as George Davis and Patrick Delany. Some of my readers may perhaps remember, though it was very early in our story that it took place, how Colonel Raymond had used his utmost endeavours to avoid receiving these transfers from a regiment which had the unenviable distinction of being considered the worst in the service, but in vain.

The mischief that Banks had caused in the band was not to be told. The commanding officer would long since have sent him into the ranks, where he would have had less power of doing harm than among so many boys; but, unfortunately, he had grown so little since he had been enlisted, at the age of fourteen, that he was quite unfit to bear arms, and had, of necessity, to be retained as a musician. Then, again, he was clever enough to keep himself generally out of trouble—at least, he had been only once tried by a Court Martial; so that the Colonel had no plea for getting rid of him, though he well knew that he had been the means of ruining more than one of his younger comrades, and

that he had the reputation in the regiment of being an arrant thief.

Banks had at first attempted to make friends with Harry, much in the same way, and with the same intentions, as Stephen Fuller had made up to poor Hunter in Newry, but Harry shrank from his society with the same instinctive dread with which animals are said to recoil from the approach of a noxious reptile. By all who knew him Banks had long been shunned; for even those who would have thought none the worse of him for his profligacy, repelled the advances of a reputed thief. Nothing was known of his early history; but, doubtless, there must have been a most grievous neglect of his childhood to have made him, at this early age, an out-cast from society.

And now, what have we to say about our old friend, Pat Delany? Why, very little, except that he had, as Reynolds had already remarked, added a second good-conduct stripe to his arm. He had also a small deposit in the regimental savings-bank, which might have been considerably larger but for the kind fellow's open heart and hand. During the absence of his own company on detachment, he had been attached to another; but he was, as he said himself, too old to make new friends; and it was a joyful day to him when No. 4 rejoined head-quarters. He had all along *kept an eye upon young Harry, and when*

the brigade-office closed for the day, he was often to be found on the common with the two boys, helping them to fly their kites, teaching them to skate, according as the season might be.

Among the many welcomes that Reynold received on his return from Prince Edward Island, none was more cordial than Sergeant Dixon's. He had much to tell his friend not of the past, which had been spent in a quiet but untiring discharge of his duties, but of the future. Reynolds learned with surprise and regret, that he was about to quit the service; but when he heard the prospects which awaited him, he could not but rejoice, for his friend's sake, and heartily congratulate him. The situation of master at the Halifax Grammar-School was to be vacant at Christmas, and Dixon, with the commanding officer's entire concurrence, had become a candidate for the place. Colonel Raymond, sorry as he was to lose so valuable a schoolmaster, thought that it would be unfair to stand in the way of his advancement, especially after his having filled his present situation for upwards of ten years with such credit to himself and so much benefit to the service. Nor did the Colonel confine himself to giving his sanction, but interested himself warmly in his behalf with the Archdeacon, in whose gift the appointment was, and his recommendation, together

with Sergeant Dixon's qualifications, had obtained the promise of the vacancy. It was therefore arranged that Dixon should take his discharge whenever the regiment embarked for England.

But this was not the only, nor indeed the most important change, that was about to take place in Sergeant Dixon's life ; for as soon as he had entered upon his new situation, and had made himself thoroughly master of its duties, it was his intention to marry. He had been for the last twelve months acquainted with the daughter of one of the clerks in the ordnance department, whose disposition and manners had, from the first, pleased him, and a longer acquaintance had taught him to appreciate more and more the many excellences of her character. As long, however, as he had no other prospect than his present position as schoolmaster sergeant, he felt that he could not ask one who had been brought up in the enjoyment of every comfort, to submit to all the privations and annoyances of a wandering life ; - nor indeed could he venture to hope that she would, for his sake, consent to leave her old father, who had been long a widower, and whose whole happiness was centered in this, his only child. It was not, therefore, till he found himself in a position to offer her a settled home, near her father, and had obtained the old man's cordial approbation, that Dixon paid Mary Wilmot any marked attention, and it was

only a few days previous to the return of the detachment from Prince Edward's Island that an engagement had been formed between them.

Reynolds, as we have said, wished his friend joy, with all his heart, of the prospect of happiness which awaited him. He had never seen the young woman to whom Dixon was engaged, but he knew him well enough to feel sure that his choice had been a wise one. He was not a man to be blinded by a pretty face or taking manner, but would, in so important a step, be guided by qualities which gave a surer promise of future happiness. He rejoiced to think that after the arduous duties of so many years—for the duties of a regimental schoolmaster, when conscientiously performed, are indeed arduous—his friend was now to receive his well-earned reward. The new life which lay before him held out every promise of being, with God's blessing, a truly happy one. Its duties were such as he was thoroughly equal to, and took delight in; and to this would now be added a happy home to cheer him after the labours of the day.

We have now completed our review of all that had been passing at head-quarters during Reynolds's absence on detachment. But there still remain two of his oldest friends, both on the other side of the broad Atlantic, in whose welfare I hope that my readers feel some interest. I mean Mr. Lovell and y

Tom Hunter. From the former Reynolds had heard from time to time, for the old soldier had neither forgotten his friends nor lost his interest in the old corps. His new lot in life had not been exempt from trials—for what lot in life is? It had pleased God to take to himself their youngest child, which had been a heavy trial, both to him and to his wife; but they had bowed humbly before His will, and tried to feel only the more thankful for those that had been left. Nor had his worldly prospects been altogether prosperous. During the past year, times had been bad, and farmers everywhere had had to struggle against them; but this had only made the Lovells more attentive to their farm, and more frugal in their personal expenditure. Assisted by a kind landlord, who gave him every reasonable encouragement in the improvement of his land, and guided by the advice of his experienced father-in-law, Lovell had succeeded better than most of his neighbours, while the excellence of his wife's dairy had continued to command a fair remunerative price for their cheese, in spite of all the importations from America. In compliance with what they knew to be the wish of their landlord, the Lovells had recently discontinued the universal practice of making cheese on Sunday. "It had never before occurred to us," he said, in his letter to Reynolds, "*to think it wrong, for every one around us did the same; but it used to keep the farm*

servants away from church ; and I need not tell you how glad we are to find that it is by no means necessary." " Sunday is now," he added, " a day of rest for our household as well as for ourselves, and the consequence is, that the work of the week is more cheerfully done, and, we may hope, more blessed by God since we have tried to keep his command more strictly." Lovell's letter ended with a hearty wish that the 1-th might some day be quartered within easy reach of Westbrook Farm ; " for," said he, " I should dearly love to see the old corps, and our excellent Colonel, once more."

And now it only remains for us to trace the fortunes of Reynolds's first comrade, since, with a heavy heart, he had taken leave of the regiment at Grenada, just eighteen months ago. All that we have heard relating to him since then was the intelligence which Harry Reynolds had brought from England, of his old father's death at the Union Poorhouse of Earlsford, which must have taken place while poor Hunter was on his homeward voyage, in the *Princess Royal*. We must, therefore, ask our readers to go back with us, for a few moments, to the West Indies, while we take up the thread of our story where we dropped it. The transport had to touch at all the principal islands, in order to collect the invalids from the several regiments in the command ; and a mournful sight it was to witness the embarkation of these detachments. A few

there were among them who had completed their twenty-one years' service, and had been invalided in the regular course of things; and of these, some, though found no longer equal to the severe duties of a soldier, were hale and hearty men, who looked as if they might live many years to enjoy their well-earned pensions. But by far the larger number were men of shorter service, whom disease had either thus early unfitted for further service, or whose only hope of recovery from the effects of the tropics was to be found in change of climate.

Mournful as was the sight of these sickly and emaciated men, as they were carried down on litters to the place of embarkation, a visit to the hospitals would have shown a still sadder sight. There you would have seen many a poor fellow lying on his sick-bed, whom the prospect of a change from the West Indies to the climate of his native country had up to the last moment buoyed up with hope, but whom it would have been cruel to remove from the comforts of his airy ward to a certain death on the close and crowded deck of a transport.

After this description of the passengers in the *Princess Royal*, it is almost unnecessary to inform my readers that many a poor soldier's corpse was committed to the deep during the five weeks' voyage, the service for the dead being read, in the absence of a chaplain, by the officer in charge of the invalids. Hunter

2

had never before witnessed a funeral ; and he was greatly impressed with the solemnity of the scene. Amid the breathless silence of the assembled crew, standing with their heads around the gangway, the hammock and sailor's coffin — loaded with a cannon — dropped with a heavy plunge into the deep waters, which had divided for a moment as if to swallow their prey, closed quickly upon it, and it sank into the fathomless ocean to await the sound of the last trumpet. “ the sea shall give up the dead that are hid, and they shall appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.”

Hunter, who felt his strength increasing day by day, the transport ran into moderate latitudes, found real satisfaction in ministering to the wants of his more helpless companions. He would spread their hammocks upon the deck, and smooth their pillows with a gentle hand, so that the cool breeze might fan their fevered brows ; or he would fetch them tea, and such other little comforts as the ship could afford, and they were enabled to enjoy. But his greatest happiness was when some poor fellow, softened and thoughtful by long and severe illness, would ask him to read the Bible to him.

It is indeed a wonderful book—“ *the Bible* ” as its name imports. Were there no other proof of its being the inspired word of God, though there are proofs enough to satisfy every candid inquirer—the way in which it goes home to every heart would be

sufficient to prove its divine origin. Whatever may be our age, or character, or rank in life; be we learned or unlearned, it equally adapts itself to all our needs, and all our inmost thoughts; and while few other books will bear even a second reading, the oftener we read our Bible, the more it will delight and instruct us.

Day by day the group that gathered round Hunter became larger, which distressed him; for though he rejoiced that the number of those who loved to hear the word of God should increase, he would have wished that all who could, should have read it to themselves, rather than that he, who felt himself so unfit, should seem to take upon himself the office of a teacher. He was indeed far from presuming to teach; all that he did was to read, with reverence, and with a silent prayer that it would please God to cause the seed to "fall upon good ground, and bring forth much fruit."

A five weeks' voyage, as I have already mentioned, brought the transport to the shores of England, and after touching at Portsmouth, she ran up to Chatham, where she landed the invalids. There they remained for a while under medical treatment, until their several cases were decided upon. Such as had recovered from the effects of climate during the voyage, and whose constitutions were still *unimpaired*, received orders to join the *dépôts* of their respective regiments, while those who

were considered altogether unfit for further service received their discharge, with a smaller or larger rate of pension, either permanent or temporary, according to their characters and length of service. Hunter was among the latter, and now he found himself once more his own master with a pension of sevenpence a-day for two years.

It was with a heavy heart that poor Hunter exchanged his red jacket for a suit of fustians, and felt that he was no longer a soldier. His new dress brought back vividly to his mind the miserable time that he had spent while a deserter from his regiment, and this thought painfully reminded him that his parchment certificate contained no character from his commanding officer. He felt fearful lest any policeman, suspecting from his bearing and appearance that he was a soldier, should ask him for his discharge, which he should feel ashamed to produce. Colonel Raymond had, it is true, most kindly given him a few lines of recommendation. As commanding officer, the regulations of the service would not allow him to insert a favourable character in the discharge documents, which have to be guided by the court-martial and defaulter-books, but the colonel had seen and heard of his behaviour during the last two years of his service, and felt that he could, notwithstanding his early misconduct, safely and conscientiously recommend him as a steady and trustworthy man.

As soon as the decision of the board was known, Hunter bade adieu to such of his late shipmates as still remained at the invalid-depôt. Their cordial good wishes cheered him up a little, and with all his worldly goods tied up in a small bundle, he quitted Chatham and turned his steps towards Earlsford. If his recollections of the past were painful, his anticipations of the future were scarcely less so. He had not heard from his family—his *home*, I was about to say, but, alas! he had no home—for many a long month. His sisters seldom took the trouble to write to him, and his old father, when he had last heard of him, was an inmate of the Union Poorhouse. The recollection of their last meeting, or rather parting, was full of pain, for the old man, exasperated at his son's ill-conduct, had with bitter reproaches closed his door against him. He had indeed had the comfort of receiving, in a letter from Mr. Venables, the worthy Rector of Earlsford, assurances of his father's forgiveness, but he had never seen him since, and his image always associated itself in his mind with the memory of that dreadful hour.

Hunter's progress was slow, for from motives of economy he travelled on foot, and though his health had greatly improved since he had left the West Indies, his strength was not equal to a long day's journey. At length, however, he drew near to Earlsford, and as all must have felt on approaching

home after a long absence, and a long silence too, a thousand vague apprehensions came rushing upon his mind. It was a lovely evening in September when he reached his native village; everything appeared unchanged; but a chill came over his heart as the bell from the old church-tower began to toll. It was a mournful greeting to the wanderer, and sounded like a message of evil tidings. Overcome by his feelings, he seated himself upon the grassy bank, where he had so often played when a child, and waited till the bell had ceased. Then he slowly descended the hill. As he passed the gate of the churchyard, Mr. Venables came out. It was a strange coincidence that the old clergyman should meet both the young men on their return to Earlsford, and that he should be a messenger of sorrow to both; but who so fit for this sad office as the minister of God whose blessed privilege it is, even at such a moment, to speak words of comfort.

The rector would have passed Hunter by as a stranger: how, indeed, could he be expected to recognise in the pale and sickly traveller the healthy active lad who had left the village a few years before to join the army! But Hunter in his loneliness felt his heart warm towards his kind old clergyman and after a moment's hesitation he took off his cap and made himself known to him. We have already mentioned that Hunter's father had some years before this moved to

Earlsford to an adjoining village on account of some disagreement with his landlord, but Mr. Venables had not altogether lost sight of his former parishioner, and when the old labourer had returned to the neighbourhood of his native village as an inmate of the poor-house, he had frequently visited him, and had indeed continued to do so till the last.

Mr. Venables at once perceived from Hunter's manner, as well as from his hurried questions, that he was not aware of his father's death, and that the task had fallen upon him of dashing to the ground all the poor fellow's fondest hopes. Leading the young man along a secluded path in the churchyard, he broke the sad truth to him in the gentlest manner, and pointing to a headstone which stood beneath a venerable yew tree, he turned away to leave him to his own feelings. Hunter, half stunned by the unexpected blow, buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. He was, then, just too late! the hope which had supported him through weeks of suffering, and cheered him through the tedious voyage, had proved delusive; there was no one now to welcome his return: he was indeed alone in the world!

After awhile he raised his head and tried to read the inscription on the headstone, but in vain, for his tears blinded him. Mr. Venables now approached him, and laying his *hand* gently on his shoulder, said: "My

young friend, you must not give way to your grief in this manner. Remember Who it is that sends us our trials. Come with me," he added, "I have much to tell you that will give you comfort." Hunter mechanically obeyed the summons, and as they paced slowly up and down the churchyard, the rector told him how kindly he himself had heard his father speak of him, and how, when he saw his end approaching, he had charged him to give his son his last blessing.

By degrees poor Hunter recovered some degree of composure. "I would ask you to take a bed at the parsonage, Thomas," said Mr. Venables, "but that I think you will be more comfortable at James Reynolds's, where you know that you are sure of a hearty welcome. Good night," he added, "I shall hope to see you often while you are at Earlsford, and we must try to find some occupation for you."

"Good night, Sir," answered Hunter, "I am indeed grateful to you for all your kindness."

How many recollections of boyish days did not the sight of the row of cottages opposite the church bring back to Hunter's mind! As he passed that in which he himself was born, and which had been the only home he ever knew, he saw none but strange faces at the door, and hurried on. With an unsteady hand he tapped at Reynolds's door, and receiving no answer, lifted the latch and

went in. At first he thought the room was empty, but on looking behind the high oaken screen which sheltered the chimney corner from the draught, he saw an old man with long white hair asleep in an elbow-chair. It was old Reynolds. Nothing could be more peaceful than the expression of his countenance, or more venerable than his whole appearance. Hunter could not withdraw his eyes from him, till the thought of his own poor father made him turn away with a sigh. Moving gently, for fear of disturbing the old man, Hunter seated himself beside the window, and afraid of giving way to his own thoughts, he took his Bible from his pocket and tried to fix his attention upon what he was reading. It was very hard to do so, but after a time he succeeded, and his mind became gradually more calm.

He had not, however, read many verses before the door opened, and in came Reynolds from his work. Startled at the sight of a stranger, as it appeared, in his cottage, he cast a hasty glance towards the chimney corner, to see whether the old man had been disturbed, but perceiving that he was sleeping quietly, he walked towards the window to take a closer view of the intruder. By the dim twilight, which the glimmering of the fire little helped, it was not to be wondered at that he did not recognise his early playmate and schoolfellow, but we ourselves are slower than others in perceiving the changes.

that time or illness have made in us, and Hunter had not prepared himself to be received as a stranger.

"You don't know me, James?" said he in a half-reproachful tone, "every one seems to have forgotten poor Tom Hunter."

"Hunter!" exclaimed Reynolds, "is that indeed you, Tom? I'm truly glad to see you again. I ought indeed to have known you, for Will wrote us word that you would probably soon be at Earlsford; but the light and the dress deceived me, for I forgot that you were no longer a soldier. But," he added, suddenly checking himself, "I fear, Tom, that I have unwelcome news to tell you."

"No, James," answered Hunter, shaking his head mournfully, "it is no news; I have heard all; Mr. Venables told me."

"Well, I'm glad you met him, Tom," said Reynolds, "he would tell it you better than I could, for he is a good man and a kind man too. But you must not think so much about that now, Tom," he continued, "Mary and the children will be home in a few minutes, and they will want to hear all about Will and that dreadful fever in the West Indies. We have a bed for you, if you don't mind sleeping in the same room with the two boys."

It is, I should hope, unnecessary to say that all was done that heartfelt kindness could do to cheer up the poor wanderer. Supper was soon spread, and while Hunter

told his eager listeners all about Will, and how much he was loved by all his comrades, and how much good he did, and how kind he had been to him, he almost forgot his own sorrows. The old father, on being told who their guest was, welcomed him most cordially, and the earnest tone with which the blind man said "May God bless you, my poor lad!" sank deep into Hunter's heart. When family prayers were over, and the children were gone to bed, James and Mary had many questions to ask about young Harry. It was true that the boy had not joined the regiment at the time that Hunter left it, for indeed this was the first that he had heard of Harry's having enlisted, but at all events he could tell them what the boy would have to do, and what sort of companions he would meet with, and it was something to know this. Hunter, without departing from the truth, made the best of everything, for he thought that it would now be both useless and unkind to tell them all the dangers by which their child was surrounded, and it was a pleasure to him to see that he had evidently taken some weight off their hearts. They now parted for the night, and James showed Hunter into a small but comfortable room with two clean beds, in one of which lay Harry's two brothers fast asleep.

Poor Hunter's rest was very different from *the unbroken slumbers of his young and light-hearted companions.* His thoughts

were far too busy to allow him to sleep, and after tossing about restlessly for several hours, he got up and seated himself beside the little attic-window. The moon had just risen, and cast a bright light upon the venerable church, bringing out as clear as at noon-day the rich tracery of the large east window, and the cross which surmounted the high gable of the chancel. The moonbeams shone too upon the long rows of tombstones, broken only by the deep shadows of the yew-trees, and Hunter thought that he could even distinguish the head-stone that marked his father's grave. As he closed his eyes to shut out this painful sight, the scenes of his boyhood and his youth passed before him like a dream, and when at length, worn out by fatigue of body and mind, he fell into a feverish sleep, his thoughts, now freed from all control of reason, wandered wildly through the checquered scenes of the past, till the merry voices of the boys recalled him to the sad realities of the present.

When Reynolds returned to breakfast from his work in Squire Vernon's garden, he had much talk with Hunter about his future plans. The state of his health was still such as to forbid all thoughts of his earning his daily bread by the labour of his hands, and the question now was whether he could possibly obtain at Earlsford any situation which he was capable of filling. He had, as we mentioned some time ago, attended the regimental school in

regularly during the last two years of his service, and had become an excellent writer and a very fair accountant, so that he was qualified to assist either in a school or a counting-house. The former would have been most suited to his wishes, for he was fond of children, and the work would have been no drudgery to him, but he shrank from the thought of offering himself for such a situation. He seemed to himself so unfit to train up the young and innocent; he, whose past career, as he now remembered with shame and remorse, had been so profligate, and whose appearance yet bore marks of the just punishment of his sin. He therefore dismissed the thought from his mind with a sigh of regret.

He did not like the idea of going out again into the wide world to seek a livelihood among strangers, and was willing to accept for the present any employment in his native place, which would, with the addition of his small pension, afford him the means of a bare subsistence. This he was fortunate enough to find at Earlsford mill, where he was to receive six shillings a-week to keep the books, an easy task which would not occupy him more than a couple of hours a-day. He then made an agreement for his board and lodging with a decent couple who occupied his father's old cottage, and under such altered *circumstances*, became once more an inmate of his early home. This arrangement could



TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART VI.

OLD ENGLAND.

THE COMMISSION.

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TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

PART VI.

No. I.—OLD ENGLAND.

HAVING given a hasty sketch of what had befallen Reynolds's family and friends during the year that his company was detached at Prince Edward's Island, we must now request our readers to return with us to Halifax, while we resume the thread of our narrative.

The last mail from England had brought intelligence that the 3—th, which had been ordered from the Mediterranean to relieve the 1—th, had embarked at Gibraltar on board the *Thunderer* line-of-battle ship, and might therefore be shortly expected, though the prevalence of westerly winds at this season of the year, and the probability of her having to encounter the equinoctial gales,—for it was now the middle of

September,—made it impossible to calculate, with any degree of certainty, upon the time of her arrival.

At all events, Colonel Raymond thought it advisable to hold his regiment in readiness to embark at the shortest notice, knowing how expeditiously a man-of-war despatches the usually somewhat tedious business of embarking and disembarking troops; and it was well that he did so, for to this precaution the 1—th certainly owed the preservation of much valuable property, and possibly also of some more valuable lives. Some of my readers will probably already have guessed the nature of the danger which was hanging over them.

The north-barracks at Halifax, like most of the older buildings in the colony, were constructed entirely of wood, a material at all times peculiarly susceptible of fire, but more especially so, when through age the timber has become as dry and as inflammable as touch-wood. It is indeed wonderful that they should so long have escaped destruction, particularly when it is considered what large fires are necessarily kept up during the long North American winter, and the very scanty and precarious supply of water that can be obtained at that season. Doubtless, nothing but the continual watchfulness which prevails both within and without the walls of a barrack, whereby timely notice is given of

the most distant approach of danger, could have ensured their safety through so many a long year.

I do not remember when these barracks were built, but I believe that it was during the command of the Duke of Kent, upwards of fifty years before, for the garrison-hospital, which adjoins them, and which appears to be of the same date, was his Royal Highness's residence. This, indeed, seems to us, who are accustomed to build with more durable materials, but a short time for a barrack to last, but the pine-wood of North America is very inferior to that of the Baltic, and the climate of Nova Scotia, which is very damp, makes the timber decay more quickly than it would otherwise do.

But whatever the age of the barracks might be, it was high time that they should be replaced, for it was only with the help of propping and patching that they had been prevented from falling to pieces long ago, and as their destruction was, providentially, unattended with loss of life, it may be looked upon as a public benefit, for which the successors of the 1—th ought to feel very grateful to them.

It was on Michaelmas Eve that the catastrophe took place, and, happily, the weather was mild and calm. Sergeant Reynolds was on the regimental guard, and the lights and *fires had long been extinguished, except*

here and there where a pale glimmer at one of the upper windows showed that some soldier's wife was watching over her sick child. The night was unusually dark for the season of the year, the moon not having yet risen, and the sky being overcast. The twelve o'clock relief had just marched off, and Reynolds, after inspecting them, was returning to the guard-room, when suddenly the cry of "fire" was heard from the sentry in front of the officers' quarters, and quickly taken up by every other sentry within hearing.

Without a moment's delay the guard was fallen in, and the bugler despatched to the Adjutant's quarters, while Sergeant Reynolds ran into the square to ascertain the truth of the alarm. There was, indeed, no doubt either of its truth or of the imminence of the danger, for the flames were beginning to burst forth from the windows of the officers' mess-house with a violence which left but little hope of their being subdued. In less time almost than it takes to relate it, the two regiments which occupied the north barracks, had turned down, and the parties detailed for that duty had dragged out the fire-engines, but what was to be done? Colonel Raymond, who was one of the first officers on the spot, saw at once that it was hopeless to attempt to save the building, for the fire, which had evidently

been long smouldering, had got to such a head that it was no longer possible to arrest it, and the whole barrack being one connected pile of building, there were no means of cutting off the communication, even had his men been amply provided with the necessary tools.

Under these circumstances he directed the engines to be brought to bear upon those portions of the building which adjoined the mess-house, in the hope of delaying the progress of the flames and giving time to save as much property as possible. Happily the greater part of the plate belonging to the officers' mess had been packed up and removed to the Quarter-Master's store ready for embarkation, for had not this been the case, it must have been entirely destroyed, as the place where it was usually kept adjoined the kitchen in which the fire appeared to have originated.

But it must not be supposed that the safety of the mess-plate, however valuable, was the first thought in Colonel Raymond's mind, or in that of any of his officers. His *first* order had been to send an officer and a party of men to search the rooms which were most exposed to the fire, lest any poor creatures, sunk in deep sleep, should have failed to be aroused by the bugles, or, bewildered by the suddenness of the alarm and by the dense volumes of smoke, should have lost their

presence of mind, and been unable to make their escape. It is almost needless for me to remark that his fears were chiefly for the women and children.

This order was promptly obeyed, and it was soon reported to Colonel Raymond that the houses adjoining the mess-house were entirely cleared of their inmates. But in the confusion of the moment it had escaped the recollection of all, that in the mess-house itself there was one small room occupied by a trustworthy old soldier and his family. This was no other than our old acquaintance Daniel Graham, who, on the return of his company from Prince Edward's Island, had been made mess-waiter, and who, with his family occupied a room adjoining his pantry. Great, therefore, was the horror of every one present, when above the noise of the crackling beams and the roar of the flames were heard the screams of a woman and children, and the heartrending cry of the husband and father for help for his wife and little ones. "May God have mercy upon the poor creatures!" exclaimed Colonel Raymond, in a tone of despair, for it did indeed appear that vain was the help of man. But in a moment, feeling how wrong it would be in him to set an example of discouragement, he added: "Fifty pounds to the man who can save them!"

Before these words were spoken, a ladd

had already been placed against the burning wall, and, while two gallant fellows steadied it below, a third was seen rapidly mounting it despite the volumes of mingled smoke and flame that swept across it. It was Pat Delany! "Wrap the childer up in a blanket," he exclaimed, "and hand them down to me. And tell the boys," he called to those below, "not to spare the water, or the ladder won't last us."

It is useless to attempt to describe the feelings of the lookers on, while this noble attempt was being made. Every voice was hushed, and many were on their knees in earnest prayer. It was indeed a sight to soften the hardest heart, and to awe even those most used to scenes of danger. The calmness and presence of mind of the father and mother, and the silent obedience of the poor children amid such appalling terrors, were indeed most striking, and bore witness that their trust was placed higher than in human help. Providentially the wind, which now began to rise, carried the flames away from this part of the building, and one by one the children were lowered in safety through the window. The escape of their mother was attended with greater difficulty and danger, for the ladder did not reach within several feet of the window-sill, and the heat and smoke were increasing at every *moment*. More than once Delany's clothes

had caught fire, and it was only by managing the hose of the engine so as to keep a continual shower falling upon him, that he was able to maintain his dangerous post so long. The imminence of the peril, however, gave both him and Graham a strength which in calmer moments they could not have exerted, even as, during paroxysms of fever, we are able to make efforts which in the hour of health would far exceed our natural powers. In a few minutes—to the bystanders it appeared like hours—the poor woman was also in safety, and scarcely had her husband and Delany set foot upon the ground when the mess-house fell in with a loud crash.

For many hours the fire continued to rage, and it was only for want of fuel that it at length subsided; long lines of smouldering ashes alone remained to mark the site of the lofty pile of buildings which had been standing only a few hours before, so thronged with inhabitants. The troops, with the exception of a strong picquet from each regiment, left in charge of the piles of baggage and furniture which had been heaped up in the middle of the square, were marched to the citadel, where the unoccupied casemates were hastily prepared for their reception, while the women and children were accommodated in the neighbouring lodging-houses. Colonel Raymond, with his accus-

tomed kindness, ordered Daniel Graham and his family to be conveyed to his own house, where they received that care and attention which they so greatly needed.

It was indeed a saddening sight to look upon that little group as they were taken up to Colonel Raymond's quarters in that kind old officer's carriage. Daniel's clothes and hair were scorched, and his face and arms blackened and blistered by the flames, while his poor wife, who, with all the self-forgetfulness of a mother, had exposed herself to the greatest dangers for her childrens' sake, was still more severely burnt. The little ones, thanks to the devotedness of their parents, and to the precautions suggested by Delany, had indeed escaped without much bodily injury, but the fearful scenes through which they had passed had left them in an agony of terror, now that the necessity for exertion no longer existed. Trembling and sobbing the poor little things clung to their mother's side, and hid their faces in her dress, as if to shut out the dreadful sights which still swam before their eyes, and Reynolds's heart bled as he looked upon his little favourites, and contrasted their present appearance with the happy faces and merry laugh which had so often enlivened the barrack-yard at Charlotte-town.

But where was Pat Delany all this time? *He had slunk back into the crowd, as if*

named Delany behaved so gallantly, that he was not until Colonel Raymond had seen him, and then he was taken for him, that he was pushed forward into the presence of his commanding officer. Colonel Raymond's voice, usual as clear and firm, trembled with emotion as he expressed his admiration of the old soldier's gallant conduct. "Delany," said he, "were I in your place, I should feel prouder of this night's work than if I had received a medal for bravery on the field of battle." He then added in a lower voice, "You must come to my house in the morning; I must not forgotten the promise I made."

But the morning came and passed, without Delany's making his appearance at Colonel's quarters; and when at length he came in obedience to a summons from his commanding officer, the old soldier's countenance and manner plainly showed that he was an unwilling visitor. Colonel Raymond after inquiring kindly whether he was worse for his exposure to the fire the night before, asked in what way he would wish the sum applied which he had promised the man who could save the poor Grabant; but to his surprise and admiration, Delany respectfully but firmly declined receiving any reward. He had only done his duty, he said, and any other soldier in the regiment would have done the like, had he been near the spot as he was. He couldn't

money for helping to save a fellow-creature's life; "and, besides," he added, as if anxious to prove that he had only done his duty, "does not Dan Graham belong to my own company?" Colonel Raymond saw at once that he would only hurt the old soldier's feelings if he persisted in offering him a reward, so he let the matter drop, resolving, however, that when Delany took his discharge from the service, which could not be at a distant day, he would in some substantial way befriend him.

It is almost needless to say that the Gramhams had lost all their worldly substance in the fire. The alarm had been so sudden, and at such an hour of the night, that the only clothes they had saved were such as they had hastily thrown about them in the terror and confusion of the moment, and as for anything else, they had never given it a thought. Even now, when they began to feel their loss, Daniel and his wife were much too thankful to God for the safety of their children to repine at the loss of their property. Unknown to them a subscription had been got up in the company, to which the officers cheerfully contributed, and Graham was able again to make his wife and children comfortable, without withdrawing from the savings' bank a sum which he had laid up against the day of his discharge. *This kind helping hand which his comrades*

had given him in his distress, was very gratifying to him, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing both colour and smiles return to the cheeks of his little ones, though it was neither to be expected nor wished that their providential escape from so awful a death should quickly pass away even from their young minds.

Reynolds knew that among the property which the Grahams had lost, there was nothing upon which they set so great a value as a large Bible, the gift of the Rector of their parish on their wedding-day. They had not thought, as too many do, that the way to show their value of the gift was to keep it under lock and key, safe from all harm, but had fulfilled the wish of the kind giver, by using it daily, though with such care and reverence that it had received no damage during the many years they had possessed it. It was not indeed possible altogether to replace this valued gift, for it contained the affectionate wishes of the giver, in his own handwriting, together with a record of the birth and baptism of the children; but Reynolds wished at least to do all that was in his power, and he therefore bought one, as nearly the same size and print as he could find, and gave it to his little friend Ellen to carry to her father. Graham was greatly touched by this thoughtful kindness on the part of his young colour-sergeant, and in the

fulness of his heart, could scarcely find words to thank him. At his comrade's request Reynolds wrote his name in the title-page, and entered the dates of his marriage and of the birth and baptism of the children, from the regimental register, after which the new Bible was duly installed in the place of honour which its predecessor had so long occupied.

Whenever a regiment is ordered home from North America, a call is made for volunteers for the Canadian Rifles, a corps which has been raised within the last few years to do duty on the extensive line of frontier which divides our colonies from the United States. It was found that the temptations to desert were so great, that this duty could not be entrusted to our ordinary troops without the most serious losses; the men often going over, not singly, but by sections, and carrying with them their arms and accoutrements. To meet this evil the rifle corps was raised; and in order to ensure the object for which it was formed, no soldier was eligible to volunteer for it who had not served ten years, and earned two good-conduct badges. To men with families this service held out many advantages, for they were no longer liable to the expense and inconvenience of frequent moves, and the ever-increasing wants of a young and thriving colony gave a certain prospect of employment for their

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under his command, and by the readiness with which he had, on many occasions, parted with his best soldiers when he had felt that it was for their own advantage to leave the regiment. They also had learned, by experience, to set a high value upon his judgment; for there was not perhaps a company in the regiment in which one or more old soldiers were not ready to acknowledge that it was their colonel's good advice which had prevented their taking some step upon which they had once been bent, but the imprudence of which they had since been clearly convinced of.

Among the volunteers was one of whom we have long lost sight, and whose name I dare say that many of my readers will have quite forgotten. This was Bannister, whose conduct at Catalan Bay had caused him to be reduced from the rank of sergeant. Since that time his conduct had been so far good, that he had kept himself out of the general defaulter-book long enough to *obtain* two good-conduct badges, though he could not, in truth, be said to have *earned* them; for while he carefully avoided committing himself, his habits were intemperate, and, while in the West Indies, he had more than once been in hospital with *delirium tremens*. Bannister was barely eligible for the rifle corps, as he was on the point of completing his fifteen years' service, beyond which volunteers are not received; and Colonel Raymond,

both for the sake of the service, and still more for the man's own sake, was very unwilling to see him transferred. He knew that he was not fitted for the duties which would be required of him ; and moreover, he could not doubt but that in a country where spirits are so cheap, and where he would, necessarily, be less under control than he was at present, he would be more than ever tempted to give way to intemperance. He therefore endeavoured to persuade him to withdraw his name, though he would gladly have weeded his regiment of the few who, like him, were wearing badges which they did not deserve ; but Bannister would not listen to his advice ; and as his strong constitution had withstood the severe trials to which he had put it, and the surgeon pronounced him fit for service, there was nothing to be done but to let him take his own way.

Both Daniel Graham and Joseph Webb would certainly have been among the volunteers had they not already past, by some years, the regulated limit of service. They wanted, indeed, but a few months to the completion of their time, and as it was their wish to receive their discharge in Nova Scotia, and to settle in Prince Edward's Island, it was arranged that they should be transferred to another regiment, which had still a year to serve at Halifax. If it were in our power to follow them to their new

home, or to take a look at them after the lapse of some years, I have little doubt, from what we know of their habits—or rather, I should say, of the habits of their wives—that we should find a great difference between the success of the two settlers; but our space forbids us, and we must now take our leave of them, with a sincere wish—and as regards the Grahams, at least, with a well-founded hope—that they and their families may long be found among the number of *thriving* colonists—would that the number were larger!—whom the service of their country first brought to the shores of America.

And now it is high time for us to bid adieu to Nova Scotia, where we have been, perhaps, induced to linger longer than we otherwise should, by the recollection of many happy days which we ourselves have spent in that favourite quarter. On the 10th of October, the *Thunderer* hove in sight, and on the 13th, the regiment was ordered to embark. Reynolds, who always acted upon the principle of never leaving till to-morrow what could be done to-day, was able to spend an hour or two of his last evening with his friend Dixon, at the house of his future father-in-law; and sincere was the regret of the two young men, that their friendship, which had caused them so many a happy *hour amid the varied scenes of several event-*

ful years, was now, I will not say to cease, but to be limited to frequent kindly recollection and occasional correspondence.

The day of embarkation was one of those bright and beautiful autumnal days, which we have already described as peculiar to North America, and as Reynolds, from the deck of the *Thunderer*, looked round upon the familiar scene, probably, for the last time, and watched the little group of his former comrades standing on the wharf, with waving handkerchiefs, it required the thought of Earlsford and his old father, to prevent a feeling of regret from taking possession of his mind. Halifax, as we have already remarked, has many advantages, but that man is not to be envied who can leave *any* place where he has been quartered for a length of time, with utter indifference. If, indeed, his recollections of the place are associated, as is too frequently the case, only with scenes of vice and dissipation; if, instead of *friends*, he leaves behind him none but the heartless companions of his profligacy, then, of course, his feelings cannot but be those of weariness and disgust, and in change of scene he will look eagerly for change of what is so miserably miscalled *pleasure*.

But Reynolds carried away happier and more satisfying recollections of Halifax than mere pleasure, even of the most innocent kind, could have given. He was not, indeed,

altogether satisfied with the way in which his time had been passed, for who among us can look back upon any period of his life, and not feel that it might have been far more profitably spent? but on the whole he was thankful to know that he had made some progress in what was right; that temptations were easier to resist, and that the service of God was a freer and more willing service. He felt, also, that he had become more earnest than before in his endeavours to influence his comrades for good, and there can be no surer sign that we ourselves value the blessed privilege of serving God than a desire to enlist others in the same service.

His endeavours had not, indeed, been attended with much apparent success; the number of those who, in the midst of all the temptations which surrounded them, and in spite of the evil example and sneers of their comrades, faithfully persevered in obeying, however imperfectly, the commandments of God, was still *very* small; but he had learnt not to look for much outward encouragement. He saw many far better qualified than himself to teach others, working away year after year with apparently thankless toil, and he felt that any discouragement on his part would be wrong; that it would be a want of faith, and a placing too much *reliance* upon his own efforts. His duty

plainly was, to make the best use he could of the opportunities afforded him, and trustfully to leave the result in the hands of God. It was, also, a thought of comfort to him, when tempted to discouragement by the apparently utter and universal forgetfulness of God in those around him, that He, "unto whom all hearts be open," could doubtless read many faint beginnings of good which are hidden from the eyes of men, and that the heavenly seed, though long in springing up, yet, by His blessing, might at length bring forth much fruit.

The passage across the Atlantic was prosperous and pleasant. The winds, as usual, during the autumn, were westerly, and no steamer could have made a better "day's work" than the *Thunderer's* log showed during the greater part of the run. At times, the wind fell light, and every studding sail was set to catch the breeze, while within an hour, perhaps, the good ship was running under double-reefed topsails before half a gale; but, light or fresh, the wind continued steadily in their favour, and these frequent changes only served to beguile the monotony of the voyage. It is a stirring sight, and a wonderful sight, too, to a landsman, to see those clouds of canvass taken in with such incredible rapidity and silence on board a man-of-war. With the same confidence with which our veteran regiments at Waterloo

awaited the near approach of the French cuirassiers before forming square, did the *Thunderer* await the approach of the heaviest squall. Every man was at his post, but not until the water began to boil within a few hundred yards of the stern, was the word given to shorten sail, followed by the shrill whistle of the boatswain. In a few moments, the rigging was alive with blue-jackets, each striving to be foremost, and by the time the squall made itself felt, all was ready to meet it.

What a contrast there is between the life of a soldier and that of a sailor! While the former, throughout the whole term of his service, is ever under the same steady and even discipline, the latter is alternately subjected to the necessarily closer restraints of ship-board, or left entirely his own master on shore. Under such opposite systems, it is no wonder that their habits and ideas should differ so widely. The very fact of the one receiving his pay daily, while the other receives it at long intervals, and in large sums, accounts for the greater carelessness of money which characterises the sailor, while his more frequent exposure to danger—in time of peace, I mean—accounts for his other chief characteristic of reckless hardihood. But within the last few years, as all naval men agree in saying, the character of *our sailors* has undergone a considerable

change ; and it has been satisfactorily proved with them, as with us, that a man does not serve his queen and country a bit the worse for being a better man. Every encouragement is now given them by the government to spend their money advantageously and rightly, especially by the allotment system, which enables them, while afloat, to settle any proportion of their pay upon their families at home ; and it is highly creditable to them, that in such numerous cases provision is made not only for the wives and children of such as are married, but for aged parents, or unprovided brothers and sisters.

Great as was the contrast between the blue-jackets and the red, nothing could be more friendly than the way in which they pulled together on board the *Thunderer* ; of course, most, if not all, the offices of kindness were necessarily on the part of the former, who, being at home, tried to make their guests feel so too. Captain Walpole had given his men their choice, either to give up a certain part of the ship to the soldiers, or to receive them into their own messes, and they had chosen the latter, although they would be losers by it, for soldiers on board ship do not receive the full ration of sailors, but are placed, to use the nautical expression, six upon four. By this arrangement, a great deal of trouble was saved to the red-jackets, to say nothing of their getting a far

better dinner than they could, probably, themselves have made out of their rations, even had they been equal to those issued to the ship's crew. The only return that they could make was to help in working the ship as far as they were able; and with such a will did they man the haulyards and braces, that Captain Walpole was obliged to check their ardour, lest the tackle should give way in their vigorous hands.

On the twentieth day after leaving Halifax it was evident to every one on board that they were approaching land; the anchors were cleared, and the massive chain cables laid in rows along the decks; the lead was cast from time to time as the night closed in, and a man was sent to the foretop-sail-yard to look out for a light. Nor was it long ere the correctness of the reckoning was proved, for before it had struck four bells in the first watch, the cry of "Light a-head" was heard from the look-out-man. It was the "Lizard" light, on the coast of Cornwall, and her course being changed, the *Thunderer* stood up the channel for Portsmouth before a strong westerly breeze. And now the look-outs were doubled, for the night was dark, and somewhat hazy, and nothing but the greatest care could prevent collisions upon this highway for vessels of every nation. In spite of the utmost watchfulness more than one small craft narrowly

escaped being run down by the huge line-of-battle ship, one blow of whose heavy bow would have sufficed to sink a much larger vessel. But the night was passed without any such disaster, and when the morning of the last day of their voyage dawned, the white cliffs of Old England greeted the joyful eyes of hundreds who had not seen them for many a long year.

Late in the afternoon the *Thunderer* anchored at Spithead, the steady and favourable wind having allowed her to take with safety the shorter course through the "Needles" instead of going round the Isle of Wight. On the following morning two steam-tugs came out and towed her into harbour, where she was brought alongside the dockyard to discharge her living cargo, and to take in her main-deck guns which she had left behind her while employed in carrying troops. Hitherto it had been a matter of surmise both among officers and men, where the 1—th was to be stationed, nothing being known beyond the fact that they were to be landed at Portsmouth. The Dépôt, of which we have lost sight for a long time, was in South Wales when the last news had been received from them, but they were in daily expectation of their route to join the Service Companies, and it was generally supposed that their destination was to be somewhere in the South Western dia-

trict. This interesting question was now decided, for scarcely was the ship alongside when the Brigade Major came on board and informed Colonel Raymond that his regiment was to proceed that very afternoon to Winchester.

It is but an hour and a half's run by railroad from Portsmouth to Winchester, and the short November day was only beginning to close in, when the head quarter division marched into the barrack square. It was, however, late before the left wing arrived, as the empty carriages had to be sent back for their conveyance. The baggage was to follow the next day, but the soldier—though he does not, like the snail, carry his house upon his back—carries almost everything else upon it, and the barrack rooms, which had for some months lain empty, soon had the appearance of having been long inhabited. The Winchester Barracks are an imposing pile of building, and look like a royal palace, for which they were indeed originally constructed in the reign of Charles the Second, though never used as such. They stand upon an eminence formerly occupied by an ancient castle, and look down upon a rich and beautiful valley, through which the “Silver Itchen,” as old Isaac Walton justly calls it, winds in numerous channels.

From the earliest times, as we learn from *history*, Winchester has been a place of im-

portance, as might naturally have been expected from the many advantages of its situation. So far back as the days when our island was occupied by the Romans, it was one of their principal military stations, communicating by straight paved roads, some vestiges of which may still be seen, with Sarum—the modern Salisbury—and with Porchester castle. Even at the present day the outlines of an extensive camp may be clearly traced on the adjoining hills, and often, while I have watched those massive, but now shapeless mounds, occupied by long lines of British soldiers, have my thoughts been carried back to the days when some Roman legion—so different in all but in the boundless extent of their conquests—from behind that same entrenchment kept our barbarous ancestors in check.

But there are other associations connected with Winchester, almost as ancient, and of far deeper and more universal interest than these memorials of conquest and oppression. Midway between the castle and the camp, on the bank of the river stands one of our noblest and most ancient cathedrals, a massive pile of grey limestone, whose low square tower tells that it was built by our Norman conquerors. But, venerable as is the present building, which was commenced near eight hundred years ago, it occupies the site of one of far more ancient date, which had

already been the Cathedral-Church of more than thirty Bishops, and which was perhaps one of the earliest Christian churches erected in our land. How many a tale could not its venerable walls tell us, if they had a voice ! How many eventful scenes must have been acted within its sacred precincts ! Doubtless many of our early monarchs had knelt before its altar to receive their crown, and many a hymn of praise had ascended from its choir for national benefits and victories. Then, in darker and more troubled times, when rebellion raged in our unhappy land, and Church and king were both sacrificed to the blind fanaticism of the victorious republicans, perchance it shared the fate of most of our cathedrals, its altars plundered, its rich painted windows broken, and its long aisles converted into stables for Oliver Cromwell's famous " Ironsides."

Yet, vast as were the changes which had taken place within and around it, the venerable pile had itself outlived them all, and while city after city had sprung up upon the ruins of its predecessor, the cathedral alone had stood unchanged, like the truth to which it witnessed. For upwards of eight centuries, with scarcely an interruption, had the bells from that old Norman tower pealed forth their daily call to morning and evening prayer, and though the ceremonial of worship *had undergone* some change, the unchange-

able word of God had been proclaimed to generation after generation, and the prayers of the congregation had been offered up in forms far more ancient than the cathedral itself.

It is a saddening thought, and one which ought to bring home a feeling of deep shame and sorrow to the hearts of us soldiers in particular, that within a few yards of that sacred building, and almost beneath the shadow of its walls haunts of vice should exist such as would pollute these pages, were we to attempt to describe them; where scenes are daily witnessed, of which the inspired Apostle says, that "it is a shame even to speak!" How obstinately must not men close their ears against all warnings, when the peaceful sound of those solemn chimes falls unheeded upon them as they hasten past in troops, intent only upon the gratification of their sinful passions!

Within a few days of the arrival of the 1-th at Winchester an event of considerable importance took place in the regiment. It had long been expected that on the Prince of Wales's birthday there would be a brevet, and there was little doubt that, should this anticipation prove true, Colonel Raymond would be promoted to the rank of a general officer, for his name stood high on the list of colonels. There was, therefore, considerable excitement in the barrack-square, when, on the following morning the London papers

were brought in, and soon the news spread like wildfire among the men that the Colonel had indeed ceased to command them. The regiment had turned out for parade, but had not yet fallen in, and when the new-made general rode into the square, as yet unconscious of his rank, the cheer which rose from one end of the parade-ground to the other at once announced to him that his long connexion with the 1—th was at an end.

Hearty, however, as was the cheer,—for the men knew that his promotion must be gratifying to the old soldier, and their first thought was of *his* feelings,—the removal of their kind Colonel was a matter of sincere and universal regret. Never, I am sure, has a commanding officer given up the command of his regiment more beloved and respected by all who had the happiness of serving under him, and never, may I add, had that love and respect been more fairly earned. It is needless for me, I should think, to sum up Colonel Raymond's claims upon the attachment of his men, or his admirable qualifications for the difficult post that he had so long filled, for we have throughout our whole narrative had his conduct constantly before our eyes, and may leave it to speak for itself: I will, therefore, only remark that, though his head was naturally clear and his heart kind, his excellence as a commanding officer *was mainly* owing to the deep sense of respon-

sibility which he felt not only to his sovereign but to his God, for the welfare, as far as it was in his power to promote it, of the hundreds entrusted to his charge. He never looked upon a soldier as a mere machine, or considered that his *whole* duty towards his regiment was to drill and discipline it, leaving all care of the moral interests of his men to the chaplain, but endeavoured, both by precept and by example, to lead them to think of another and a better world, and not to barter their eternal happiness for the debasing and unsatisfying pleasures of sinful indulgence.

By the promotion of Colonel Raymond our old friend Major Seymour succeeded to the command of the regiment without purchase. He had been trained in a good school, and gave every promise of proving a worthy successor to the excellent officer under whom he had served for nearly twenty years, and whose admirable system he was sure to maintain unchanged. The adjutant, who had worked his way up to the top of the lieutenants, succeeded to the vacant company, and the sergeant-major, who had been strongly recommended by Colonel Raymond as a most able and zealous non-commissioned officer, was gazetted to an ensigncy in the regiment, and selected by Colonel Seymour for his adjutant.

But the promotion in the 1—th did not

stop here. The situation of sergeant-major was vacant, and my readers will not be surprised to hear that it was given to Colour-Sergeant Reynolds. There were indeed several of his own rank in the regiment who were senior to him, but none of them combined all the qualities that are needed in a sergeant-major. He now reaped the advantage of having many years before made himself a thorough master of drill, which is so much easier learnt while we are ourselves fresh from the drill-sergeant's hands, and without which no degree of steadiness of conduct or attention to his duties can qualify a man for holding this situation.

Reynolds had now reached the highest step of the ladder of promotion, short of a commission, and the example of the late sergeant-major held out to him a very reasonable hope that in due course of time that step also might be won. It was a fair and honourable ambition, and gave him a strong additional motive to cultivate his mind, and so to qualify himself to associate with those whose advantages of birth had given them corresponding advantages of education. I need scarcely say how more than ever thankful he now felt that there was not in the orderly-room one single record against his name, not even of the most trifling neglect of duty, which might in any degree weaken *the authority* which he was henceforth to

exercise not only over the men but over the non-commissioned officers of the regiment. Had he needed any proof of the weight that an irreproachable character carries with it, the example of his predecessor would have afforded it. His manner had always been remarkably quiet and unassuming, but never, in the course of many years' service, including that in the West Indies, where insubordination is more frequent than elsewhere,—had Reynolds seen an order of the sergeant-major disobeyed or even disregarded.

Sergeant-major Reynolds entered upon his new duties at a time when they were more than usually heavy; for, in the first place, there was a large number of recruits at drill to supply the vacancies caused by the transfers and other casualties which had taken place on the return of the regiment from North America; and, in the second place, the service-companies and the dépôt, which had been separated for more than ten years, had now to be reunited, which is always a task of some little difficulty. The young soldiers who,—with the exception of a few old hands left at home from their unfitness for foreign service, or sent home at different times for the same reason,—composed the dépôt, were by no means equal either in point of drill or of discipline, to the more experienced soldiers of the service-companies, and a critical eye would have

had no difficulty in detecting, either in the field or in their quarters, which were the dépôt and which the head-quarter companies. A few weeks, however, made a very perceptible change, and by a judicious mixing up of the older soldiers with the young hands these inequalities were soon removed. The spacious barrack-square, and the absence of all garrison-duties, were very much in their favour; and when, towards the end of the month, Colonel Seymour had the regiment out upon the Downs, for the General's inspection, the men had all shaken into their places, and moved with the utmost precision and uniformity.

It was the season for furloughs, and as many of the men lately returned from foreign service as the regulations would allow of, had already started for their homes. I need scarcely tell my readers that no one was more impatient to avail himself of this indulgence than our friend Reynolds; but, having been so recently promoted, and feeling that his services were needed, he did not like to apply. Colonel Seymour, however, had not forgotten him, nor the old man who had come so far to see him when the dépôt was quartered in Plymouth citadel, and at an early opportunity, when his services were no longer so indispensable as they had been at first, he offered him a few weeks' furlough *to enable him to spend his Christmas at*

Earlsford. His friend, Colour-Sergeant Simmons, who had recently been appointed assistant sergeant-major, was to do his duty during his absence, and it was further arranged that young Harry was to accompany his uncle.

The day before Reynolds's departure, as he was returning from a stroll along the banks of the river, he met Patrick Delany walking with young Harry and Robert Baker, his frequent companions. They had been as far as the beautiful old hospital of St. Cross, and had been watching with interest the distribution of the "dole" of bread and beer to some poor travellers. Delany was explaining to the boys that this good old English custom dated from very early days, when houses of entertainment were not so plentiful as they are now, and hospitality to wayfarers was indeed a work of mercy. Formerly, these "doles" were not uncommon, but in these days of "tramping" they have become very objectionable, and there are few now remaining.

"You are the very man I wanted to see, Delany," said Reynolds, "I have scarcely seen you, I may say, since we left Nova Scotia."

"Why, Sergeant-Major," answered Delany, "it's not for the like of me to be keeping company with you now that you are half an officer!"

"Nay, Delany," said Reynolds, laughing, "I'm not quite so great a man as you would make me out, and however great, I hope that I shall never be ashamed of an old friend! It is true," he continued, before Pat could interrupt him, "that the rules of the service do not allow us to see so much of each other as we used to do in old days, and that is one reason why I wish to make a proposal to you. Harry and I, you know, are going on furlough to-morrow, and I think that I may answer for him as well as for myself, when I say how glad we should be to see you at Earlsford. You have often told me that all your own family are gone to the Colonies, so nobody has a better claim upon you than an old friend like me."

Before Delany could find words to answer, for the old soldier was quite upset by Reynolds's kindness, young Harry had joined his earnest entreaties to his uncle's, and was already beginning to devise all sorts of amusements that they were to have at Earlsford. But Delany wanted no pressing. Reynolds's hearty manner showed him that he really wished him to come, and the prospect of seeing his friend's home, of which he had so often heard, gave him sincere pleasure.

It was arranged that Delany should apply for a fortnight's furlough after Christmas, when the first batch would have returned. *This plan was more agreeable to Reynolds*

than if he could have accompanied them now, for at his father's very advanced age, it was better that he should have none but his own family around him at Christmas. There was also another reason, to which, however, Reynolds would have been very unwilling to allude; Delany was, as might be expected from his name and country, a Roman Catholic, and Reynolds felt that it would be painful to the old soldier to spend that solemn season among those in whose worship he had been taught that it was not right for him to join. He therefore gave him full instructions as to the best mode of reaching Earlsford, and they parted with a promise on Harry's part that he would meet Delany at the railway station on the afternoon of New Year's day.

This is, if I remember right, the third time that we have accompanied Reynolds on furlough. The first was, when he returned home from Ireland after his first experience of a soldier's life; the second was on the mournful occasion of his mother's last illness; and now, after an absence of six eventful years, he was once more about to revisit his native village. As the train carried them swiftly on towards their journey's end, he tried to prepare himself for the change that must have taken place in his old father since they had last met. For any degree of bodily infirmity he was indeed prepared, for his letters had long since informed him that

the old man had sunk into a state of childlike helplessness, but he had buoyed himself up with the hope that his return would still be a cause of joy to his father, and now, when that long looked-for meeting was at hand, he could not help fearing lest age might have impaired the faculties of his mind as much as those of the body, and deprived him of memory as well as of sight and hearing.

While occupied with these anxious thoughts, the shrill scream of the engine gave notice that they were nearing a station, and Reynolds looking out, saw the low range of hills which divided Wingfield from Earlsford. A few moments more and the train drew up alongside the platform, where, to Reynolds's surprise, he recognised at once the figure of his comrade and early playmate Hunter, who, from his eager look, was evidently on the look-out for him. After a hearty welcome on both sides, and many sincere congratulations on Hunter's part, Reynolds was about to inquire after the state of his father's health; but he suddenly checked himself. The recollection of poor Hunter's own grievous disappointment on a similar occasion had flashed across his mind, and he feared to reawaken the painful memory of the past. But Hunter seemed to have read his thoughts, for his next words answered the very question which he had *been about to put.*

"This will indeed be a happy day, Will, to your good old father. *You* have not come back too late! But indeed," he added with a sigh, "I did not deserve such happiness, for I never gave my poor father cause for pride and thankfulness."

In a few moments the three companions were on their way to Earlsford, the two comrades in deep and earnest conversation, while young Harry in his impatience bounded on before them, and was soon out of sight. Hunter's eye followed him with a look of interest. "I need scarcely ask you, Will," he said, "whether the lad has trod in your steps or in mine, for he wouldn't be so light-hearted if he hadn't kept out of evil ways."

"Thank God," answered Reynolds, "the boy has indeed, I hope and believe, been kept from much harm. He owes it, under God, to his good father and mother. But tell me something about yourself, Tom," said he, feeling how painful this subject also must be to his companion, "what are you doing with yourself now?"

"Had you asked me a few days ago, Will," answered Hunter, "I should not have known what to say, but, thanks to your brother, I am now, I hope, in a fair way of gaining an honest livelihood. My health, thank God, has improved so much since I came home, that I am able now to do a fair

day's work, and Squire Vernon's steward has promised me employment along with James in the garden, which is not very hard work. It has just come in time, for my pension ceased a few weeks ago, and I didn't know which way to turn to keep out of the Union."

They had now reached the summit of the hill which overlooks the village of Earlsford, but the scene was very different from that which had met Reynolds's eye when last he stood upon that spot on a bright summer's evening. A deep coat of snow covered the whole surface of the ground, and lay thick upon the thatched roofs of the cottages, while the venerable yew-trees which surrounded the churchyard looked more gloomy than ever, contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of everything around them. The church bells were silent, and not a living creature appeared to be stirring in the village, for the weather had stopped all out-door work, and the children had not yet been let loose from school.

"Good bye, Will," said Hunter, shaking his comrade's hand warmly, "we shall meet to-morrow. Harry must have been here half an hour at least, and they will be looking impatiently for your arrival."

Reynolds had scarcely reached the wicket gate of the little garden, when the cottage door was opened, and his sister-in law hurried

out to meet him with Harry by her side. "It is indeed a happy day, Will," said she, "that brings you back to us, and thankful I am to you for all the care you have taken of my boy. It is a weary time since we have seen you, and I have often feared that you would find your old father's place empty."

"It is indeed," answered Reynolds, "a greater happiness than I often dared to hope for, to see the old man once more in this world; but are you sure that the meeting will not be too much for him?"

"He is quite prepared to see you," she replied, "or rather I ought not to say 'to see,' for he is now quite blind; his body is so weak that he dozes away most of his time, but his mind is still clear, and though his memory often fails him, he has not forgotten anything about *you*."

I cannot attempt to describe the meeting between father and son. It had been the old man's daily prayer for years that he might be permitted to see his son once again, and, contrary to all human calculation, his prayer had been granted. He bore the meeting more calmly than could have been expected, for excess of joy is perhaps as great a shock to an enfeebled frame, as sorrow. For a few minutes he did not speak, but sat motionless in his elbow-chair, with William's hand between his own, while a faint smile lit up his

faded features, and his lips moved as if in thankful prayer. At length he found words to welcome the wanderer home and to give him a father's blessing, and then, as if the effort had been too great for his strength, he sank back into his seat exhausted. His family now left him to repose, and William was quickly surrounded by his nephews and nieces, who had a thousand questions to ask him, while their father, who had in the meantime returned from his work, after welcoming his boy and his brother, stepped out to the neighbouring cottage and insisted upon Hunter's coming to join them.

It was long since so large and so happy a party had been assembled under that roof; even Hunter became cheerful and animated as Reynolds related all that had befallen the regiment since he had quitted it, and told of the success which had attended those of his comrades in whom he was most interested. To the rest of his listeners, who had scarcely ever left their native village, and whose knowledge of the great world beyond was confined to what little they had picked up from books, his descriptions seemed perfectly marvellous, and it was amusing to watch the admiration and respect with which Harry's young brothers and sisters looked up to the band-boy as the hero of so many adventures. In the course of the evening the old man rallied in some degree from his exhaustion.

and William, who had been anxiously watching his pale features in the hope of their again brightening up, hastened to his side. Deaf as he was, the familiar tones of William's voice reached his ear, and while his son told him of his past career and of his hopeful prospects for the future, the pressure of the old man's hand and an occasional low exclamation of joy showed how fully he entered into all his feelings and rejoiced in his success.

Not the least happy of the party was young Harry. He was of an affectionate disposition, and it was great joy to him to see his dear parents and brothers and sisters again after so long an absence. But there was another reason for the boy's happiness. He had, as we have already related, been brought up to reverence all that was right, and though, unhappily, we too soon become familiarized with evil, even if, by God's mercy, we are preserved from falling into it ourselves, he had not yet learnt to listen to the profane and indecent language of some of his companions without a feeling of disgust, and it was delightful to him now to witness the hearty and innocent mirth of his brothers and sisters. Some of my readers may perhaps smile at young Harry's *simplicity*, but at his age, unless the heart has become utterly corrupted, scenes of innocent mirth will possess a charm which no degree

of guilty pleasure *can* possess. Those among my readers—whatever their age may be—who in their youth have had the blessing of being taught to know right from wrong, will, I am sure, understand me, if they will but look into their own hearts; and happy indeed are they in whom such scenes do not awaken feelings of bitter remorse. Happy, I may also add,—comparatively happy, I mean,—are they, in whom, though they do awaken feelings of self-reproach, they also awaken an earnest desire, by God's help, to recover that purity of heart which they have lost, and without which there can be no true happiness in this world, and no hope of a better world hereafter.

The first ten days of Reynolds's furlough passed by without anything particular to note. Whenever his father seemed equal to the effort of listening to him, he would take his place beside his elbow-chair, and talk of such matters as he thought likely to interest the old man. At other times he would, in company with Harry or with Hunter—whose employment was to begin with the new year,—visit all the favourite haunts of his early years, or renew his acquaintance with his former schoolfellows and playmates. One of the first things he did was to call at the Parsonage, for he knew that it would give the kind old Rector pleasure, and he owed him *a large debt of gratitude*, both for his early

instructions to himself and for his untiring kindness to his father. He also went up to the Hall to pay his respects to Squire Vernon, by whose advice his father had consented to his enlisting, and who, on this account, felt an especial interest in his success.

It is not necessary for me to describe a Christmas at Earlsford. It was such as is, I hope, yet to be found in many a village of Old England, where good old customs have not gone out of fashion, and where that irreverence and disregard of church-ordinances, so common at the present day, have not been able to root themselves. Earlsford was indeed a happy village. Its population, though steadily increasing, had not outgrown the teaching of the Church, and in the whole parish there was not a single dissenting place of worship. The Squire resided on his property, giving employment to the poor, and diffusing comfort around him; while the Rector, during a period of more than forty years, had devoted himself faithfully to the duties of his sacred calling, rewarded by the love and reverence of his little flock, and still more by being permitted in some degree to witness the blessed fruits of his ministry.

Old Reynolds had now for some years been unable to creep to church, as he had loved to do as long as his limbs could support him; but on this, the last Christmas

that he would, in all human probability, spend on earth, he felt a strong desire once more to unite his prayers with those of the congregation, and to receive with them, for the last time, "the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ." His family were unwilling to oppose his earnest wish—it might be his last—and it was arranged that just before the celebration of the Holy Communion, his two sons should carry him across the churchyard in his elbow-chair and place him near the altar-rails. If there was still one earthly wish left in the old man's mind, it was, perhaps, that he might have *seen* his family kneeling around him; but the expression of calm and thankfulness which overspread his countenance showed, that amid all his infirmities and privations he possessed that peace which "passeth all understanding," and that his desire, like that of the Apostle, was "to depart and to be with Christ."

The New Year had now arrived, and Harry was looking eagerly forward to Delany's visit. Though it wanted yet some hours to the arrival of the train, he started off for the Wingfield station as soon as he had swallowed a hasty dinner, and paced up and down the long platform with as much patience as he could muster, till at length the expected train made its appearance. Harry's quick eye soon discovered a red coat in the corner

of one of the carriages, and before Delany could see what he was about, the boy had buckled on the old soldier's knapsack, and was ready to show him the nearest cut to Earlsford. In vain did Delany remonstrate, and insist upon carrying his own pack; he was forced to give up the point; and even thus weighted, he had to restrain Harry's eagerness, which carried him along at a pace better adapted to seventeen than to seven-and-forty.

Evening was setting in when the two companions arrived at their journey's end, and the snow was beginning to fall in large flakes. Delany thought that he had never seen anything so comfortable as the inside of old Reynolds's cottage, with its large blazing fire, its white sanded floor, and its old-fashioned oak furniture: his own early recollections of home were associated with a wretched cabin on a bleak hill-side in the west of Ireland, with its smouldering peat fire, its mud floor, and its three-legged stools; while during the last three-and-twenty years he had known no other dwelling-place than a barrack, which, with all its neatness and order, does not come up to an Englishman's idea of *comfort*. If the sight of the cottage itself was so cheering to the old soldier, not less cheering, certainly, was the hearty welcome that he received from its inmates. Reynolds had told his brother and sister of

all the care that Delany had taken of young Harry, especially when he had first joined and such care was more than ever needed, and both James and his wife felt that no attentions on their part could adequately repay his kindness to their boy. Delany soon felt himself quite at home among his new friends, and it was not long before the same talent which had first won young Harry's heart, when he accompanied his grandfather on his memorable visit to Plymouth, had gathered round him all Harry's brothers and sisters, to listen with eager delight to his Irish stories. But it was not to the young alone that Delany could suit his conversation, for he even contrived to make himself heard by the old man, to whom his praises of William, and his grateful account of all that he himself owed to him, were a subject of unwearied interest.

The party were just sitting down to supper when they were joined by Hunter, who had that day entered for the first time upon his new occupation. He and Delany had not met since they had served together in the Dépôt at Plymouth; for my readers may perhaps remember that Hunter had been invalided home from the service companies before Delany had joined them in America. How many thoughts of the past did not the meeting bring back to both their minds!—*thoughts of self-reproach when they remem-*

bered the recklessness of their conduct when first they knew each other, and thoughts of gratitude when they contrasted the present with the past! Reynolds also was involuntarily reminded of the great and happy change that had taken place in his two comrades; but while he felt thankful for having been made in any way instrumental in bringing it about, not one thought of self-complacency arose in his mind. He had but to look at his venerable father, and to recal the example and precepts of both his parents, to check any such thoughts, and to change them into feelings of deep and unfeigned gratitude to God for the blessing of such a home.

Hunter, knowing how full Reynolds's cottage was, had begged to be allowed to share his room with Delany, and, after the happy party had broken up—the chapter in the Bible and the usual family prayer having, at Delany's earnest request, not been interrupted on his account—the two comrades retired early to rest, and their sleep was as sound as a hard day's work and a peaceful conscience could make it. It is not my intention to relate in any detail the manner in which the remaining fortnight of the furlough was passed. The season of the year was not very favourable to out-door pursuits, except, indeed, for our young friend Harry, who, with Delany's assistance, contrived to make a "coaster," such as he had amused himself

with at Halifax, upon which he "coasted" down the steep Earlsford Hill, to the great danger of his brothers' necks, and with no slight risk to the quiet passers by. The day did not, however, appear a bit too long to any of the party. It was happiness enough for Reynolds to find himself, after so many years, once more among those whom he loved, and to feel that he was adding to his father's comfort; while to Delany there was a charm in this quiet, peaceful life, and in the hearty goodwill of his new friends, which left him nothing to wish for. At times, indeed, a feeling of sadness would cross the old soldier's mind, when he thought that no such quiet resting-place was in store for *his* declining years; but he tried to drive it away, and to leave the disposal of his future life more trustfully to the guidance of an all-wise and all-merciful God.

And now the time of parting drew near. On the following morning at a very early hour the travellers were to commence their homeward journey, and when the family separated for the night Reynolds took leave of his father. Both were perfectly conscious that they must not look to meet again in this world: neither indeed could have wished it, —the old man for his own sake, and William for his father's. He had long since reached that term of life when, as the Psalmist tells *us*, the "strength" of man is "but labour and sorrow," and those who loved him bes'

could only pray that his summons might be gentle. His mind was more than usually clear this evening. "May God bless you, my son!" he said, in a low voice; "when next you come to Earlsford you will not find me *here*. I shall be resting in the churchyard yonder. God knows how welcome that rest will be; but His will be done!"

The old man was sleeping softly when the rest of the family met for breakfast. Before parting, Reynolds entreated his brother to let him contribute more largely to their father's maintenance. "You have many claims upon you now, Jem, and I have none," he said. "It would be indeed a pleasure to me to be able to contribute in any way to his comfort, and now perhaps he might enjoy some little things that he did not care for while he was more hearty. Besides," he continued, "it is all that I am able to do for him, while you and yours are always taking care of him." All was soon arranged to the satisfaction of the two brothers, and after many kind greetings and good wishes had been exchanged, the three soldiers—for young Harry would be indignant if he were not included under that name—turned their backs upon the quiet little village of Earlsford, with a feeling of regret that the furlough had so quickly passed, and commenced their journey back to Winchester in silence.



No. II.—THE COMMISSION.

It would seem as if the hope of seeing William once more had been the only tie that still bound his father to life, for within a few days after his son's departure, the old man took to his bed never to leave it more. There was no sudden attack of illness, there were no symptoms of fresh disease; the powers of life appeared to be fairly exhausted, and, like the feeble flame of an expiring lamp, the light within grew dimmer and dimmer, till almost imperceptibly it sank at length to rise no more. Never was there a more peaceful deathbed, or one more full of comfort and well-grounded hope to those who watched beside it. For the last many hours the dying man was speechless through exhaustion, nor was his dimmed eye able to supply the want of speech; but, though the only sign of life was the faint throbbing of the pulse, his motionless features wore an expression of almost unearthly calm—far different from that deathlike stupor which so often precedes the parting of the spirit from the body,—which showed that he was *conscious of his approaching change.*

Reynolds was not kept long in suspense about his father's state, for the letter which announced to him that the old man had taken to his bed, was followed within two days by another which brought the tidings of his release from all suffering. William's grief was tempered with thankfulness that he had been mercifully spared a lingering sickness, and it was an unspeakable comfort to him that he had been permitted to see him again, and to cheer some of his latest hours. Earlsford would not henceforth be quite the same place that it had hitherto been to him. He was indeed sincerely attached to his brother and his family, and knew how kind a welcome he would always find under their roof, but, so long as his father lived, the cottage in which he was born had been his natural "home," and he felt that it would be so no longer. It was not, however, likely that he would often be able to visit Earlsford in future, for the duties of his present situation would not admit of frequent absence, and he felt that henceforth he ought to look upon his regiment as his "home."

The 1—th were left at Winchester long enough to enable Colonel Seymour to get them into first-rate order, and towards the end of May they were moved into garrison at Portsmouth, and quartered in the Clarence barracks. It was a great change from the easy life they had been leading for the

last six or seven months, but a soldier's life has its rough and its smooth, and he has not thoroughly learnt his duty till he has served for a while in a garrison town. At times, indeed, the guards may come round a little sharp, but in many respects it is well for us—for officers as well as men—to have plenty of occupation found for us, instead of having too much of our time thrown upon our hands. The emulation, too, which arises between regiments in garrison together, helps very much to smarten up the young soldiers, and especially to make them steady under arms, which is one of the hardest, and at the same time one of the most necessary things for them to learn.

At the time of which we are speaking, Portsmouth was one of the best schools that our army possessed for learning thoroughly its duties both in quarters and in the field. The Governor was an officer who not only had made a study of his profession, but also took the greatest interest in carrying that study into practice; and not a week passed by during the season for drill, without the garrison's being assembled once at least in brigade on Southsea Common. There was not, indeed, much that was new to be learnt by the *men*, for a regiment which can move well as a single battalion has but to execute exactly the same manœuvres when forming part of a larger body, and the officers alone

have to consider their relative positions to the rest of the brigade. There was, however, more of variety and of interest in these field-days than in regimental drills, and the new sergeant-major was glad of the opportunity of seeing other regiments move, and of learning in this way both what to imitate and what to avoid. Southsea Common was indeed but a poor drill-ground compared with the Phoenix Park in Dublin, where he had served his first apprenticeship to this work, and the movements appeared tame without the brilliant manoeuvres of cavalry and horse-artillery; but the absence of these additions was more than compensated to Reynolds by the greatly increased interest which his present position made him take in all that concerned his profession. Without at all claiming for himself a larger share of credit than he was fairly entitled to, he certainly did feel considerable pride in his regiment, and the praise which the 1—th almost invariably received from the General was highly gratifying to him.

It would indeed have been all that he could wish, had the conduct of the men in quarters but been equal to their steadiness and efficiency in the field; but this was, of course, not to be expected. Not that they were worse than their neighbours; on the contrary, there was perhaps less of crime in the 1—th than in any other corps in garr-

son, but, in spite of all Colonel Seymour's exertions, there was a great deal of absence from tattoo, and of remaining away from barracks, perhaps for two or three days at a time, secreted in some of those fearful haunts of vice which disgrace our large garrison towns. It was some satisfaction to Reynolds, who, as having the superintendence of the defaulters' drill, soon came to know all the bad characters of the regiment, that they were mostly the same men who were confined time after time for this offence, while the weekly increase of good-conduct stripes showed that there were a vast number of quiet well-behaved soldiers who kept themselves out of all trouble.

In a well-regulated company,—for all my military readers know well how much the different companies of the same regiment may vary in this respect,—the number of really bad soldiers is usually very small, compared with the orderly and well-conducted men, and they are generally looked upon by their comrades as a great nuisance. A soldier likes to have a quiet barrack-room, for it is his “home,” and it makes a vast deal of difference in his comfort, especially after he has served a good many years and begins to value quiet. Not very many years ago a sort of court-martial was recognised—if not positively sanctioned—which promoted this *object*. When a man made himself peculiarly

troublesome to his comrades, they used to try him among themselves, and their sentences, which they carried into effect in a very summary manner, were usually far more severe than a commanding officer would have awarded. Of course there are many objections to such proceedings, and happily they are now very little needed, for a barrack-room at the present day is a very different place from what it was twenty years ago, and it is no longer in the power of a worthless soldier materially to affect the comfort of his comrades; but the fact of such a custom having existed shows that a strict discipline is felt by the great mass of soldiers to be necessary even for their own comfort.

Colonel Seymour held the reins with a firm and steady hand, for experience had taught him that any slackness of discipline is as ruinous to the soldier as it is detrimental to the service. He was always ready to make every *reasonable* allowance for a man's youth, or for any extenuating circumstances, but he knew that to award a slight punishment for a serious offence was in fact to encourage crime, nor was he ever deterred from doing what he thought right by a fear of swelling his court-martial return. When first he entered the service there were indeed strong reasons to make a commanding officer hesitate before he brought any man to a court-martial, whose character was not utterly

hardened. At that time all sentences of imprisonment were carried into effect in the common gaol of the town in which the regiment was quartered, and a soldier who had perhaps been guilty only of some breach of discipline, was thrown into the society of the worst class of criminals, and usually returned to his regiment a much worse man than when he quitted it. Now, however, the military prisons are so admirably conducted that it is not possible for the youngest soldier to learn any evil there; while not unfrequently even old offenders are amended by the wholesome discipline of the prison, and by the compulsory attendance at school, where better thoughts—to which they had long been strangers—are *forced* upon their minds, and, being withdrawn from temptation for a while, they are not able to drive them away by plunging deeper into sin.

Shortly after the arrival of the regiment in Portsmouth, Sergeant-Major Reynolds found himself detailed for a new and interesting duty. The Queen had, as usual, been spending her birthday at Osborne House in the Isle of Wight, and was now about to return to Windsor Castle. On these occasions, a guard of honour is always in attendance at the Clarence-yard to receive her Majesty, and the keys of the fortress are sent down under the escort of the *sergeant-majors* of the different regiments in

garrison, to be presented by the Governor as a token of allegiance. It was a brilliant day, and the scene was very striking, as the guard and escort crossed over to Gosport on the floating bridge. The squadron at Spithead, consisting of several line-of-battle ships and large frigates, was gaily dressed out with flags, and the long line of ramparts was crowded with spectators, while the artillerymen stood by their guns ready to fire a royal salute. Within the harbour, the old *Victory*—Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar—and several other men-of-war were also decorated, and the water was alive with boats lining the narrow channel along which the royal yacht had to pass.

The guard of honour had not long been drawn up in front of the private railway station in the Clarence-yard, when the thundering of the heavy guns at Spithead gave notice that the yacht was approaching. After a short interval, the salute was repeated from the batteries, and taken up by the ships in port, and when the dense volume of smoke had cleared away, the graceful little *Fairy* was seen gliding through the harbour with the royal standard flying from the masthead. As she passed under the stern of the *Victory*, three hearty cheers, such as British sailors give their Queen, rose from her manned yards,—a more welcome sound, doubtless, than all the salutes from “the

cannon's mouth." A few moments more, and the *Fairy*, skilfully threading her way through the narrow channel, brought up alongside the pier, where the Governor, the Admiral, and other official authorities were waiting to receive her Majesty. A richly ornamented railway carriage had in the meanwhile been brought into the yard, immediately opposite to which the guard was drawn up, with the Queen's colour a little in advance. As her Majesty entered the carriage, a royal salute was given, the colour was lowered, and the band struck up the national anthem; before it had been played twice through, the train was in motion, and the pageant had passed away.

Quickly, however, as it had passed, this hasty glimpse of the Sovereign and the Royal Family was full of interest to Reynolds, and, I should think, to every man who witnessed it. As soon as she entered the carriage, the Queen had advanced to the large open window, and stood looking upon the guard with an attentive eye, until the train had begun to move. Beside her stood the young Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, and behind them the tall soldierlike figure of Prince Albert. At the other windows were the younger children, down to little Prince Arthur—the Duke's godson—in his nurse's arms. High as was their station, the Royal children were as simply dressed, and as

unassuming in manner, as any private gentleman's children could be, and I should think that it was not possible to see them, and to think of the eventful future inseparable from their exalted rank, without joining from henceforth more heartily in that prayer which our Church daily offers up for their happiness in this life and in the life to come. It is quite a mistake to fancy that greatness and happiness are inseparable, but the sight of our own Royal Family proves at least—and long may it continue, by God's blessing, to do so!—that they are not incompatible.

The colour which had just been lowered before the Queen, had been carried across several fields of victory in the far East, and was now reduced to a few shreds of silk, which every fresh exposure to the wind made fewer and more scanty. It would have been renewed a year or two before this, had not Colonel Raymond preferred waiting for the return of the service companies to England, in order that the new colours might be presented by Lady Howard, the wife of the gallant colonel of the regiment, whose name was identified with many of its most brilliant exploits. Colonel Raymond's promotion followed so closely upon the disembarkation of the 1—th, that the presentation could not take place during his command, but, as he truly observed to his successor, it was more fitting that they should be committed to the

charge of him whose duty it would be to lead the regiment, should it be required to take the field again, than that they should be placed in the hands of one who was so soon to leave it. "The old worn-out colours," he added, with a smile, "are more suitable for an old worn-out soldier like me; and I heartily wish, Seymour, that you may live to see the new ones as well and as fairly worn."

The glorious 18th of June was fixed for the presentation of the new colours, a day peculiarly appropriate, as the 1—th had played their part well on that hard-fought and decisive field. General Raymond had not forgotten his promise to be present, and several other officers who had borne a share in some of those numerous victories inscribed upon the colours, had gladly accepted the pressing invitation sent them to assist at the ceremony. Nor was the invitation limited to officers, for such old soldiers as could be found within reasonable distance of Portsmouth were brought down at the expense of the regiment, and many a Waterloo and Peninsula medal was seen in the Clarence barracks suspended from the button-hole of a coloured coat. A subscription had been entered into by the officers, and it was agreed that a substantial dinner should be given to the men, to be followed by games of all *descriptions*, and various trials of skill and

strength, for which prizes, such as new jackets and other useful articles, were to be awarded. The proceedings of the day were to be closed by a grand banquet at the officers' mess, at which several distinguished general officers were to be present.

There was scarcely a cloud to be seen in the sky, when the 1—th formed up in the Governor's field, on the morning of the day appointed. Already the long line of rampart which overlooked the parade was thronged from one end to the other with spectators, and it was with no little difficulty that strong parties from the other corps in garrison were able to keep back the crowd from pressing into the space reserved for the performance of the ceremony. Not only was all Portsmouth assembled to see the sight, but steamers and yachts had brought over hundreds of visitors from the Isle of Wight. As the clock struck eleven, the Governor rode into the field, accompanied by Sir William Howard, while a carriage full of ladies followed, and took up its place near the saluting flag. After the generals had been received with the proper honours, the regiment was formed into a hollow square, and Lady Howard was conducted into the open space, where the new colours were consecrated according to the usual form by the garrison chaplain.

The custom of asking the blessing of God

upon our standards is a very ancient one, and is in use among all Christian nations. If those standards, so consecrated to the service of God, are ever unfurled in an unrighteous cause, then indeed we cannot dare to expect that His blessing will be granted; but if, as we may confidently hope will ever be the case with the standards of Great Britain, they are unfurled only in the cause of freedom and religion, then may we believe that this solemn act is no mere ceremony, but that the blessing of God will indeed be with our armies. The chaplain's prayer of consecration was very impressive; the Holy Scriptures abound with language especially suited to such a service; the Almighty is often called by the inspired writers "the Lord of Hosts," and "the God of battles," while the whole life of a Christian is represented as an unceasing warfare against spiritual enemies, and the weapons by which alone their assaults can be repelled are compared to the various portions of a soldier's armour. Nor did he omit to remind his hearers, that the banner now about to be entrusted to their defence was not the *only* banner under which they were solemnly pledged "manfully to fight."

The colours having been consecrated, Lady Howard presented them to Colonel Seymour, expressing in a few words her *confidence* that they were about to be placed

in hands which would be ever ready and able to defend them. She was evidently deeply affected by the ceremony in which she had been called upon to perform so prominent a part, and her thoughts were carried back to years long past, when as a soldier's wife she had followed her husband, then in command of the 1—th, through many trying scenes in the campaigns of the Peninsular War. It was many a long year since she had seen the regiment, and among the hundreds who now surrounded her, there was not a single man who had then been in it. General Raymond alone, on whose arm she was leaning, was acquainted with her early history, and knew what heroic courage was united in her with true womanly gentleness and delicacy.

The new colours were now marched along the front of the line till they reached the centre, when the old colours gave up to them the place of honour. One last salute was then given to these tattered veterans, and under charge of an escort they were carried off the ground to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," to be deposited henceforth in the cathedral church of the county in which the regiment was first raised, and whose name it bore. The line then broke into column, and marched past the two generals, after which it returned to barracks, and the parade being dismissed, every man prepared

to spend the remainder of the day in feasting and merriment.

When the dinners were over, the regiment reassembled in the garrison field, but in very different trim from that in which it had quitted it a couple of hours before. Those who still retained the appearance of soldiers, wore their shell jackets open, and their forage caps, ready for any feats of activity or strength; but there were not a few, whom even their own officers would have had the greatest difficulty in recognising, so effectually were they disguised. The wardrobe of the amateur theatre had been ransacked, and the costumes of the different countries in which the regiment had served, and which the officers had brought home with them as mementos of their foreign service, were all put in requisition. North American Indians and Spanish Brigands were mixed up with representatives of Napoleon and the Great Frederick, while waggons full of mummers with bands of music drove slowly among the crowd.

It is on such occasions as these that the motley composition of our army shows itself most plainly. In different parts of the field, groups of admiring spectators were gathered round mountebanks and harlequins and clowns, whose activity and drollery clearly proved that they had served a regular apprenticeship to their trade. One of these

performers attracted particular attention, by his wonderful feats of agility, and by the humorous remarks which kept his audience in fits of laughter, and the General could scarcely be persuaded that it was the same man whose soldierlike appearance in the ranks, and the number of his good-conduct stripes, had attracted his attention on parade. It was a pleasure to see the amusements of the day carried on without any scenes of irregularity. The men, one and all, seemed determined to prove that the usual restrictions of discipline could on such an occasion be removed without any abuse of the indulgence, and ladies were able to look on upon the games without any fear of being annoyed by either rudeness of behaviour or coarseness of language.

The banquet at the officers' mess, which did not begin until the out-door amusements of the day were well-nigh over, was a scene of much good-fellowship and kindly feeling. We have already said that several old officers of the 1—th, besides General Raymond, had made a point of being present on an occasion which is always looked upon as an epoch in the history of a regiment, and the officers now serving vied with each other in their attentions to their guests. There were some good speeches made during the course of the evening, especially by Sir William Howard and General Raymond, when

acknowledging the flattering manner in which their healths had been proposed and received. They were the speeches of *soldiers*,—full of modesty when alluding to their own services, and full of enthusiasm when speaking of the services of the regiment, or of those of their comrades. Among the guests was one, upon whom every eye was turned with especial interest, while Sir William Howard bore the testimony of an eye-witness to his gallantry in the field. He was a weather-beaten soldier, with two medals, and I know not how many clasps, and he now wore the appropriate uniform of a staff-officer of pensioners. All the old hands were familiar with the name and services of “Archie M’Lean,” but even to them Sir William’s short but spirited allusion was full of interest, while the younger officers listened with breathless attention. “Archie” had risen from the ranks, and had made his way up the ladder by his exceeding gallantry, combined with great attention to his duties and irreproachable conduct. Each succeeding step had been won by some new deed of daring, and the last—and not the least—of his services in the field had been that of carrying the king’s colour in that memorable advance which routed the Imperial Guard under Marshal Ney, and decided the day of Waterloo.

“Archie M’Lean” was a better hand at

fighting than at speaking, especially when it was about himself that he had to speak, but the evident sympathy of all his listeners gave the old soldier courage, and he soon warmed to his subject. He seemed quite to forget *himself*, while he spoke of the gallant bearing of the 1—th, and the idea never appeared to enter his mind that he had done a bit more than any one of his comrades had done. Colonel Seymour could not help wishing that the whole regiment had witnessed this scene. To see one who had risen from the ranks not only treated as an equal by his brother officers, but looked upon by them all with admiration and respect, must, he thought, have encouraged many a young soldier to follow in his footsteps. They have, it is true, but to read the annals of our campaigns to find frequent instances of such well-earned distinction ; but a living example makes far more impression upon our minds than any written record.

On the Sunday following the presentation of the colours, the regiment paraded for Divine Service as if they were about to be reviewed, for it is customary on these occasions to march down to the garrison chapel with the new colours flying. Sir William Howard had purposely remained at Portsmouth, and took his place once more at the head of the regiment. The officers who carried the colours seated themselves in the

front of the west gallery, where the new standards waved over the heads of the regiment below. The clatter of arms was an unusual sound within these walls, though unhappily but too familiar to those who have served; on the other side of St. George's Channel. The sermon was appropriate to the occasion, and was listened to with more than usual attention; and, though he may have been perhaps deceived, it was not unreasonable in the chaplain to *hope* that this solemn ceremony had awakened some serious impressions which would not at once die away, and that the sight of the colours would sometimes recal to the minds of his hearers the solemn warning which they are so well calculated to suggest.

Since the return of the regiment from Nova Scotia, the school had been placed under the temporary charge of a sergeant who was, both by character and acquirements, well qualified to instruct the children, though by no means equal to the arduous task of teaching large numbers of men. The consequence was, that the school had greatly fallen off both in numbers and in efficiency from what it was under Sergeant Dixon's management. One of the first things that Colonel Raymond did on the arrival of the regiment in England, was to apply for a regularly trained master from Chelsea; but, *owing to the very limited number of pupils*

in the training school, some months elapsed before his application could be granted. A few days before the presentation of the colours, however, the new master at length made his appearance at Portsmouth, greatly to Colonel Seymour's satisfaction; for the sight of the half-empty benches, and the unruly behaviour of the scholars, had been a source of daily regret and annoyance to him.

When Mr. Freeman came to the orderly-room to report himself to his commanding officer, Colonel Seymour was at the first moment startled, and somewhat disappointed, at his very youthful appearance. "How," thought he to himself, "will this young man ever be able to manage two or three hundred rough soldiers?" But a very short time sufficed to prove to him that his fears on this score were groundless. Quiet and unassuming as was Mr. Freeman's manner, there was a firmness and decision about his every word and look which ensured a ready obedience, and though he had probably hitherto exercised authority only over school-boys, he appeared perfectly self-possessed in his novel and somewhat embarrassing position.

On the arrival of the new master, all those who had attended the school while abroad, but who had, one by one, withdrawn their names after Sergeant Dixon's discharge,

expressed their desire to resume their attendance, and when the school was opened for the first time under its new management the number of scholars was larger than the room could possibly accommodate. Colonel Seymour made a point of being present, in order to give Mr. Freeman the support of his authority; but, notwithstanding the Colonel's presence, there was, as might be expected, on the crowded benches a whispering, and a shuffling of feet, such as may be heard in a large village school when the master's back is turned. Mr. Freeman had been engaged in speaking to Colonel Seymour, but as soon as their conversation was over, he turned to the scholars and spoke the single word "Silence!" The noise continued, and again the word "Silence!" was heard, not in an angry tone, but in a tone which clearly announced that it must be obeyed. And so it was; every voice was hushed, and you might have heard a pin drop. Colonel Seymour saw at once that the young master was able to control his scholars.

The first thing to be done was to divide the men into classes, but this was a matter of some little difficulty. Soldiers cannot, like little boys, be classed according to their size and age, making allowance afterwards for the exceptional cases of "dunces" and "geniuses." The old soldier with his two or three good-conduct badges, has perhaps not

yet mastered his a, b, c, while the last-joined recruit may possibly be able to tell you the date of the Battle of Marathon, or to solve a problem out of the sixth book of Euclid. Mr. Freeman's mode of classification was simple and effectual. All those who could write at all were furnished with slates, and had to write down half a page from the regimental order-book after his dictation. The slates were then examined, and those only who had accomplished this task satisfactorily were retained. It would have puzzled my readers to decipher some of these wonderful productions; the word "colonel" usually figured as "kernel" or "curnal," and the many military terms which we have borrowed from our neighbours the French, were, very naturally, written by each man after a fashion of his own. When this first sifting had taken place, the candidates for the first class closed their thinned ranks, and prepared for the second trial of their scholarship. This consisted in some of the easier rules of arithmetic, and here again a considerable number fell short of the mark. Those who had surmounted these two obstacles were now examined in English History, and it was surprising to see how readily some few of the younger hands answered the questions that were put to them.

Colonel Seymour was particularly struck with the intelligence and proficiency of

several young soldiers, whose performances during these examinations had shown that their education must have been most carefully attended to, and whose whole manner, now that his attention was specially directed to them, appeared to him superior to their present station. He felt curious—or, I should rather say, interested—to know their early history, and to learn the causes which had induced them to enlist, when their talents and attainments were such as to have ensured them competence and respectability in other and higher walks of life. Probably he would have heard the hackneyed tale of youthful misconduct, and of a rash step hastily taken without the knowledge of their friends: a tale not the less sad from its being so often told.

There will probably be found in every regiment in the service some one or more soldiers, whose prospects in early life were very different from their present position. Instances are not unknown in which an officer has recognised, among the privates of his own company, a fellow-student at the Royal Military College, and sometimes among a batch of recruits may be seen young men with the dress and manner of gentlemen. It would be both incorrect and unfair to lay down a general rule, but experience, I fear, leads to the conclusion, that *these men do not often make good soldiers.*

It is natural that such should be the case; for the same conduct which lowered them to their present condition must, if not amended, prevent their again rising above it. Having once possessed higher advantages and forfeited them, they have lost, or at least weakened, that feeling of self-respect which helps so much to sustain a man in the steady discharge of his duties; and not unfrequently, the painful contrast between what they are and what they might have been, drives them to seek for forgetfulness in habits of intemperance.

Should these pages chance to meet the eye of one whose case they in any degree describe, I would, notwithstanding what I have just said, earnestly urge him not to be discouraged. No time, however, must be lost; every exertion must be made to win *rapid* promotion, and so to raise himself as quickly as possible above a companionship for which he was never intended, and to which he *must not* learn to accommodate his tastes and habits. His superior education, if he be but steady and zealous, will before long certainly bring him to the notice of his officers, for, as I remarked very early in our tale,—and it is a truth which cannot be strongly enough impressed upon the minds of young soldiers,—a well-conducted man and a good scholar cannot fail to command early promotion. He may, and probably will, have

a few years of up-hill work, and will often be tempted to be discouraged by the monotonous round of his duties, and by the uncongenial habits of his comrades; but let him remember that we cannot reasonably expect to recover ourselves from the consequences of our own misconduct without a struggle, and that upon his perseverance depends whether he shall sink to the level of the worst among his comrades—for *to him* there is no other alternative—or whether he shall regain, as far as it is yet in his power, the position which he once occupied.

But, to return to our school: the change which a few weeks produced was as surprising as it was satisfactory. Colonel Seymour allowed Mr. Freeman as many assistants as he thought necessary, so that every class was well looked after, and the master did not yield to the common temptation of confining his own instructions to the more advanced among his scholars, but frequently gave his patient attention to the dullest and most backward. In this manner many an old soldier, who had long settled down into a state of contented ignorance, from the belief that reading and writing were far above his attainment, was encouraged by the progress of some more ambitious comrade to try his hand at "schooling," and it was difficult to repress a smile when one looked towards *that corner of the school where the begin-*

ners—I cannot call them the *young* beginners—were seated. Here you might often see an old soldier holding a child's primer in his great horny hand, and, without relaxing a muscle of his weather-beaten countenance, repeating after one of the school-boys, whose services as a teacher he had gladly secured, his difficult lesson of b,a,t, bat, c,a,t, cat, &c.

But the smile was soon checked by more serious thoughts, which such a sight was calculated to suggest. Here were old soldiers not ashamed to learn from little children! Might they not be disposed to receive in the same teachable spirit the blessed truths of God's holy word, if they were but simply and affectionately set before them? There might, indeed, be some danger of irreverence if the Holy Scriptures were introduced without great care into so mixed an assemblage; but still it seemed a pity—more especially when the garrison chaplain was present—to lose an opportunity so seldom afforded of giving that instruction without which all that we can learn is of little value, and which, it would be a want of faith to doubt, would assuredly find an echo in many a heart.

Mr. Freeman had the talent of making his instructions interesting to his hearers, and it was pleasant to watch the animated countenances of the scholars while at their lessons of Geography, or reading the history of their

own country. There were, indeed, some few who sat with listless and vacant look, but they were quite the exception. There are some stones out of which the best steel cannot draw forth a single spark. In the evenings, after the regular school hours were over, the master had got up a class for such of the non-commissioned officers as were anxious to improve themselves, and it was highly creditable to them that several of the colour-sergeants were among the most regular attendants. The instruction given to this evening-class was of a higher order, and comprised a knowledge of fortification, and of other branches of science which bore upon military art.

Enough has been said to show that Colonel Seymour had great reason to be satisfied with the new schoolmaster. There was but one thing that he could have wished altered, or I should rather say, added, and this was, that he were a communicant. Indeed, it was a matter of surprise to him, as well as of regret, that Sunday after Sunday passed without his remaining to partake of the Holy Communion, for there was no obvious reason for this neglect. As far as he had any opportunity of judging, Mr. Freeman's conduct was irreproachable, and in the religious instruction which he gave to the children, he appeared to be earnest and sincere. *Situated as he was in the regiment, with a rank*

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second only to that of the sergeant-major, the idea of his being deterred by fear of ridicule could not for a moment be entertained. What could it then be that kept him away? Earnestly as Colonel Seymour desired that he would come, both for his own sake and for the example that it would give to others, he did not like to speak to him on the subject. He knew that the Chaplain General, under whose superintendence all regimental schoolmasters are placed, was in the habit of urging upon them this *duty*, and he feared lest any *other* motive than this should influence the young man.

The first assistant in the school was Corporal Harwood, whose narrow escape from the consequences of his own imprudence in Prince Edward's Island my readers may perhaps remember. Mr. Freeman had remarked the very satisfactory way in which he had passed through his examinations on the day the school opened, and had recommended him for the situation, which Colonel Seymour had gladly given him, for he knew him to be a well-conducted young man, and he was very anxious that all connected with the school should be qualified, not only by their attainments, but by the respectability of their conduct. There was something very fearful to his mind in the thought of one, who took so much part in the outward forms of religion as those connected with

the school had to do, being impure in heart and life.

The heavy garrison duty at Portsmouth was, in the meantime, becoming daily more trying to poor Pat Delany. With so many regiments to furnish the few orderlies that were required at the brigade office, one only had fallen to the share of the 1—th, and there were several old soldiers in the regiment whose claims were stronger than Delany's. He was therefore at his duty in the ranks, and though most unwilling to give in, he felt that he could not go on much longer. He had for some years suffered from shortness of breath, and the pressure of his knapsack-straps began to pain his chest severely. It was all that he could do to go through the public guard-mounting, and by the time he had reached the dockyard-guard, he was much more fit to go to Hospital than to pace up and down for two hours as sentry. He might indeed, and ought to, have been discharged at the last half-yearly inspection, for his time was in, and he was really no longer equal to his work, but he was so desirous to remain with the regiment that he did his utmost to conceal his unfitness; and Colonel Seymour, who had a high opinion of the old soldier, and who knew how useful his example was to the young hands, was very glad to keep him for another *six or twelve months.*

It was a very hot day in August, and the 1—th had paraded in heavy marching order on Southsea Common for the inspection of a distinguished general officer who had just landed at Portsmouth on his return from a foreign command. The regiment had marched past and performed several manœuvres, when the General, who had been discussing with the Governor the details of some battle in which he had lately commanded in India, expressed a wish to see how the 1—th would execute a particular light infantry movement, which had contributed greatly to the defeat of the Sikhs on the occasion they were speaking of. The word was given, and in a moment the leading companies were thrown out as skirmishers across the plain; suddenly the “alarm” sounded, and the scattered files hastened to form squares to protect themselves against a supposed attack of cavalry. Delany, eager to do his part well, and forgetting his weakness, was one of the first to form upon the support; suddenly a fit of dizziness seized him, but they were so closely wedged together that his comrades did not remark the change that had come over him. Again the bugle sounded, and the square broke up; the skirmishers ran out to resume their position, but Delany, no longer upheld by the adjoining files, fell heavily to the ground. Quick as thought, his stock was loosed and

his coat thrown open, but when the surgeon, who was close at hand, saw the old soldier's face, he perceived at once that life was gone.

Reynolds was greatly shocked when he heard of Delany's sudden death; yet there were some considerations which made him feel that all was doubtless ordered mercifully for him. The old man had not a relation in the wide world to care for him; the few of his family who had survived the famine—for the district from which he came had been almost depopulated—had emigrated to America, and he knew not in what part of that boundless country they had cast their lot. Indeed, he had been so long absent from his native place, that even had not this awful visitation passed over it, the course of time would of itself have sufficed to make him a stranger there. Such of his early companions as yet remained would doubtless have outlived his recollection, and a new generation have sprung up, who had never heard his name spoken. The thought of dwelling among utter strangers had long weighed upon poor Delany's mind, for he had clung to his regiment as his only home; and Reynolds felt sure that he himself would have looked upon this summons as sent in mercy, though he would not have presumed to ask for it. That he was not unprepared for it, sudden as it was, Reynolds had the comfort of believing. He had

watched his conduct for many years, and knew him to have been anxious not only to do what was right himself, but to persuade others to do so too: his sphere of usefulness had been a narrow one, but he had "laboured truly to do his duty in it;" *one* talent had been entrusted to him, but that he had humbly striven by God's help to improve to the utmost.

Delany's funeral was appointed for the second day, and so universal a favourite had he been in the regiment, that almost every man off duty followed him to the grave. Several of the officers too, besides those of his own company, paid this last tribute to the old soldier's memory, and among them was Colonel Seymour, who had for many years been his captain. I need scarcely say that one of the sincerest mourners was Harry Reynolds, who would indeed have been ungrateful had he not felt the loss of his kind old friend. He was allowed to follow close behind the coffin with Robert Baker and two or three others of Delany's friends, instead of taking his part in the band, as, with muffled drums, they headed the long funeral-procession playing the solemn Dead-march in Saul. When the burial-service was over, and the customary volleys had been fired over the grave, the regiment returned to barracks in silence.

- Colonel Raymond had always disliked the

practice of marching back from a funeral to the liveliest tunes that the band can play, and in this, as in most other things, his successor fully agreed with him. The custom is said to have originated in a season of great mortality, when it was feared that the sight of such frequent burials might depress the spirits of the men ; but under ordinary circumstances, as every soldier knows, the solemn impression, if it be made at all, passes away quite soon enough from the minds of the spectators without such aids to hasten its departure.

When General Raymond heard of Delany's death,—for he kept up a regular correspondence with Colonel Seymour, and took an especial interest in all that befel the regiment,—it caused him sincere regret that he would now be unable to prove, in the manner that he had intended, his recollection of the old soldier's gallant conduct on the night of the fire at Halifax. The sum of money which he had then promised, had been set aside until Delany should take his discharge, and now that it could no longer be applied to the purpose for which it had been destined, he was at a loss how to dispose of it. He soon decided, however, as Delany had left no relation to be benefited by it, to give it to the Cambridge Asylum,—an institution at that time about to be founded for the widows of *soldiers*,—with a stipulation that among the

first inmates of the asylum should be the widow of a soldier of the 1—th. Delany, it was true, had never been married, but his conduct towards the Grahams, and his unvarying kindness towards the children of his comrades, showed that such a disposal of the money would have met with his ready concurrence.

Harry Reynolds, since his uncle's promotion to the rank of sergeant-major, had considered himself more than ever bound to conduct himself in such a way as would do him credit, and it was a great satisfaction to the latter to see how well his nephew was behaving. We have, I think, already observed that the band of the 1—th, taken as a body, were a very well-conducted set of men, and since the regiment had been at Halifax, a still further improvement had taken place among them. Whether it was that the prominent part which they took in the services at the garrison chapel exercised a wholesome influence over them, or that the chaplain had better opportunities of speaking a word in season to them than to the other men, so it was, that several among them had become more thoughtful than before, and more than one had been added to the little band of communicants. Doubtless the regular occupation which their practice gives them, and their separation, in a great measure, from the rest of the regiment, are safeguards to

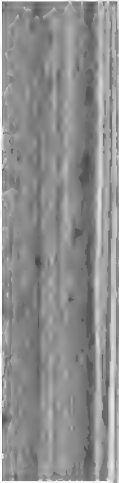
the well-disposed among them; but, whatever the cause, my own experience, gathered from many regiments with which I have been in garrison, would incline me to believe that a larger proportion of religious men will usually be found in the band than in the companies. Certainly among the communicants in the garrison chapels, both of Halifax and Portsmouth, the number of white jackets has frequently struck me as quite out of proportion with the red. If it be indeed true that bandsmen are in any degree less exposed to temptations to sin than their comrades, let them remember that more will be required of them; God alone knows against what degree of light each of us has sinned, but however strong our temptations may have been, and however small our means of instruction, no man who has been taught to know right from wrong—and what British soldier has not at least been taught this?—can hope to plead ignorance or temptation as an excuse for persevering in wilful sin.

We will now pass over a space of somewhat more than two years, during which the 1—th were quartered in the south of England, and I must carry my readers to Chester Castle, where the head-quarters had recently arrived from Plymouth. Many changes had, as might be expected, taken place in the regiment during that time, but little immediately affecting the position of those among

its members with whom our narrative has been principally occupied. Colonel Seymour was still in command, and our friend Reynolds was still sergeant-major. Harry—whom we can now no longer call young Harry, for he had grown up into a fine tall soldier—had made much progress as a musician, and had recently earned his first stripe as lance-corporal, a presage, we will hope, of sure and rapid advancement. Corporal Harwood was still with the regiment, but he had exchanged his red coat for a blue. His conduct and attainments had attracted the attention of the Chaplain-General, when he had made his inspection of the regimental school at Portsmouth, and, with the sanction of his commanding officer, he had been admitted into the Chelsea school to be trained as a schoolmaster. After going through the prescribed course of instruction with great credit to himself, he had—at his own particular request—been sent back to the 1—th as assistant to Mr. Freeman, preparatory to undertaking the charge of a regimental school himself. Robert Baker was still Harry Reynolds's comrade and friend, far superior to him as a musician, and, what was infinitely more important, not inferior to him in steadiness and high principle.

Some of my readers may perhaps remember that when Colour-sergeant Lovell quitted the 1—th on the eve of the embarkation of

the service companies for the Mediterranean, he settled down upon a small farm in Cheshire. I should think that it was almost unnecessary to say that he did not allow many days to pass after the arrival of his old corps at Chester before paying them a visit. One morning, shortly before the regimental parade had fallen in, a neat tax-cart, drawn by a strong useful horse, drove into the Castle-yard, and a stout fresh-looking farmer alighted from it and gave the reins into the hands of a fine boy, some fourteen or fifteen years old, who sat beside him. In the seat behind was a respectable-looking woman, with a very pleasing countenance, and by her side was another boy a year or two younger than his brother. Although there was something soldierlike in the appearance and bearing of the man, which his yeoman's dress could not entirely conceal, there would have been great excuse for any of his former comrades, if they did not at once recognise in the stranger our old friend Lovell. Reynolds, however, the moment he entered the Castle-yard knew him again, and hastened to meet and to welcome him. Most hearty and affectionate was the greeting on both sides, and many and sincere were the congratulations of his old pay-sergeant on his rapid and well-earned advancement. "I knew it," said Lovell, "I felt sure from the first, that I should see you sergeant-major some day or



your kindness that I mainly owe it indeed, cause to be thankful that such a friend to guide me when joined."

By this time they had reached cart, which Lovell had left at the Reynolds had to receive the equally good wishes of his friend's wife. Lovell's voice shook as she addressed and a tear stood in her eye, for the Reynolds recalled more vividly than her memory the image of her little favourite in happy days long past. The loss of her little girl had been a heavy blow and had left a blank in their household void in the poor mother's heart, unfeigned resignation to the will alone prevented from preying upon health and spirits. Reynolds read

true, as the sergeant-major of the 1—th, but still for a few weeks in the year likely to have my hands as full, or fuller than ever yours have been !”

“So you are a militia man, are you ?” answered Reynolds, “I’m very glad to hear it, for if they get a good sprinkling of old soldiers among them, they will be a very useful force in case their services are needed.”

“I have not seen my regiment yet,” said Lovell, “but there is every reason to hope that ‘the Royal Cheshire’ will be at least as good as its neighbours, and I know of a good many old soldiers in this neighbourhood who have put down their names as volunteers. When I say *old soldiers*, I don’t mean *old men* like myself, for the best among us are already enrolled as pensioners, but fine hearty young fellows, who have served for a few years and purchased their discharge.”

“There must be a great number of this class scattered through the country,” said Reynolds ; “I hope that every man of them, to whom the being called out for a few weeks would not be really a serious inconvenience, will volunteer. They would be very useful, and to them the training would be an amusement.”

“You must come and see us, Reynolds,” said his friend ; “we are to meet at Knutsford next month, and you shall lend us a

helping hand. But mind," he added, laughing, "you pipe-clay soldiers must not laugh at us militia-men !"

It was more than ten years since Lovell had quitted the 1—th, and nearly one-half of the regiment had been renewed during that time. The present colour-sergeants were, for the most part, corporals when he left, and a great number of those who had then been young soldiers had outgrown his recollection, or, if their faces were familiar to him, he had at least forgotten their names. In his own old company, No. 4, there was not indeed one man of those who had served with him, of whom he had not a perfect recollection, for their connexion had been too close to allow of its being altogether broken even by so long a lapse of time. The old soldier was much gratified by the kindly welcome he received from his former comrades, even from those over whom his authority had, in consequence of their own conduct, been necessarily exercised with some severity. But so it always is. A soldier never bears any ill-will towards those who in the discharge of their duty have been the cause of his receiving punishment, so long as that duty has been performed temperately and without any aggravation. Were it not for this, the situation of a non-commissioned officer would be a very disagreeable one, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is

his own fault if he cannot win the good opinion of the men without in the least neglecting his own duty.

Colonel Seymour shook hands most cordially with his old pay-sergeant, and insisted upon the whole family taking an early dinner at his house along with Reynolds. "I am afraid, Mrs. Lovell," he said, "that I shall not be able to give you such good cheese as you once sent me from Westbrook farm; but now that we are such near neighbours, I hope that your excellent dairy will be able to supply our mess. Remember that we have a better claim upon you than the cheese-factor."

It was a happy day to Lovell and his family. "I must take warning, Reynolds," said he, "by your young nephew, and not bring my lads too often into the Castle-yard. Not that *I* think the life of a soldier such a terrible thing as my peaceable neighbours do—I should be ungrateful if I did—but their mother and I could ill spare them, and they are already beginning to be of great use to us on the farm."

"I should not think that there was much fear of their wishing to leave so happy a home," answered Reynolds, as he wished his friends good-bye and promised to spend a day with them at the farm before long.

"What a pleasant sight that is!" was Colonel Seymour's remark to an officer who

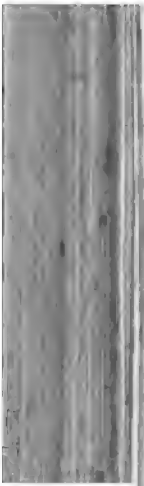
stood near him, as the Lovells drove out of the Castle-yard. "And it might be a much commoner sight than it is," he added, "if soldiers would but think more of the future."

Reynolds's predecessor, who had been appointed to the adjutancy at the brevet, did not live long to enjoy his new rank. His health, which had never been strong, began to fail rapidly after the regiment was moved from the soft climate of Devonshire; and when the winter set in, which it did this year with unusual severity, he soon took to his bed never to leave it more. He was sincerely regretted both by his brother officers and by the men, for his pleasant manner of carrying on the responsible duties of his situation had made him an universal favourite. During his last illness some of his family had come from a distant part of England to nurse him. They were of humble origin, but highly respectable, and it now came to light for the first time that they had been for many years supported entirely by his savings. His self-denial, notwithstanding all his endeavours to conceal it from the observation of those around him, had long been the object of remark, and those who were unable to appreciate his high motives had set it down to love of money. His silence on the subject had not arisen from any feeling of shame at the poverty of his parents, but

from unwillingness to receive praise for what he knew to be his bounden duty.

Reynolds sincerely regretted the death of his superior, though the vacancy in the adjutancy opened to him a prospect of promotion to which he was by no means indifferent. However much he might desire that crowning step, which for the last two or three years had been the object of his honourable ambition, he was not selfish enough to wish for advancement at the cost of so much suffering and distress. Colonel Seymour lost no time in recommending him strongly for the succession, and wrote to General Raymond, who was living in London, requesting him to use his interest with the Commander-in-Chief, in Reynolds's behalf, a request which was readily and heartily attended to. The suspense was not long—the next week's Gazette contained the notification of Sergeant-Major William Reynolds's appointment to the adjutancy of the 1—th.

And now there remains but little for us to tell, for it would be out of our province to follow our friend Reynolds's career any further. One thing we may safely affirm, that he who had been so good a soldier could not but prove a good officer. In each succeeding step of promotion we have seen him diligently qualifying himself for his new duties, and performing them with credit to himself *and with advantage to the service ; we cannot*



every young soldier was shown
and fitness to win his way to ad
While endeavouring to discharge
important duties in this spirit, a
mote to the utmost of his power
welfare of the large number sent
great measure to his charge, his
fail, under God's blessing, to be a
therefore a happy one.

The same post which brought
nouncement of his promotion, brought
also a most kind and flattering letter
gratulation from his late commander.
It appeared almost like a dream.
He looked back to the past, and remembered
deep feeling of respect with which he
always looked up to his colonel.
The immeasurable distance which had
lain between their stations in life

would accept, as a slight mark of his former colonel's esteem, a sword and a set of horse appointments, which he had forwarded to him. "You will not, I hope," he added, "value them the less from their having been used by an old friend."

Our "Tales of Military Life" are now concluded. Much that is contained in these pages has been taken from real life, and with regard to the rest, I hope, and believe, that it has not been overdrawn. That steadiness and zeal, united with high principle—which is the surest guarantee for their existence and continuance—*have often* led to advancement such as we have described, is a matter of fact; that they *will invariably* lead to it, is more than we would presume to say. It is not for the hope of temporal rewards that we are to strive to do our duty, though it may, and often does, please God to bestow them upon our sincere and humble endeavours to serve him. That such endeavours will, however, *never* fail to bring with them a higher blessing than any worldly success, is a truth which the word of God has declared to us, and which the experience of every one who has made them has verified to his unspeakable comfort.

If these little volumes have been made the means of suggesting one good thought, or of encouraging one good resolution, in

the heart of any of his brother-soldiers, the writer will have been more than repaid for whatever trouble they may have cost him. They have been written—as he hopes that his readers will have felt—by one who knows from long experience the peculiar trials and temptations of a soldier's life, and who has witnessed with unfeigned sorrow the amount of crime—or, more properly speaking, of *sin*—which prevails in our army, but who, notwithstanding, hopefully believes that, besides the few who are already openly enlisted in their Master's service, there are in its ranks many, very many, whom the friendly voice of warning or encouragement might, under God's blessing, rescue from the broad way of ruin, and lead into the path of duty and happiness.

THE END.

By the same Author.

TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

**PART I.—THE TWO RECRUITS.
THE LANCE-CORPORAL.**

**PART II.—PROMOTION.
THE DEPÔT.**

**PART III.—FOREIGN SERVICE.
THE ROCK.**

**PART IV.—THE WEST INDIES.
NOVA SCOTIA.**

**PART V.—DETACHMENT.
OLD FRIENDS.**



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